

86811

Y. xx 11



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Wellcome Library

https://archive.org/details/b28770110_0003

Lane

Birdlip

3 Vols

A
SKETCH OF A TOUR
ON THE
CONTINENT,

IN THE YEARS 1786 AND 1787,

BY

JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMIES OF TURIN,

UPSAL, STOCKHOLM, LISBON, &c. &c.

PRESIDENT OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

“ Italy is only a fine well-known academy figure, from which we all sit down to make drawings, according as the light falls, and our own feat affords opportunity.”

Mrs. Piozzi's Travels, vol. i. 288.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY J. DAVIS; SOLD BY
B. AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1793.



C O N T E N T S

O F

V O L. III.

CHAP. XXXV.

FROM Venice to Padoua, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, Parma, Piacenza, and Milan	— — —	Page 1
--	-------	--------

CHAP. XXXVI.

Milan—Pavia, and from thence to Genoa		p. 44
---------------------------------------	--	-------

CHAP. XXXVII.

Genoa in return	— —	p. 80
-----------------	-----	-------

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

From Genoa to Turin — — Page 104

CHAP. XXXIX.

From Turin to Mount Cenis—Savoy—
Geneva — — — p. 126

CHAP. XL.

Glaciers of Savoy—Martigni—Salt Mines
of Bex—Lake of Geneva—Laufanne—
Berne—Grave of Haller — p. 153

CHAP. XLI.

Tomb of Mrs. Langhans — Bâle — Straf-
burgh—Nancy to Paris — p. 176

CHAP. XLII.

Paris in return — — p. 189

CHAP. XLIII.

From Paris to Amiens, Boulogne, Dover,
Canterbury and London — p. 227

APPENDIX.

A P P E N D I X.

Containing an enumeration of guide-books and local publications, arranged in the order of the Tour. To which is added, an account of some of the general works on Italy, disposed in alphabetical order — —	Page 241
General works, relating to Italy more espe- cially, in alphabetical order	Page 263
Index to the Natural History —	Page 289
General Index —	Page 313

SKETCH OF A TOUR

ON THE

CONTINENT.

CHAP. XXXV.

FROM VENICE TO PADOUA, VICENZA,
VERONA, MANTUA, PARMA, PIA-
CENZA, AND MILAN.

May 28. ABOUT seven in the morning we went on board the public barge for Padoua, in company with a young Livonian, whom we had known at Paris. The passengers were at least fifty in all, mostly of

VOL. III. B agreeable

agreeable appearance; and although crowded, we had a very pleasant voyage. As the barge was towed by boats through the laguni, some custom-house officers came on board; but a few pence saved us the trouble of opening trunks. A young student of law amused the company by reading some of the *Pucelle d'Orleans* in French, and then translating it, for the benefit of the ladies, into Italian, which he did with so much readiness, we thought for some time he had a printed version in his book. He contrived to get through most of it with great humour, and no breach of delicacy, at least according to the manners of his country. Whether this said reading opened the confidence of the company more than would otherwise have been the case, I cannot tell; but we were highly diverted with some articles of the scandalous chronicle of Venice, though, from the style of relating them, much was lost on us foreigners.

We were towed up the Brenta, a pretty rapid river, by horses. The banks are occupied by country-houses and little towns, neat enough, and much resembling Holland.

Here

Here the noble Venetians have their villas, many of which are in a great style of magnificence, especially that of the Procurator Tron, whose lady is particularly celebrated at Venice for her brilliant assemblies, where strangers, and particularly the English, meet with the most flattering attentions.

We dined but indifferently at Dolo. The waiter had his hair ornamented with ripe cherries, a style of decoration more suitable for the ringlets of a pretty girl. The people of both sexes in this country generally stick flowers in their hair, often with great taste.

In the afternoon some of our party adjourned to the roof of the boat. Passed the superb Villa Pisani, and about five entered Padoua, by a gate of an elegant design, except that the upper part is too heavy. No examination here.

Padoua is a large scattered town, like an immense village, with much open ground, and little appearance of business. Most of the streets are constructed with arcades, as at Bologna; but not so well built. We lodged at the Stella d'Oro, no very excellent inn.

The curiosities of this place are far from numerous. St. Anthony's church is a spacious gothic edifice, not very richly ornamented ; but furnished with many sepulchral monuments, for the most part in a heavy turgid style ; the only one in a fine taste being that of Cardinal Bembo, the architecture of which is in Palladio's manner, and the bust of the Cardinal good. Among others appears a monument for the famous learned Lady Helena Lucretia Cornelia Piscopia, related to the Cornaro family, who received the doctoral laurel in this university. She died in 1688, aged thirty-eight. Several tombs are here suspended against the walls, as at Venice and Pisa. The chapel of St. Anthony, richly ornamented with architecture and sculpture, has several huge lamps of silver constantly burning, which, opposing their feeble and ill-coloured rays to the splendour of the noon-tide sun, are but too striking an emblem of the spirit of that devotion, which seems to evince its ardour chiefly by such worthless sacrifices, too often I fear substituted for the incense of the heart. The body of St. Anthony lies in the altar

Here

Here are several alto-relievos by Campagna and others. Opposite is the more antique chapel of St. Felix, the second pope, whose relicks repose in an altar of porphyry. The walls are painted in fresco, by Giotto and his contemporaries. Among other historical pieces, he has represented the Siege of Milan by the Emperor Charles IV. The choir of this church is handsomely ornamented with red Verona marble, common in all the buildings of Padoua, with a fine candelabrum of bronze, the work of Crispo Ariosto. Over the high altar stands the bronze crucifix, by Donatello, mentioned in the *Manuel*, and five other statues by the same sculptor. They did not appear to me at all worth notice. Over the stalls are some bad basso-relievos of the same metal. A handsome chapel behind the choir contains the tongue of St. Anthony, that very tongue which preached to the fish; and if it were continually preaching now, as it hangs, it could not be held in greater veneration. The Martyrdom of St. Agatha, by Tiepolo, is far from a good picture; the colouring too gay, and not natural; the saint's head is the best part.

The finest church in Padoua, with respect to architecture, is St. Giustina, which Addison and common report attribute to Palladio ; but De la Lande and Professor Martyn mention Andrea Riccio as the architect. The building is spacious, and in a very great style, particularly the great dome, and those of the cross aisles. The roof and walls are of a plain stone-colour, but the altars richly adorned with inlaid flowers and other ornaments in *pietre dure*, very well done, though many of them already in decay. On one of the altars stands a marble group, as large as life, of our Saviour taken from the Cross, with the Virgin, St. John, and Mary Magdalen ; which has some merit, though not much. The latter is a very awkward figure ; St. John is better. To the criticism in Cochin and the *Manuel*, on the high altarpiece, by Paul Veronese, I have only to add that the sky is now totally changed, and become quite green. The colouring of the figures in the Glory, especially their drapery, is very hard and bad. Under this altar reposes the body of St. Giustina, who, it seems,

was

was a Padouan saint, and is now the patroness of the town.

The Prata della Valle, before this church, is a thing unique in its kind ; a green oval enclosure, surrounded with a canal, along whose banks are ranged numerous statues of illustrious men of the country, standing on handsome pedestals, which are not yet all occupied ; nor are the intended four bridges over the canal yet completed. Within this enclosure the annual fair is held.

The cathedral has little worth seeing. Giotto's Virgin is kept with great veneration, its face covered with gauze. That of Titian happily is not so honoured, though infinitely more worthy. Its composition and colouring reminded me of Raphael's fine Holy Family in the Treasury at Loretto. Here is Petrarch's portrait among those of other canons of Padoua. If he resembled it, Laura's coldness seems less wonderful.

I shall not repeat old quotations and controversies about the supposed tomb of Antenor ; nor the history of the *lapis vituperii* in the great public hall, which is one of the largest rooms, without columns, in Europe,

three hundred feet by one hundred, and contains a meridian line. Its walls are ornamented with old bad paintings, and busts of some illustrious men, among others Livy ; all which have been described over and over again.

The building of the University is of a square form, with a court in the centre, surrounded with arcades, in a good style ; designed by Palladio, or, according to some, by Sanfovino. Its walls are covered with coats of arms, and names of those who have taken degrees here, among whom we found several English and Scotch. The anatomy school is the worst I ever saw ; very small, and so dark that, incredible as it may seem, the lectures are always given by torch-light, the students being arranged in galleries one above another as in the operation-room at Edinburgh, but much more perpendicular, so that the whole is like a chimney ; and the students must be deliciously fumigated with the smoke of the torches, and the steams of the body on the table.

The Botanic Garden, one of the best I have seen in Italy, contains many uncommon

mon plants, though we observed nothing absolutely new. Many things grow here in a state of luxuriance unknown in our climate. *Bignonia tetraphylla*, now full of flowers, covered a large wall in the open air with its beautiful festoons, and *Sterculia platanifolia*, a tree thirty feet high, has sometimes ripened its fruit here. Professor Marfigli was from home; but the gardener gave me seeds of the *Sterculia*.

We had letters to the celebrated Mr. Arduino, formerly professor of botany, but now of agriculture. From him the *Arduina* was named; and he sent Linnæus those rare Brasil plants, chiefly described in the *Mantissa*, and by himself in his second *Specimen Animadversionum Botanicarum*. He told me they were gathered by Father Panegai, an astronomer.

Professor Arduino is a great maker of experiments relative to agriculture and oeconomical objects. He shewed us thread made of the bark of *Palma Christi*, *Ricinus communis*, and very good thread, with strong cloth, from the same part of *Asclepias fruti-*

cosa, with another kind of cloth made of the down of its seeds, carded and spun, which his sons used to wear for clothing, and which he assured us was very strong. It looks and feels like tolerably fine woollen cloth. I observed, with surprise, that it was moth-eaten, which Mr. Arduino attributed to its being dressed with oil. This *Asclepias* grows without any trouble in Italy, though a Cape plant, and produces abundance of seed. He also shewed us good sugar and treacle procured from *Holcus Caser*, described and figured by himself, among other species, in a dissertation on that genus. Surely the large *Holci* would be worth cultivating in Europe for sugar. They are annuals of quick growth, and very large bulk, abounding with saccharine juice as much as the sugar-cane, at least in Italy. The professor has invented a machine for sowing seed, of the merits of which I do not presume to judge.

Dr. Gallini, Professor of the Theory of Medicine in this University, seemed well informed concerning the newest medical publications and discoveries. He is said to be
the

the author of a Venetian Medical Journal, in which having spoken rather slightly of Dr. Mascagni's discoveries at Sienna, he received a sort of indignant letter from Mascagni. Writers of critical publications must never expect to satisfy every author, even by indiscriminate praise, much less by censure, especially if it be merited. I had heard much of an author of the name of Rosa, who wrote against the circulation of the blood a few years since; and I now, for the first time, learned that he is Professor of the Theory of Medicine at Modena, an ingenious man, who, from a thirst for celebrity, undertook to invalidate the grounds upon which the Harveian doctrine is built. His opinions were published in five letters, now very rare; and having never seen them, I can be no judge of their ingenuity, which is their only possible merit. Dr. Gallini informed us, that intermittent fevers are frequent at Venice in August, as well as about Padoua; also a very severe kind, which proves fatal in the second fit, if not stopped by great doses of bark, *with a purge*. The last-mentioned circumstance is curious. I

remember

remember the St. Lucia bark, *Cinchona floribunda*, when tried a few years since at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, used frequently to prove emetic, but cured the ague nevertheless.

The collection of Natural History at the College here was made by Valisneri, and has not since been augmented. It is said to be very poor; we did not see it.

This evening it rained violently, with fine zigzag lightning, as represented in pictures. The season seemed not at all more advanced here than commonly in England at the same period.

May 30. Left Padoua in a voiture of four places, and had a pleasant morning's ride to Vicenza, where, at the *Due Rote*, we met with good accommodation and great civility; and found a splendid memorial, just erected, of the Duke of Buccleugh's having lately been entertained there.

Vicenza is a small city, abounding in palaces built by Palladio, which contribute much to its beauty, and are the chief objects of a stranger's curiosity. Every one is worthy

thy

thy of notice; some extremely elegant. Palazzo Tiene is singular for having each of its windows narrower at top than at bottom, each side sloping inwards perhaps three inches; the reason of which I cannot guess, unless the architect considered the narrowness of the street, and meant to give them a kind of perspective; but whatever might be his intention, the effect is bad.

The Palazzo Publico della Ragione is no less elegant than magnificent; but the most curious of all the buildings here is the celebrated Teatro Olympico, now used for masquerades and balls only, for which it seems scarcely large enough. This jewel of architecture gives a good idea of the theatres of the ancients, which it was meant to imitate. The arena is a semicircle, not spacious, above which rise the seats for the spectators, exactly like those at Nîmes; and the upper seat is crowned with a semicircular colonnade, with many statues, above which is a gallery. On the opposite side of the arena is the stage, as in our theatres, raised about five feet, and in the place of the scene a very noble piece of architecture, decorated with many

many statues, perhaps rather too many. In this are three great apertures, presenting three streets, represented by models of buildings, diminished according to the rules of perspective, which look well only from the centre of the lower seats of the amphitheatre, and from every other point of view appear distorted; painted scenes are better. The statues are of plaster only. Adjoining is a handsome saloon. The whole belongs to the Academy of Belles Lettres, who call themselves *Olympici*.

The triumphal arch at the Campo di Marte did not please us at all; it is of the Doric order, with rustic intermixed.

We went to the church of St. Corona, on purpose to see the Adoration of the Magi, by Paul Veronese, and thought our pains well bestowed. The composition much resembles that in St. Silvester's at Venice, but wants the figure which I there supposed to be a portrait. The drapery and colouring are admirable; the Virgin's head pleasing, and very graceful. Little Jesus seems to be about to weep. The same church contains a picture by Bellino, and one by Mantegna,
both

both worth looking at. The cathedral has nothing particular about it.

May 31. We left this pretty town at six in the morning, in the same voiture, for Verona, thirty miles distant. The road very flat, and in some places overflowed. It makes a great curve round the base of that chain of mountains crowned by Monte Baldo, so celebrated by Italian botanists; but whose top was now covered with snow, as well as the neighbouring much less elevated hills, so that we were reluctantly obliged to give up the thoughts of exploring it. Dined poorly at an inn seventeen miles from Vicenza. The country is a most fertile plain, with fine swelling hills beyond; in some parts producing corn, in others laid out in pastures, bordered with white mulberry trees, and vines hanging about them in luxuriant festoons. The principal plants we noticed among the corn, were the beautiful purple Cow-wheat, *Melampyrum arvense*; Corn flag, *Gladiolus communis*, which is one of their most troublesome weeds; *Adonis æstivalis*, *Lathyrus Aphaca*, and *Coriandrum testiculatum*;

ium; the latter, when bruised, smelling like the flowers of *Hyacinthus racemosus*, or like starch.

Entered Verona about six, without any examination. The red Verona marble, already so often mentioned, every where presents itself in posts, bridges, &c. The town is large, and of handsome appearance, especially when seen from the bridge over the Adige, in the middle of the city.

June 1. Provided as usual with a guide, we began our perambulations, first examining the Palazzo del Podestà, or town-house, an old irregular building, whose walls are covered with busts and coats of arms, in stone, of numbers of great men who have formerly deserved well of the country. All the inscriptions of these monuments have been erased, the reason of which we enquired in vain. Possibly it was done when the Venetians became masters of the town: if so, I was inclined to think, by the leave of those sapient politicians, their proceeding rather injudicious; for one would imagine the dumb eloquence of these erasures more galling

galling to a manly spirit, and more likely to stir up the noble rage of the soul, than any inscriptions whatever. But perhaps the conquerors have judged, that although such might be the case with the then present generation, following ones would find less food for reflection in these blanks, than in a significant inscription, and I do not doubt their being in the right.

Opposite to this edifice, at the corner of a street, one cannot avoid remarking a small piece of ground, enclosed with a marble wall and iron rails, occupied by several very ancient tombs of the Scaligeri, formerly lords of Verona. Two of these mausoleums are very superbly constructed, being a kind of lofty gothic temples, or canopies, at whose corners are statues, and a sarcophagus raised high in the middle of each, enclosing the bodies.

At St. George's church are two celebrated performances of Paul Veronese. That over the high altar, St. George's Martyrdom, is the best; the other has more of the peculiar manner of this master. The saint is repre-

sented refusing to worship idols, and his expression is good.

The cathedral, a gloomy gothic pile, possesses nothing worth going to see, except Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, and that is a dark dirty picture, with little to recommend it. The *Manuel* praises it quite enough. I cannot help observing how much this subject has been multiplied by painters. For one assumption of Christ, we find twenty of the Virgin, and fifty miracles of pretended saints for one of the authentic events of scripture. The reason of this is not difficult to discover. It is expedient to impress most on the minds of the people, those legends whose historical evidence is the weakest; more especially if they tend to support what scripture and reason do not authorize.

How majestically does the Amphitheatre of Verona exalt itself in the centre of the town, above all the surrounding works of modern days! On approaching this venerable fabrick, we admire it as a ruin, like the Colosseum at Rome; for of the outer wall
scarcely

scarcely any thing remains. But when we find ourselves in the area, with the seats rising around to the very top, absolutely perfect and entire, we almost forget that it is not still in use, and that these fine marble steps have braved the inclemency of 1700 seasons. De la Lande calculates twenty-two thousand people might conveniently sit in this theatre, and that it held even a greater number when the Pope passed through Verona in 1782. The Emperor Joseph II. was entertained here with a bull-fight in 1769. The ranges of seats are forty-five, but it appears there have been considerably more, the uppermost being ruined. De la Lande supposes the building was never completed. Here we gathered *Potentilla grandiflora*, *Melica ciliata*, and some other plants which had not yet occurred in our journey; and from the top enjoyed a pretty complete view of the town, with the fine surrounding country, crowned by the snow-clad summits of Mount Baldus.

Porta dei Borsari, said to have been a triumphal arch of the Emperor Gallienus, is of an unusual form, being two equal arches

by the side of each other. Its style is feeble and degenerate, as becomes a triumphal arch of Gallienus.

The Theatre designed by Palladio displays his fine taste, especially the Ionic portico. Adjoining is a collection of antique inscriptions and sculptures made by the late Marquis Scipio Maffei. I noted a Greek codicil to a will on red porphyry, and a little bit of sculpture, of doubtful antiquity, in a kind of porphyry I never saw before; like the common red, but with very distinct white spots, and yellow ones intermixed. They call it here Egyptian granite. The collection contains nothing very remarkable.

The Castel Vecchio, a gothic building constructed and inhabited by one of the Scaligers in the middle of the fourteenth century, has a gothic bridge adjoining, whose central arch is very wide, and, if I remember right, there are four arches besides, all semicircular.

San Micheli's famous Porta del Pallio is simply a range of four or five arches, with intermediate Doric columns, and a cornice, no pediment. I must ingenuously confess we could not discover its extraordinary perfection.

fection. Its simplicity is undoubtedly beautiful, and the design faultless ; but the character is like that of a Venetian picture, wanting both the great sublimity of Michael Angelo, and the refined elegance of Raphael. The building of the fair, or the Dogana, by the same architect has a very elegant colonnade at the extremity of the court. Not far distant stands a palace, likewise designed by him. He seems to have been much averse to pediments.

An apothecary of this town possesses a very extensive collection of fish in sandstone, like those of Mr. Seguiet at Nismes. He said the Empress of Russia was then in treaty for the whole, and that he had sent her a catalogue. We purchased two or three little specimens not catalogued. That so much talked of, in which one fish appears to have been petrified in the act of swallowing another, is not conclusive to me ; or rather, I am persuaded, it is a deception, though as the two skeletons happen to lie, they have that appearance.

Near the théâtre we found one of the prettiest, and indeed most magnificent, coffee-

houses in Italy, and pleasantly situated. The town in general is rather spacious and airy than otherwise.

June 2. Our Livonian friend, Mr. Liljenfeldt, was inclined to go the nearest way to Milan; we could not think of missing Mantua, Parma, and Piacenza, and therefore here took leave of him. Mantua is twenty-five miles from Verona: the road flat. The country reminded me of some of the Essex part of the road from Newmarket to London; but we could have spared some decorations, which our own heretical country happily does not know, several stone crosses where people had been assassinated, one so lately as the preceding January.

On entering the Mantuan territories, our trunks were slightly visited, and, at our desire, sealed up to prevent trouble at any of the following doganas; but this is of little consequence, as the pilfering officers may visit, if they please, notwithstanding the seals, and generally look for a trifling gratification if they do not. We have found the Imperial dominions, and especially the Milanese,
best

best regulated in this respect. The officers there are generally civil, and neither impose upon travellers, nor trouble them unnecessarily. Petty princes, like the Duke of Parma, and their servants, have little else to do than to busy themselves about such matters, and their formalities are endless.

Mantua is more famous and more remarkable as the birth-place of Virgil, who was born at least in its neighbourhood, than for any thing else. Few towns are more singularly situated, as it is environed with much more water than dry land, and the fortifications are very strong. The approach from Verona is through seven or eight gates along a causeway. The lake, however beautiful an object, must surely render the town unhealthy. It was now the time of the fair, held in a circular building like St. Mark's; but after that, this Mantuan fair had not charms sufficient to detain us. Whether we were in a fit of ennui I cannot tell; but the town seemed uncommonly dull. We looked into the large church of St. Andrew, which is in a good style of architecture, but covered with paltry painted decorations. An

inscription informed us that some of Christ's blood was preserved there, which, as has been said by the reputed eleven hundred rooms in the Vatican, we had rather believe than examine. The cathedral was shut. The Ducal palace, spoiled of its former riches, is said to have little to tempt a stranger to walk through its deserted apartments; nor did we visit it. After a bad *maigre* dinner, we found a *voiturin* to conduct us to Parma for three sequins.

Arriving at Borgo forte on the banks of the Po, crossed that river in a large ferry-boat. The banks abound with Lombardy Poplars, descendants, no doubt, of Phaeton's sisters. We journeyed along in the cool of the evening, still

“ ————Phaetonteâ sub umbrâ,”

and reached Guastalla in the Duke of Parma's dominions, where a traveller is very decently accommodated. The road hither was chiefly along a bank, the country very low, almost overflowed; but richly planted with white mulberries, vines, and corn.

June 3. (Sunday.) The road lay along a bank as yesterday. The soil being clay, must be extremely bad in rainy weather; probably the very counterpart of that delectable caufeway between Bologna and Ferrara. In the environs of the little town of Bresullo we met numbers of rustic beaux and belles; the former with the crowns of their hats encircled with real or artificial flowers, and the women with remarkably small round straw hats, not so broad as a plate, some of them ridiculouſly loaded with trumpery finery. Theſe hats being quite inſufficient to ſcreen their faces from the burning ſun, moſt of theſe ladies diſplayed their fans with an air of much coquetry, to guard complexions already like thoſe of the moſt tawny country *man* in England. Theſe peaſants appear cheerful, as Lady Miller obſerves, and not poor; their countenances are ſenſible and agreeable; but I could not agree with her ladyſhip in admiring the taſte of their dreſs, though very much in the ſtyle of opera ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes.

The road improved towards Parma. The country on each ſide is extremely rich and beautiful,

beautiful, crowded with vines intermixed with corn. The chain of Apennines between Bologna and Florence, bounds the prospect on the left, and their tops covered with everlasting snow, are a majestic termination of the landscape. Their effect was peculiarly striking in the afternoon from the bridge of Parma, when the parts unoccupied by snow had acquired the purple evening tinge.

Parma is a very handsome neat town; the streets well built and spacious, especially the principal one. I have seen few places of a more agreeable aspect, not even Turin. Numbers of officers and abbés, lounging about the streets and coffee-houses, do not tempt one to a permanent residence there.

Here we began to experience something like heat, not however sufficient to impede our routine of business. We had letters to Father Affò, first librarian to the royal public library, and found him at the Convent of the Annunciata, sitting in his own little library, in the dress of a Franciscan. He received us very kindly, and with great affability. His countenance and manners were by no means those of a mortified friar, though

though Dr. Younge made an entomological remark upon his dress, which happily escaped me, to be attributed, no doubt, to the odious disuse of linen, which these monks think a part of their duty. However simple this good Father might be in his own apparel, his library was elegant and neat, most of the books being finely bound. His favourite study is history, in which he has eminently distinguished himself, particularly by a history of Guastalla in three volumes 4to. and memoirs of several eminent men of his country, Parmigianino among others.

In the convent is a picture by that celebrated painter in his early manner, more curious for shewing the progress of his style, than for any very eminent merit; there are great faults in the drawing. The church of this convent, of an oval form, with a very bold arched roof, contains an Annunciation of Corregio, much impaired; but the heads of the Virgin and Angel are both admirable; far superior in grace and propriety of expression to most I have seen.

The church of the Capucini is the burial-place of the famous Alexander Farnese, whose
tomb-

tomb-stone is in the middle of the nave. He was interred in the habit of a capuchin. Such a piece of mummary, or any other sign of superstitious horror at the approach of death, might have become the more bloody slaves of the butcher of Europe, Philip II. such as the Duke of Alva ; Alexander Farnese must have had great latent faults and weaknesses in his character to have been capable of it. The altar-piece, by Annibal Carracci, represents a dead Christ, with the Virgin fainting in the arms of angels, and St. Francis shewing his stigmata in an exulting manner before the dead body. The thought is singular, and the picture, on the whole, not agreeable.

The Madonna della Steccata, a dark church in itself, was now rendered more so by some red curtains, it being Trinity Sunday, so that we could hardly see the famous spirited painting, by Parmiggianino, of Moses breaking the Tables, which, however, is well known by the print.

At the cathedral the principal curiosity is the cupola, painted by Corregio ; but it is so high, and has suffered so much, we could
make

make nothing of it, and were absolutely unable to understand the design, nothing being discernible, except some very finely drawn figures boldly foreshortened, which made us the more regret the injuries time has done to this celebrated performance, originally an Assumption of the Virgin, who is, indeed, now quite removed from mortal sight.

The other celebrated cupola of the same painter, at St. John the Evangelist's, is scarcely more distinguishable, being, though in better preservation, very ill lighted. I do not presume to criticise these productions. A figure of St. John, likewise by Corregio, on the wall over the door of the sacristy, was much more within reach of my comprehension, as well as of my visual organs. Nothing can be more beautiful or more sublime than this head; the hands and arms are not equally good. Two other pictures of the same artist, mentioned by Cochin and the *Manuel*, disappointed us.

At St. Sepolchro we were excessively charmed with the Madonna della Scodella, the first work of Corregio's that answered

my expectations. I wonder Cochin says “ la couleur n’est pas bien forte.” We thought it remarkably rich and brilliant, and the chiar’ oscuro very good, with all the clear softness of this master. The Virgin’s head is charming. She presents a dish, *Sco-della*, to St. John, who is filling it with water ; not *warm* water, like Cupid in Angelica Kauffman’s supposed picture, in that droll pamphlet the Anticipation of the Exhibition. Joseph is gathering dates and giving them to the infant Jesus, whose figure is very engaging.

The public walks here are not striking. We saw the Duchess in her coach in the street : she seemed a majestic figure, and assumed an air of stateliness bordering on the ridiculous, as if she was afraid of being supposed to see, much less to be pleased with, the genuflections of the people as she passed. I could name sovereigns who secure the hearts as well as the respect of their subjects, by a different and more natural demeanour. As to mere majesty of carriage, without much winning sweetness, the unfortunate Queen of France possessed it in a superior
5 degree

degree to any human being I ever saw. She might be known from all her court, like Calypso among her nymphs.

June 4. We attended Father Affò, by appointment, to the public library, established by the sovereign within these twenty years, and open to every body who chooses to study there. The principal room is a fine gallery; the more rare books being in lesser apartments adjoining.

Here we saw the same edition of Apollonius Rhodius, as at Venice. Henry VIIIth's book in defence of the church. Hypnorotomachia Poliphili, in Latin, date 1499, and one of the French editions of the same (*Songe de Poliphile*) with the fine wooden cuts, said to have been designed by Raphael or his scholars. The author of this famous and singular book was Francis Colonna, a Dominican friar at Rome. We were also shewn a book of law, by Lanfranc, printed by Francesco de Silva at Turin, 1497. Albertus Magnus de Animalibus, Venice, 1495. Six rare editions of Pliny's Natural History, viz. *Romæ, in æd. Maximorum*, 1470: by
Jenson,

Jenson, 1472 : *Parmæ*, *Steph. Coraliò*, 1476 : *Parmæ*, 1480 : *Parmæ*, 1481 : *Brixia*, 1496. *Hermolai Barbari Castigationes in Plinium*, 1495. A book, whether in Latin or Italian I forget, relating to the interment of St. Francis Xavier, printed in China on Chinese paper, with wooden blocks made in that country. Also a superb Chinese book, printed with gold characters on blue paper. A fine Homer, printed at Florence very early. Aristotle, by Aldus, extremely rare. A botanical manuscript in French, three volumes folio, with rude coloured drawings of plants, the work of Jacques Reboul, a physician of Provence, who, having lost his eye-sight before this book was finished, completed several chapters afterwards with his own hand. They have here the *Hortus Malabaricus*, *Salvianus de Piscibus* ; but none of Jacquin's works, nor any rare ones of Linnæus. The richest part of this library are the historical books. Father Affò, being the first librarian, is particularly attentive to all publications on history.

Some trifling antiquities found at Velleia, are kept in a room adjoining, and travellers
are

are shewn a small bronze medal, which pretends to have been struck at Ithaca, and the head upon it is, of course, supposed to be a portrait of Ulysses—few people probably will believe that Ulysses sat for it, and even the person who shewed us the collection acknowledged this medal had no pretensions to authenticity.

The great Theatre, so justly celebrated for its size and the magnificence of its design, is now disused, and falling into decay, the decorations being all wood. It is too large for the town, and the expence of lighting it up is so considerable, that there has scarcely been a theatrical exhibition here these fifty years; nor is this noble edifice of any use, except very rarely for a masquerade, or something of that kind, on great festivals. There are pipes and machines for filling the pit with water for naval exhibitions; but this has not been practised since the time of the Farnese family, who built the theatre. It is seen to great disadvantage by day, and one feels, as Lady Miller remarks, as if under ground in a vast deep and dark mine; but any great theatre has the same effect when not lighted

up, and I can conceive this, with its full architectural decorations all in due proportion, would, if clean, well illuminated, and filled with company, be extremely magnificent ; nor can any judgment be formed now in its empty state, of what effect music would have in it if full. The singular distinctness with which the least noise on the stage is heard in every part of the house, is the most curious circumstance attending this building ; nor has the cause been discovered. A small very elegant theatre adjoining, seems like a mere opera box, after coming out of the other. Here the Farnese family used sometimes to amuse themselves with acting plays in person.

Under the same roof the Academy of Painting and Sculpture has apartments. The specimens of the scholars performances in general do them honour. Here is the master-piece of Corregio, the Virgin and Child, with an angel holding a book to the latter, the Magdalen on one side kneeling to kiss the infant's foot, and St. Jerome standing on the other. I had not seen, or at least did not remember, Lady Miller's extravagant

gant philippic against this picture ; but was as much displeased as herself with the odd ugly mouth and chin of the little Jesus, as well as the too great width, and rather silly expression, of the angel's mouth. These faults are very striking at the first glance ; but a little contemplation of this charming picture makes one forget all its defects. The child, though ugly, is perfectly natural, and Lady Miller's remarks on the Magdalen appear to me totally erroneous. She appears about to kiss the child's foot, while at the same moment he has caught hold of her hair, and this occasions that gentle and most natural inclination of the head, yielding to his grasp, which Lady Miller says makes it impossible for her to apply any thing to the foot but her ear. The action is so just, I have no doubt it was taken from the observation of nature. The angel behind, with the vase, has certainly an ideotic stare, and St. Jerome looks like a baboon, as the Italians generally paint him. But the chief merits of this famous painting are of a kind more calculated to engage the admiration of profound connoisseurs and artists, than ama-

teurs. The exquisite clearness and beauty of colouring in the flesh, except only the Virgin's head; the most delicate things rendered, as Cochin says, seemingly by accident, with other effects of masterly execution, will ever, in spite of faults of composition, and even of drawing, rank this performance among the treasures of Italy. Unhappily those very perfections are the most difficult to be imitated, and therefore few copies of this picture shew any thing but its defects. The blackened shades of the Virgin's head are easily, and always faithfully, retained, while the delicate colouring of the Magdalen can scarcely be seen, but in the original.

This painting is in excellent preservation, and kept with great care. Some particular persons are permitted to copy it, under great restrictions, with an overseer to prevent damage. An Abbé was at work when we were there, and his performance tolerable.

A very great curiosity in its way is the Parma printing-office, carried on under the direction of Mr. Bodoni, who has brought that art to a degree of perfection scarcely known before him. Nothing could exceed
his

his civility in shewing us numbers of the beautiful productions of his press, of which he gave us some specimens, as well as the operations of casting and finishing the letters. He was extremely anxious to procure a certain kind of very small files, only to be had at Sheffield, and which he said several travelling gentlemen and noblemen had promised to send him, but without keeping their word. We were happy in supplying him immediately on our return. The materials of his types are antimony and lead, as in other places; but he shewed us some of steel. He has sets of all the known alphabets, with diphthongs, accents, and other peculiarities, in the greatest perfection. His Greek types are peculiarly beautiful, though of a different kind of beauty from those of old Stephens, and perhaps less free and flowing in their forms. His paper is all made at Parma. The manner in which Mr. Bodoni gives his works their beautiful smoothness, so that no impression of the letters is perceptible on either side, is the only part of his business that he keeps secret. This effect is produced sufficiently well by means of a hot

press, as practised in London. Our Shakespear press indeed leaves nothing to be desired in that of Parma.

We found books in this town generally dear. I bought a magnificent copy of Plumier's *Filices*, indeed, for thirty-five shillings, not a third of its value; but I verily believe the bookseller intended, to the best of his knowledge, to make me pay very dear for it, so exorbitant were his demands for every thing else.

June 5. Engaged a voiture for Milan, price five sequins, without being fed. We found the innkeepers in the north of Italy honest enough to be trusted, at least so much as only to ask the price of our accommodation on entering, and even if that precaution was neglected, we were seldom much imposed on. Left Parma at five in the morning. The road level, through a pleasant and rich, though low, country, to Firenzuola. Reached Piacenza in the afternoon.

This is a neat little fortified town, but the streets narrow, and paved with small sharp stones, without foot-walks. In the principal

pal piazza are the equestrian statues of Alessandro and Rainulfo Farnese, mentioned in all books. The former looks as if he were riding against a high wind. Both have great beauties and great defects: the drapery is fine. Cochin's criticism on these statues is elaborate and just.

June 6. Paid an early visit to the cathedral, a gothic edifice, tolerably handsome within. The altar was covered with silver, and a large chandelier of the same metal decorated each pillar of the nave, as a preparation for the feast of Corpus Domini. This finery however was certainly less attractive to us than the painted cupola of Guercino, the only thing which brought us hither, nor did we repent. It is one of the best of his works; though in fresco, having all the beauty of oil, at least as much as his famous Aurora at Rome. The composition is in eight compartments, each of them occupied by a prophet, with little cherubs below. In the choir are two pictures relating to the funeral and ascension of the Virgin, by Ludovico Carracci, in a great but unpleasant

style. The figures are much too colossal for their situation, and the colouring cold and dead. An altar-piece on the south side of the nave is a good Crucifixion, by a female Bolognese painter: although rather stiff, the figures have merit. Near it is the Death of St. Francis Xavier, by Fiamingo, in which are some pretty cherubs, and the expression of the saint is good.

Leaving this place about ten, we soon crossed the Po, even here a considerable river, and after travelling four or five miles farther, entered the Milanese territories. The civil officers at the custom-house trusting to our words that we had nothing contraband, put their seals upon our trunks unexamined, so that we entered Milan without farther trouble. The road here is so extremely sandy, that we could not get to Lodi, twenty-one miles from Piacenza, till five o'clock. The Gambaro at Lodi is a very decent inn. The cathedral, an ugly building, was ornamented for to-morrow's festival with indifferent tapestry, made after those very cartoons of Raphael, now at Windsor-castle, about the bad preservation and neglect of which

which so many stories have been told by party calumny, as ill-founded as the generality of political tittle-tattle, that occasionally frets or amuses John Bull.

June 7. Left Lodi early. The morning was very fine; the road new and good, through a flat country, watered by ditches and canals of various levels, often carried across each other on bridges. This is for the purpose of inundating the rice fields, numerous in the plains of Lombardy, each of which is enclosed with little banks to keep in the water. The young plants of rice were now about six inches in height.

Great appearance of population and opulence as we approach Milan, whose gates we entered by ten. The principal streets were covered with awnings and ornamented with tapestry in honour of the day; but the procession of Corpus Domini had already finished its rounds, during our procession from Lodi to Milan. In the evening, however, we saw the same ceremony on a lesser scale in the cathedral.

On

On our arrival we experienced one of the most irksome disappointments a traveller can know. A friend had given us leave to order our letters from home to be directed to the house of the Abbé Oriani, Astronomer Royal, but had neglected to inform Mr. Oriani of this arrangement. Accordingly we found our letters had been returned to the post-office, and there was much reason to fear, had been sent after a person of my name to Venice. No farther information could be had till next morning, on account of the festival. Even the obliging attentions of Mr. Oriani could scarcely make the rest of this day pass tolerably; but on the following our anxiety was removed by finding all safe at the post-office, when seventeen packets fell to my share. This introduction to the Abbé Oriani, imperfect and awkward as it was, procured us so much kindness and assistance from this amiable man, as I cannot sufficiently acknowledge. He had no reason to be prepossessed in favour of our countrymen, having just before experienced very different behaviour from certain great personages

personages in his own line in England, notwithstanding the best recommendations; but he treated us as if he were paying a debt of gratitude, instead of humanity. I have ever since been proud to cultivate his friendship.

C H A P. XXXVI.

MILAN—PAVIA, AND FROM THENCE TO
GENOA.

WE began our examination of Milan with scientific matters, and with them I shall therefore begin my account.

The college of Brera is a noble institution. The building belonged to the Jesuits, and is very magnificent, with beautiful galleries and colonnades of granite, spacious apartments, where the arts and sciences are now taught gratis, and where the various professors are comfortably, and even sumptuously, lodged. The collection of casts from all the most esteemed antique sculptures are very good. Our kind guide introduced us to the Professor of Sculpture, who was then at work on a very good bust, and seemed a

man

man of enthusiasm and taste. The observatory is furnished with several fine instruments, some made in England, others in France; and there are some of Milanese workmanship far from despicable. The library is rich in history, and more particularly so in natural history, for it contains part of the library of Haller, bought, with his Herbarium, for 2000 louis d'or, and divided by the Emperor between this place and Pavia. The books of Haller amounted in all to fourteen or fifteen thousand volumes. I saw a copy of the last edition of his *Historia Stirpium Helveticarum* interleaved, with notes. His hand-writing is very small, not much unlike that of Linnæus, but less legible. The remarkable books we were shewn besides, were Fust's bible, dated 1462; a fine Livy printed at Milan in 1480, and Dante in 1478 likewise at Milan; St. Jerome's Epistles, Rome 1468; a very curious old volume of wooden cuts, of at least as early a date as 1440, according to the librarian. It represents the life of Antichrist—not of the pope, or his allies, the devil and pretender, but of a person who

is

is always attended by devils, and believes neither the mass, nor the immaculate purity of the Virgin ; or what is even worse, doubts the honesty of monks. One might add some chapters to this curious work, if a new edition should be called for.

The Botanic Garden is the poorest thing about this College, nor did I perceive in it any new or remarkable plants. *Arum Dracunculis* in full flower, smelt exactly like the stinking fish-market of St. Mark at Venice.

The Collegio Helvetico, founded by St. Charles Boromeo, is now converted into some public offices. The building consists of two handsome quadrangles, surrounded with colonnades of the pale red granite of this country.

The Ambrogian Library is by no means so considerable as I expected. Its principal curiosities shewn to travellers are, a Chinese chair, remarkably easy to sit on. Some casts, far from good, of famous statues, among others a fine crucifix of Michael Angelo's at the Escorial. Fragments of most elaborate and delicate carving in marble, once belonging to the tomb of Gaston de Foix, nephew

of Louis XII. of France. This young hero was buried at Milan, but his tomb was destroyed in some of the wars which so long harraſſed this country between the French and Germans; and which form ſo ſevere a ſatire on the character of princes, who ought to be the protectors and peace-makers of mankind. The more juſt their right to a ſtate, the more ought they to avoid, like the true mother before Solomon, cutting their children in pieces. How few will ſtand ſuch a teſt! Even Louis XII. deſervedly called the father of his French people, made no ſcruple of ſacrificing thouſands even of them, whenever he fancied he could aſſert his pretenſions to the Milaneſe with any ſhadow of ſucceſs; and the “ ſwiniſh multitude ” celebrate ſuch exploits as heroic!

In this library are a few pictures; as the Four Elements, by Breughel, very highly finiſhed; a Holy Family, and two or three heads, by Bernardino Luvino, a ſcholar and cloſe imitator of Leonardo da Vinci.

Every body has heard of the great folio manuſcript on mechanicks, done by the laſt-mentioned painter with his own hand, illuſtrated

trated with innumerable drawings of machines in pen and ink, and written backwards for engraving. James I. of England is said to have offered an immense sum for this book, which might as well have been accepted, for no use has ever been made of its contents. A no less curious manuscript is the Latin translation of Josephus, by Rufinus, written in the old Lombardy character on papyrus, and on both sides of the leaves, a very unusual circumstance. This must be as old as the fourth century, Rufinus having been a contemporary of St. Jerome.

Dr. Moscati, principal physician to the great hospital here, procured us the complete inspection of that noble charity, and even accompanied us himself through part of it. The building is extremely spacious and noble, the great court particularly so. The internal regulations seemed more methodical and judicious than in any hospital I almost ever saw; nor did I ever enter one so free from bad smells. The number of patients is generally about 900 or 1000 in the house at a time. Separate wards are allotted for cutaneous disorders; fevers of all kinds together,

gether, which is a strange oversight, surgical cases, and some others; one ward is set apart for a disease almost peculiar to this country. It appears at first in the form of a scaly eruption, which if not taken care of in time, by administering the warm bath, with good nourishing diet and wine, incurable madness follows. Such is the account we had from our very intelligent guide, which is extremely singular, and affords much room for reflection.

A smaller hospital adjoining is chiefly allotted to venereal disorders, and the small-pox. Even in the wards where the patients were rubbing in mercury, no offensive smell was perceptible. The triturated preparations of mercury are used here, not those made with acids. We looked into a small very neat hospital, served by some Augustine friars, and designed for servants chiefly, as something is required to be paid for the support of the persons admitted. They are very well accommodated.

There is a very good hospital for lunatics, in a retired situation a little way out of town, kept with great neatness and regularity.

The patients are generally about 100 at a time ; all nations and religions are admitted indiscriminately. We were told scarcely any ever went mad here from devotion, but many for love. Dr. Younge observed, in looking over the regulations, that the patients in all these hospitals are allowed a great deal of cheese ; whereas Dr. Home, of Edinburgh, says the British hospitals are in general most accused of giving the patients too much of that food.

The cathedral of Milan is justly esteemed the most magnificent in Italy, after St. Peter's at Rome, and beyond comparison the finest Gothic edifice in the whole country, where indeed buildings in that style are rare. Yet this fine church is unfinished, owing, it is said, to the allotment of considerable sums for that purpose from time to time, which are to continue to be paid annually till the whole is finished, a sure method of preventing the desired end ; nor is a sixth part of the money, according to De la Lande, employed for the intended purpose. This might in some measure be pardoned, if what is employed were judiciously laid out ; but

St. Charles Borromeo allowed a frontispiece in a Grecian style to be clapped to this Gothic building, and even that is still unfinished. In vain does De la Lande apologize for it, as in a certain middle style between Grecian and Gothic. There is no middle between them, nor is this frontispiece anything else than Grecian. It has always appeared wonderful to me that Inigo Jones fell into the same incongruity in his west front to the old church of St. Paul, burnt in the fire of London.

No church in the world perhaps has more statues about it than this of Milan. Most of them are bad ; I can scarcely except the famous one of St. Bartholomew holding his skin. It is intolerably hard and stiff ; nor is it of much consequence whether the muscles be accurate or not. True science is shewn by representing the muscles of a body in action, with the skin over them ; there is no merit in copying them when laid bare and at rest.

Before the high altar, in a subterraneous chapel, reposes St. Charles Borromeo. This chapel is one of the most remarkable things

about the cathedral. Nothing can be richer. The hangings are cloth of gold ; the architraves of the doors, the cornice, in short every thing but the hangings, is of massy silver. The cornice is supported by large statues of angels, and adorned with fine alto-relievos, all of the same metal. On the back part of the altar, and raised a little above it, lies the saint's body in a transverse position, in a case made of large slices, six or eight inches square, of very fine rock crystal, set in frames of silver, given by Philip IV. of Spain, who was eight years in search of a sufficient quantity of crystal. The body is most magnificently dressed in archiepiscopal robes, with abundance of jewels. The face only is visible, and looks like that of an Egyptian mummy. The nose is nearly gone, which, added to the drawing back of the lips from the teeth, gives the countenance a horrible and ghastly look. St. Charles died in 1584, aged forty-six, and rested peaceably in his grave about twenty-four years, till he was made a saint of, and placed here, which must have shocked his boasted humility very much could he have foreseen

foreseen it. His motto was *humilitas*. This superb shrine is kept covered with a case of wood blackened and ornamented, which is removed for a small gratuity when strangers come. The common people here have a tradition, that when the canonization of this great archbishop was in contemplation, the only flaw found in his character was his having erected, when legate at Bologna, the famous naked statue of Neptune in the great square of that town ; and that this impiety was very near preventing his being dubbed a saint at all. He must be allowed to be one of the most respectable of the modern Romish saints, for he had many great and good qualities, though an inclination to a persecuting spirit. His munificence and zeal in forwarding useful establishments, at least as he believed them, his courage and benevolence in the time of the plague of Milan, entitle him to the veneration of his countrymen. Nor can they be charged with want of gratitude ; for St. Charles has quite eclipsed the fame of their former patron St. Ambrose, and engrossed all their devotion.

We ascended to the top of the dome, and almost to the summit of the little spire in its centre, from whence the eye commands the rich and extensive plains of Lombardy, bounded on one side by the Apennines, and on the other by the Alps covered with snow. This dome and pinnacle are entirely of the finest white marble, and look quite new; nor indeed has the upper part been finished many years. The workmanship is wonderfully delicate, and in some places the marble is cut so thin as to be semitransparent, and having a reddish tinge, resembles the alabaster crosses at Saint Maria, in Campitelli, at Rome. See vol. ii. p. 153. In most parts it looks like frozen snow, or fine sugar, both in grain and colour. Upon the roof are workshops for the people employed in the building, who seem to be very numerous; and unless they, like Penelope, destroy what they finish, one can see no reason why the whole might not be very soon completed.

We took great delight in walking in this church about dusk, when almost every body had left it. The declining light through the noble painted windows; the vaulted
 roofs

roofs rising almost out of sight; the labyrinth of taper columns; the scattered lamps glimmering from subterraneous chapels and solitary shrines and altars,

“ While more than echoes creep along the walls,”
excite a pleasing solemnity of thought, which, from an association of ideas, easily becomes a spurious kind of devotion, and is generally mistaken for the true.

The Madonna di San Celso, a very rich church, is best worth seeing after the cathedral. Its architect was Bramante, who has built a small kind of cloister, very simple and elegant, before the entrance. The front of the church, though handsome, is made up of too many small parts, wanting some great bold portico, or at least columns. In the lower part stand two admirable statues of marble, representing Adam and Eve, by Artaldo di Lorenzi: they are preserved with great care, having lattice-work over them. In the church are some good statues by Fontana, noticed by Cochin and the *Manuel*. The altar of the Madonna is adorned with four large silver columns, in a fine taste, and surrounded with many great silver lamps.

St. Aleffandro also is very rich, especially the high altar decorated with fine jaspers, and the tabernacle of gilt bronze, very profusely set with precious stones, among which are several fine rubies.

St. Eustorchio is chiefly remarkable for the elegant Gothic shrine of alabaster, containing the body of St. Peter the Dominican martyr, whose death is so finely painted by Titian at Venice. He was inquisitor general of this province under Pope Gregory IX. ; but certain heretics, not liking to be roasted in this world as well as the next, returned him good for evil, and sent him to heaven.

St. Lorenzo, in the same quarter of the town, has a well-formed cupola ; but the upper part of the four great masses on which it rests, is very singularly pannelled, and projects in a heavy manner. Before this church stands a row of sixteen fine antique fluted columns of the Corinthian order, supporting a cornice, said to have belonged to a temple of Hercules. They are in a good style, but have suffered much. This is the only ruin of any consequence in Milan.

The monument, mentioned in the *Manuel*,
to

to be seen in St. Mark's cloister, sculptured with the three Graces, is not antique, but done in the sixteenth century.

At the Madonna delle Grazie, in the refectory, may be seen the celebrated fresco of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci; a picture admirable for drawing and expression, but the colouring is much hurt. The story of this painting having been white-washed by order of a superior of the convent, because the face of Judas happened to resemble his, and recovered by accident, is well known. To that misfortune, perhaps, is to be attributed its defective colouring. The figures are somewhat larger than life. We were too much occupied by the merits of this picture, to find out that St. John is represented with six fingers on one hand, as curious persons remark. In the church is a very capital performance of Titian, Christ crowned with thorns. The heads are very fine. Also a picture of great merit, in many respects, by Gaudenzio di Ferrara, painted in 1543, a whole-length of St. Paul the apostle. There is much character in the head, and the feet are admirably finished. The colours

are very brilliant, though hard ; and the apostle's red beard reminded me of Butler's description of that of Hudibras :

“ In shape and hue so like a tile;

“ It might a sudden view beguile.”

In the old church of St. Ambrogio lies the body of that truly great saint, so celebrated for his courageous repulse of the Emperor Theodosius, and for several other heroic actions, as well as for his piety. His remains are under the altar, which is surrounded by four pillars of brecciated red porphyry, supporting a Gothic canopy. De la Lande tells us the Ambrosian ritual is still retained at Milan, out of respect to their ancient archbishop ; and he is at the pains to describe in what respects this service differs from the Roman ritual. These are trifling variations about the manner of celebrating mass, the time when the priest should wash his hands, and when the creed should be said, &c. about all which a certain canon, whose name I will not preserve though he does, is said to have projected a very large work.

“ Strange that such difference there should be,

“ ’Twixt tweedle dum, and tweedle dee !”

One

One cannot help smiling at one peculiarity of the Ambrosian ritual. The gospel is read from a lofty pulpit, at the lower end of the choir, "that the people," says De la Lande, "may hear it." Why then is it not in the vulgar tongue, that they may understand it?

St. Francis is a large handsome church of modern architecture, in which, however, we noted nothing particular, except a very tolerable picture over an altar on the left hand near the door, the subject of which I forget, and the painter's name could not learn; but it has not been long done, and is, nevertheless, much above the common run of recent productions of the pencil.

St. Victor is a rich church, belonging to a superb monastery of Olivetani. Its altar exhibits a profusion of decorations in hard stones; such as jasper, agate, &c. The roof of the building, as well as its pillars, are too gaudily painted. Over the second or third altar on the left, is a very excellent picture of a friar of this order, in their white habit, administering the sacrament to a sick man; with another friar of the same order assisting him. The chiar' oscuro and colouring are very fine. Cochin does not notice this painting,

painting, though he speaks of another which escaped us.

The chapel of the great hospital contains an Annunciation by Guercino, very admirable, though not one of his best works. I cannot admire the attitude of the Angel; the Glory, with God the father, and Cherubs, are excellent.

The capuchins' church, called il Giardino, has a very remarkable roof, of a great width, consisting of ribs of masonry, the rest being of wood.

We thought the theatre of Milan scarcely inferior to that of St. Carlo at Naples. Its decorations were very magnificent. Here, for the first time, we heard the inimitable Marchesi, whose talents and personal merit procure him general respect, even in his own country, and have been honoured as they deserve in ours.

At the zecca or mint we were shewn the whole process of coining, even the manner of milling, which in some places is kept secret, at least from the vulgar; but is too well known to those conversant at all with the subject to need a description here.

The

The castle of Milan seems very consequential, and is said to be worth seeing; but we omitted to visit it. The public walks are noble. I never saw so many deformed people any where as in this town, especially about the legs. Most of these unfortunate persons are rickety all over; few have only the hump-back.

The police of Milan is good, and the government just and humane. The archduke, a very amiable and popular prince, lives in habits of great familiarity with his subjects; his ear is accessible to the meanest, and his hand open to all who are in distress. Living always among his people, he interests himself, with the most engaging benignity, about innumerable circumstances, such as seldom come to a sovereign's knowledge, and reaps, in person, that genuine reward, so rare to princes' ears, sincere and deserved praise.—Neither does science escape the archduke's attention, for he is curious to inspect every literary publication in his dominions; and the introduction of valuable exotic plants has been one object of his care.

Several Milanese noblemen have a taste
for

for scientific pursuits. The merits of the Count Landriani, in chemistry and natural philosophy, are well known. The Castiglioni family possess considerable zeal and knowledge in natural history, one of them, who visited England in 1785, having travelled to America for botanical purposes; and I regretted extremely his absence from Milan during our stay there.

June 15. A voiture conveyed us before dinner to Pavia, twenty miles distant from Milan; the road very level and straight; the country highly cultivated, with many rice fields, and plenty of Lombardy poplars.

Four miles short of Pavia we passed the magnificent Carthusian monastery, now dissolved. It stands about a mile from the road, at the extremity of a fine alley of cypresses. We ought not to have passed it unvisited, but the weather was extremely rainy, and we began to grow indifferent to every thing of this kind that was not of first-rate eminence. We were also in immediate pursuit of objects of a different nature.

. Pavia

Pavia is a long fortified town, consisting chiefly of one street, the other parts being much scattered like Padoua. There is a singular bridge over the river Ticino, covered with a tiled roof. The Albergo di Lombardia is an excellent inn. Here we paid eight pauls each, near four shillings, by the day for our dinner and lodging, which is the common rate of the country.

This is at present the most celebrated university in Italy, and perhaps better furnished with able professors, men of real genius and activity, than most at present existing in the world. The loss of one bright ornament we have now indeed to regret, the celebrated Scopoli, who was at this time Professor of Botany here ; and to him our first visit was paid.

We found him a man verging towards the decline of life, of a plain but animated countenance, not at all resembling his portrait in the *Flora Carniolica*, and entirely devoid of the stupid gravity so remarkable in that print. He received us very kindly ; talked much of his own works, particularly of one in German, on Mining, the manuscript of which
was

was then before him. He is the editor of an Italian translation of Macquer's Dictionary of Chemistry, with many notes.

Breakfasting with this professor next morning, I took an opportunity of offering him any assistance the Linneæan Herbarium could afford, by which he first understood it was in my possession, having but slightly read over our French introductory letters. He was quite overjoyed; gave me a most cordial embrace, and from that moment we scarcely separated during my abode at Pavia. He presented me with his *Entomologia Carniolica*; with its rare unpublished plates, his *Fundamenta Botanica*, and *Elementi di Chimica*. Having had his whole collection of the insects of Carniola engraved as far as No. 815, *Apis terrestris*, the rest of the specimens were found so much damaged, he gave up the work. We saw their remains, entirely crumbled to dust. It is pity the figures, as far as they go, were not published; they would be very useful, his work being one of the few classical ones in Entomology. What is become of the plates I know not.

The botanic garden of Pavia is large, and as well furnished as most out of England. In one part the plants are arranged according to the Linnæan system; in another after their natural classes. The professor's house is pleasantly situated in the middle. Here Haller's herbarium is preserved: the plants fixed upon coarse strong paper, put up in large books, and much eaten by insects. We looked over the *Orchideæ* with care, but got little information. There are great numbers of specimens of each species sent him by different people, with names and synonyms, some right and some wrong, as usual; but scarcely ever corrected by himself. It would therefore be dangerous to draw any important conclusions from this herbarium, unless it were studied with great care; and then perhaps certain marks might be found to distinguish from the rest his original Swiss specimens. Such marks make the peculiar value of the herbarium of Linnæus; as by them we can detect the original specimens which our great master had before him at the publication of each of his works,

and have seldom, therefore, to trust even to his *opinion* as to the identity of a plant.

One morning at seven o'clock, we attended a botanical lecture of Professor Scopoli's, in a room at the garden. It was in Italian, chiefly on grasses, their nature, arrangement, and uses. He observed that there are really no limits between *Bromus* and *Festuca*; but that, nevertheless, Linnæus's arrangement of the genera and species in general, was the best, as well as the first, ever seen. He spoke of corn, beer, &c. in a very general way; for the lectures in this university are unusually short, seldom much exceeding half an hour.

We were no less happy in the acquaintance of Professor Scarpa, the celebrated teacher of anatomy. With him we surveyed the College, and its collection of anatomical preparations, all of which had been made within three years, and do the Professor great honour. The most striking things appeared to me, first, An uterus, about a fortnight after impregnation, whose inside is extremely villous, and which shews the manner in which

which the ovum attaches itself to that part; these villi Mr. Scarpa thinks become the *membrana decidua* of Dr. Hunter. Second, A testicle very finely injected with mercury, and so disposed that the internal as well as external tubuli are visible, with the epididymis and vas deferens, more distinct than in any I have seen, and yet very nearly in their proper situations. Here is also a most curious collection of comparative anatomy, made by the professor of that branch, a pupil of Mr. Scarpa. The nervous system of the black slug *Limax ater*, the organs of generation of the *Gryllus*, with several other pieces, are extremely masterly and instructive. If this museum goes on as it has begun, it will be the first thing in its way.

The hospital is spacious, airy, and handsome; the patients about 400; the room, or rather hole, for operations, very bad; but a new one was about to be built. Among the patients we saw a woman who had an immense extravasation of milk in one of her breasts, which, on an incision being made, discharged eight pounds of pure milk. The breast was now fast returning to its

proper size, though still full of sinuses. Her health was good.

We were fortunate in hearing Mr. Scarpa's concluding lecture for this season, on the veins of the lower extremities. The anatomical theatre is new and handsome; but too near the street.

We had also an opportunity of seeing the degree of Doctor of Physic conferred at the college upon three young gentlemen, who defended their theses against the objections of the professors very decently, and spoke Latin readily enough, if not quite accurately. Professor Scarpa, their promoter, afterwards put a gold ring upon the finger of each, waved the hat very gracefully over their heads, and made a sign of embracing them; though not with the close hug of Montpellier. The business concluded with a very good Latin oration from Professor Scarpa, relating to the study and practice of medicine. The room appropriated to this ceremony is new and elegant. The Emperor Joseph decreed, that no graduate here should be obliged to publish any thing more than four or five detached theses or propositions;

no dissertation, unless he chooses. By which order certainly much loss of time and labour is spared to the poor student, capable of being far better employed in instructing himself, than in attempting to teach others.

The college library is a very good one, open to every body every day, except festivals; the professors alone have the privilege of borrowing books. Here is the greater portion of Haller's library; but I could not find his celebrated copy of Rivinus's plates, containing the *Orchideæ*, which most copies want. The librarian insisted on its being at Milan, if any where. At Milan we were told it was at Pavia. Here is another copy of the *Hist. Stirp. Helvet.* with notes; also the Anatomical Tables of the same author interleaved, with many manuscript notes in his own hand. We were also shewn a small work of Dr. Whytt's, in 8vo, or 12mo, in answer to Haller, on the subject of irritability, from which all the appendix was violently torn out, and the following words, or something like them, written in English upon one of the remaining leaves. "The
" whole of this appendix was at my re-

“ quest omitted in the edition of all the author’s works.” This note was not Haller’s, but in a fair large hand, probably written by the person who sent him the book; and it should seem that he tore out the appendix in indignation, of which he was very capable.

The Abbé Serafino Volta, keeper of the public museum, very obligingly shewed us that collection, which is magnificently disposed. The serpents are uncommonly numerous and fine, as well as the fish: the minerals good; other departments in general not capital. The cabinet of natural philosophy is furnished with two orreries, by Adams; an air-pump, by Martin; and one on a newer construction, by Nairne; with several other capital instruments. The Abbé Aleffandro Volta, brother of the above-mentioned, is professor of natural philosophy, and one of the most eminent men in that line in Europe. He was at this time from home.

Professor Scopoli introduced us to the celebrated Father Gregorio Fontana, Professor of Mathematics, brother to the Abbé

Fontana

Fontana of Florence. This gentleman rarely quits his chamber on account of nervous disorders; but his conversation is all cheerfulness and intelligence; nor does his knowledge of mathematics, however profound, so entirely absorb his mind, as to prevent his being extensively conversant with other branches of natural knowledge, and literature in general. Little could I imagine, when I enjoyed the pleasure of his conversation, and admired the acuteness and versatility of his genius, that he should ever condescend, as he has since done, to become the translator and commentator of any production of mine*; but his candour is equal to his abilities.

It is needless here to enter into the particulars of the celebrated *fracas* which happened at Pavia not long since, relative to some articles missing in the public museum. Nothing is more painful than to find blemishes in a distinguished character; nor should I mention the matter at all, but for

* *Discorso preliminare agli Atti della Società Linneana di Londra, &c. tradotto fedelmente dall' idioma Inglese, con note. Pavia, 1792, 8vo.*

the purpose of justifying the innocent. All the above-mentioned professors were unanimous in their account. The government was also well informed of the truth, and the Emperor Joseph II. took care to have his sentiments known. But, unwilling to lose a person whose scientific abilities were of importance to the university, the accusers were somewhat harshly condemned to silence. Poor Scopoli, one of the most concerned in the business, died of grief the following year; and his only justification was a printed circular letter, sent to the principal literati of Europe, in which the real cause of his death was mentioned, and which authority itself did not suppress. May my honest, though feeble, endeavours* help to revive his blasted laurels, and protect a name which ought to be dear to every good man, and doubly so to every naturalist! It is the privilege of an Englishman, thank Heaven! safely to assert the cause of justice, whether in his own case or in that of another; a

* See *Plant. Icones ex Herb. Linn. fasc. 2, t. 34, page 2.*

privilege which, under even a mild and beneficent Sovereign, cannot, we find, be always obtained in an unlimited government. May happy Britain long most jealously watch and preserve this inestimable blessing! May she be cautious too of hazarding it in pursuit of other advantages, however flattering, remembering how much she has to lose, but how little to gain!

We anxiously wished to hear a lecture from the famous professor of natural history, the Abbé Spallanzani, not choosing to be presented to him; and it fortunately fell out that our curiosity was gratified. His countenance is austere and proud, in form inclining to the African. His delivery so extremely deliberate, drawling, and monotonous, it could scarcely be heard with a grave face; but the composition of his lecture so admirable, as to make us forget all the rest. The subject was the different lengths of time which different butterflies remain in the chrysalis, and how far their exit may be hastened by heat; with Reaumur's experiment of putting the insects in that state under a hen, and so producing the first butterflies

terflies perhaps, as the professor said, that were ever hatched by a bird. He concluded with some conjectures upon the possibility of laying large animals, as men, in a trance for any length of time; an idea of Mr. Hunter's, which Spallanzani dressed out with all the graces of imagination; and although the greater part of his lecture may be found in the plain unadorned pages of Reaumur, yet he made the whole so much his own by his decorations and masterly arrangement, it would be invidious to deny him his due praise.

The professors live here in a very handsome style, on ample salaries, and those salaries not sinecures, nor the reward of political intrigue. We could gladly have made a long residence in this seat of real science, and left it with much regret. Our last visit was to Professor Scopoli, who enriched me with several plants, gathered by himself the preceding year in the Tyrol, freely offering any botanical communications in his power. With what pleasure did this good man anticipate my promised communication of American and other seeds not known in Italy,

as

as he took his evening walk in the garden, and his pupils crowded around to kiss his hands ; but unhappily I had never an opportunity of gratifying him or myself in this way.

Walking on the ramparts of Pavia, those celebrated ramparts where every step recalls the history of a Charles and a Francis, we enjoyed in an evening the music of the garrison, with all that was gay and pretty in the town listening to hear it. Nothing could be more delicious than the clearness and temperature of the air, though almost every evening was attended with forked lightning in abundance, without thunder. We found none but common well-known plants about the town.

The opera here is extremely bad, and seems chiefly intended to gratify the students, whose principal pleasure consists in enjoying their privilege of talking louder than the persons on the stage, and laughing, not always unaptly, at any tragical part meant to be particularly fine.

Independently of all the entertainment and friendly attentions we experienced at Pavia,

I left

I left it with peculiar regret, for I here quitted the companion of my tour. Unavoidable engagements called him home, while the well-known attractions of Genoa, and the untried ones of Turin, were, on my part, not to be resisted. Dr. Younge returned to Milan, pursuing his route homeward by Mount Simplen, through Switzerland.

June 19. After dinner, a Milanese count, who was travelling to Genoa in great state, in the coach of a Spanish cardinal, without scruple admitted me and my servant to share his magnificence; and we soon struck a bargain with his driver.

The country is very swampy, being even at this season under water; accordingly agues are very frequent. We crossed in a boat a little branch of the Tessino, landing in the king of Sardinia's dominions, and were then ferried over the Po. Slept at Voghera in a most comfortable inn. Great numbers of luminous insects were flying about in the dusk, emitting light every moment by starts. I flattered myself they had been *Fulgora europæa*,

ropæa, but they proved only the winged males of the Italian glow-worm, *Lampyris italica*, in which both sexes are luminous.

When we came to pay our bill in the morning, I was surpris'd to find no demand made, but the whole left to the discretion of my companion, who paid in all, for himself and for me, much less perhaps than I should have paid alone ; as was the case all the way to Genoa. Such is the advantage of travelling under the protection of an inhabitant of the country.

June 20. Passed through Tortone, defended by a considerable fortress, and came to Novi in the Genoese state.

This is a pretty neat little town, situated among hills. Mr. Collins, an Englishman, who has a fabrick of raw silk, was so obliging as to shew us the worms spinning. The women who superintend them, esteem dark-coloured worms the best to breed from, and take care to save them for that purpose. Most of the country people and servants hereabouts breed silk-worms in their chambers, supplying them with sticks and branches
of

of trees to spin upon. They occasion a faint unpleasant smell in the apartment, and I should think the more airy stages, constructed on purpose in spacious buildings, must be more healthy for the animals, and better for the silk. The Novi silk is coarse, and generally used unthrown.

A hilly road, through a very picturesque country, brought us to Voltaggio, where is a poor inn, though not the worst in Italy.

June 21. We were early upon duty, having to cross the famous high mountain called the Bocchetta, by which is the only approach to Genoa by land, except along the coast. The country is extremely romantic; the road steep, and winding very much over the hills. I observed several rare and pretty plants, as *Phyteuma spicata*, *Coronilla varia*, *Juncus niveus*, and *Hieracium Auricula*. Several numerous parties of mules were upon the road, with small wooden boxes hung across their saddles, chiefly containing, as I was told, the gold coin of Milan, which is exchanged with Genoa to a very great advantage. Indeed so I found it by the little

I had with me ; but the Milanese will not let a stranger share any of this profit that they can help. . If I remember |right, the gain is about nine *per cent.* in favour of Milan.

At the bottom of the hill, on the other side, stands Campo Marone, a little scattered romantic village, named from the number of chesnut trees about it. Nothing can be more charming than the rest of the road to Genoa, among hills clothed with wood, cultivated wherever the ground will admit of it, and studded with villas, churches, and cottages.

C H A P. XXXVII.

GENOA IN RETURN.

ENOUGH has been already said of the palaces, churches, and pictures of Genoa in the early part of this work. I have spoken of its magnificence, let us now take a view of its enjoyments.

Many of the noble Genoese have a sort of hanging gardens upon the bastions of the town, which, although often confined in space, have a peculiarly romantic and singular effect. Bowers of passion flower, treillages of vines, terraces, and grass-plats, decorated with all sorts of sweet-smelling flowers, offer themselves unexpectedly one after another without end; and every step, in general, presents a prospect of the bay and surrounding country, equally rich, varied, and extensive. The great advantage of these gardens is their situation within
the

the walls, which makes them accessible at all times ; whereas the town-gates being shut about eight or nine o'clock, to return from a country villa, after those hours, is impracticable, at least without the trouble of an express permission of the council, which could not be obtained by every body every day. To these *villettas*, as they are called, their owners retire in the cool of the evening, either to solitary study, or to the society of a few most select friends. There no state nor ceremony is allowed to intrude.

From some of these elevated situations the view of the town on the eve of St. John Baptist, the great festival of Genoa, was the most singular I ever beheld. The town was brilliantly illuminated ; while along the glowing purple coast to the west, the last rays of the setting sun still trembled on the hills, and the moon arose in the east. To these three contrasted lights was added the singular effect of the innumerable flying glow-worms, darting their momentary splendour through all the streets, gardens, and rooms. We used frequently to catch these little insects, and entangle them in the ladies' hair and head-

VOL. III. G drefs ;

dress; a decoration the women in some countries adopt themselves. A lady of Genoa told me a singular anecdote of some Moorish women of rank, taken prisoners by the Genoese, and detained for a ransom. They were lodged at a villa out of the town, and visited, during their stay, by several families. A party going to see them one summer's evening after a hot day, were surprised to find all their doors and windows close shut, and themselves in the utmost terror and distress. They had conceived an idea, that these luminous flies were the disturbed souls of their departed relatives. The common people of Genoa too suppose them to be of a spiritual nature, and to come out of the graves—of course they are beheld with abhorrence.

After looking down on the illuminations, we joined the crowd in the streets, which was very numerous, and consisted of persons of all ranks; the ladies of quality, leaning on their cavalieri serventi, were followed by their chairs, with innumerable footmen and flambeaux. Every window in the principal streets was lighted up; but I saw no
transpa-

transparencies, nor other devices, as in our London illuminations.

The villetta of the Count Durazzo has an advantage, not very enviable in a place of retirement, that of commanding the ground for playing at the *Pallone*, or great ball, a favourite game here. The players are divided into two parties, and each takes its station at one end of the ground, a line of partition being drawn across the middle. Their right arms are guarded with a large thick bracelet set with points. With this they strike the ball, which is large, but light ; their chief aim being to keep it up as long as they can, and, above all, to prevent its falling in their own ground. The spectators are very numerous, even of persons of fashion, placed in boxes like those of a theatre. They bet very high, and seem much interested in the game.

The chief promenade of the Genoese in an evening, is a square called Piazza d'Aqua Verde. This is planted with a few trees, but for the most part surrounded with dead walls, and void of all beauty ; being spacious and airy however, and almost the only flat

space of any extent within the walls, it is much frequented by all ranks of people.

On the 4th of July I had an opportunity, under the protection of the Durazzo family, of seeing the great council, and the final election of the Doge, the only occasion on which strangers can be admitted at all to that august assembly. The sight of so many hundred persons in an elegant full-dress of black silk, for the French Ambassador only was in regimentals, added to the magnificence of the great hall, with its pillars of brocatello marble, was very striking. No swords are allowed to be worn on this occasion. The tedious mode of electing this phantom of a sovereign, has been often described. The *six* were already chosen, and waited in an adjoining room, till one of their number was balloted for by the whole great council in the usual way, and at last Rafaele di Ferrari was declared duly elected. Proper officers then brought the new Doge into the great assembly, where he was invested with the crimson robe, and took the oaths and his seat on the throne. All the company afterwards passed him one by one, saluting him

him with a bow. The mob were then admitted into the lower end of the hall, as far as a barrier placed across the apartment; and their acclamations were as loud as if they had any concern in the matter, or any reason to be glad or sorry. We went into the Doge's private apartments, where numbers of ladies were waiting to pay him their compliments. He soon appeared, and seated himself under a canopy in one of the rooms, when all the company went and bowed to him as before, which compliment he returned. The office of this chief magistrate lasts two years, during which he must not, without permission of the senate, go out of his palace. If, however, he does not retire before the two years are expired, the law says he may be thrown out of the window. Most Doges choose to anticipate the fatal period a few hours. They are then senators, with the title of *eccellentissimo* for life. After this business was over, odes of congratulation were distributed about the town.

The Doge sometimes goes in state to the opera, and makes really a magnificent appearance, sitting in his robes in the central

box, and attended by numerous pages in very rich liveries.

The country about Genoa is so extremely hilly, the only way of travelling into the interior parts is in sedan chairs. I undertook a botanizing excursion of this kind among the mountains, with my friend Dr. Pratolongo jun. and certainly never experienced a more singular one. We dined the first day at Pino, a romantic country-seat of his excellency the senator Marcellino Durazzo, owner of the great palace in Strada Balbi. This gentleman received us very kindly, and gave an entertaining narrative of his going to France in the year 1747, to solicit the assistance of Louis XV. against the Germans. All the Genoese coast being occupied by the enemy, he was obliged to return by sea from Marseilles; and that harbour being blocked up by the English fleet, he escaped in the disguise of a fisherman, with a million of French livres. For this service, and his good conduct when Doge, he has had the almost unprecedented honour of a statue in the great Council Chamber, erected in his life-time. At dinner we were

joined by his brother, the abbé, a celebrated preacher, and an ex-jesuit, still wearing the habit; a very pleasant, sensible, and accomplished man.

We dined, *al fresco*, in a room fitted up like a grotto, adjoining to an apartment furnished with baths; the walls of which are well painted by Domenico Parodi, especially a Diana bathing, of great merit. The Germans having possession of this villa in 1746, so completely reversed the order of things, as to make a fire in this bath, and entirely blackened the picture with smoke; but a sponge and water afterwards perfectly restored it. In retreating they set fire to the house, and its upper part was burnt down.

We proceeded in the evening about two miles farther, through a most picturesque and hilly country, to a country-house of Dr. Pratolongo's, at St. Orsese. By the way found *Linum hirsutum*, and *Hieracium Auricula*? I had observed on a sunny bank this morning, not far from Genoa, great plenty of the *Catananche cærulea*, well known in our gardens, beautifully intermixed with *Tragopogon Dalechampii*, and here and

there *Centaurea paniculata*. That most elegant and remarkable insect *Myrmeleon libelluloides* was flying about in great numbers, and was easily caught by the hand. The common people call it *mazza prete*, or the priest-killer, for what reason I could not learn.

The next morning being very hot, we botanized in a wood by the side of a rivulet running from the mountains, and found *Hieracium cymosum* very common all about these hills, with *Melittis Melissophyllum*, *Aristolochia rotunda*, &c.

In the evening ascended one of the hills, and in a moist pasture I found, for the first time, *Serapias Lingua*, the only plant of the Orchis tribe, perhaps, whose colour is absolutely unchanged by drying. A rock afforded us some alpine *Lichens*, and a dry pasture *Linum tenuifolium*. This is one of the most romantic places I ever saw. The hills are very abrupt, nor is there an inch of level ground. But every spot is turned to account. Little corn-fields, vineyards, pastures, and cottages, sheltered with mantling vines, diversify the scene. The pastures abound
with

with the everlasting pea, *Lathyrus latifolius*, having narrow leaves however, the charming *Coronilla varia*, among several other elegant plants, and of course innumerable insects of great beauty, for where plants abound, insects are sure to come.

On the third day we returned by the Polcevera, or Bocchetta, road to Genoa.

Another delightful expedition was, by the same extraordinary conveyance, in company with my late friend Mr. Caffarena, the Hessian Consul, to his country-house at La Castagna, four miles from Genoa to the east, in a most sweet situation. A rich country covered with vines and olive-trees, makes the foreground of the landscape ; with a lofty and gradually swelling hill decked with villas and churches on the left, and on the right the sea.

Here the Count Doria has some fanciful, but too artificial, gardens ; yet even the most fastidious devotee of unfettered nature must surely be struck with astonishment, if not admiration, at the covered walks of orange and lemon trees, whose roofs present one continued glow of golden fruit, while
through

through the treillage of their sides every gale wafts fragrance from their blossoms.

From La Castagna we visited a little convent of Capuchins, and in returning drank tea in a rocky recess on the sea beach. Here grew myrtles and honeysuckles, with *Lotus hirsutus* and *Cribmum maritimum*. Upon this and other coasts of the Mediterranean, may be picked up abundance of dense compact balls, formed of the woody fibres of marine plants, knit firmly together by the action of the waves. If this cause alone is sufficient to produce such bodies, no wonder similar ones are formed of hair and vegetable fibres in the stomachs and intestines of animals, where mucus and various substances assist their cohesion.

My last country excursion was with the Durazzo family. Mr. Jacomo Durazzo, who has for some time past been collecting a library of rare and curious books, particularly the productions of Aldus's press, possesses, at his noble villa of Cornigliano, a very respectable museum of Natural History, of which his younger brother, Mr. Hippolito, has
been

been the projector and superintendant.— Four of the most delightful days of my second visit to Genoa were spent at this villa, with its amiable owner and his family. Our mornings were employed in the museum, which consists of three spacious apartments, surrounded with glass cases, containing minerals, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, corals, and a fine collection of shells. In the first room are good marble busts of Aristotle, Pliny, Linnæus, and Bergman. The minerals are disposed according to the Scia-graphia of the latter; the rest after the Linnæan system. Dr. Caneferi, Professor of Natural History, was of our party, and every one had their department assigned; some labouring at the determination of the shells, others at the birds. The jaspers and agates from Sicily in this collection are extremely fine, and are set in the window-shutters; a good method enough, as they thus take no room, and their hardness secures them from injury.

We generally had company at dinner, after which, those who chose it amused themselves with billiards, and the evenings
were

were employed in walks and rides, or visits in the neighbourhood. The Duke of Grimaldi, one of the persons I most wished to have seen, was from home. This nobleman, the well-known prime minister of the late king of Spain, would fain have tempted Linnæus to settle in that country. The liberal offers made to that distinguished man, of letters of nobility, the free exercise of his religion, and an ample salary, are sufficiently known ; as well as his modest refusal. I am possessed of the original correspondence, which does honour to both parties. On his own refusal, Linnæus was requested to recommend one of his pupils, to examine the natural history of Spain and South America. He sent Loeffling, who unfortunately died young. Afterwards wars, the curse of nations, and the invariable ruin of all their best interests, diverted the attention of the Spanish court from this object. They have since resumed it with success, and much is to be expected from the persons they have encouraged.

On the sea beach, under the garden wall at Cornigliano, grew the rare *Echinophora*

spinosa, and *Euphorbia Peplis*. I much doubt whether the former has a right to be reckoned an English plant, and whether something else has not been mistaken for it, though it is not easy to guess what. Nobody can now find *Echinophora* in the place mentioned by Ray.

At a villa of Count Durazzo's not far distant, among several other curious trees and shrubs, I observed *Duranta Ellisii*, twelve or fourteen feet high, most beautifully covered with flowers, in the natural ground. These flowers much resemble *Veronica Chamædrys*, so common under all our hedges; and I mean the comparison as a high compliment, for nothing can be more elegant than this *Veronica*.

Now I am on the subject of Natural History, the following curious insects, found about Genoa, deserve to be mentioned :

Scarabæus sticticus ; very common.

————— *Frischii* ; more rare.

————— *speciosissimus* ; *Scopoli Delic. Insubr.*

fasc. 1. t. 21. f. A,

one in the garden at

Cornigliano.

Scarabæus

Scarabæus fuliginosus; *Ejusd. t. 21. f. D*,
not common.

Hister quadrimaculatus; of this rare insect I
picked up one specimen in Italy, but am
not quite sure whether at Genoa, or
farther south.

Lampyris Italica; very common, even
in all the streets and
houses in an evening.
If trodden upon, and
the foot is drawn
along the ground, a
luminous line re-
mains for some mi-
nutes.

I found a few
wingless female glow
worms, distinct from
the above, and which
agree exactly with
the common *Lam-
pyris noctiluca*, ex-
cept in being twice
as large as our Eng-
lish

liff ones, and brilliant
in proportion.

Meloe cichorii; endless varieties, differ-
ing chiefly in the vari-
ous proportions of black
and yellow in the *elytra*,
are to be found in the
heat of the day feeding
upon *Scolymus macula-
tus*, in waste ground
about the light-house
and other places.

Cicada plebeja; very common on all the
trees, making a most dis-
agreeable shrill chirping.
Ray has long ago shewn
the error of translators,
who call this, which is
the *Cicada* of Virgil, a
grass-hopper; but the
latter insect, neverthe-
less, still retains its us-
urped privilege

“ to point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

Cimex lineatus ; very common, as well as at Pavia and Montpellier.

Papilio Podalirius ; extremely plentiful.

—— *Antiope* ; ditto.

—— *Circe*, Fabr. Sp. } one caught in a
 Inf. n. 342. } garden at La Castagna.

Sphinx Phegea ; near the sea.

Phalæna Hera ; in a wood at Cornigliano.

Myrmeleon libelluloides ; common, as before mentioned.

Of collections of Natural History in Genoa itself, little can be said. That at the palace of the University I have already mentioned, vol. i. 257. Science, or rather patronage, is here in its dawn.

“ Sint Mecænates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones.”

A small and poor botanic garden is an appendage to the college.

Dr. Rossini has a select collection of minerals, in which the finest things are, a mocha stone of uncommon beauty ; a good oculus mundi, and an extremely fine slice,
 about

about six inches broad, apparently a kind of unformed mass of emeralds, perhaps what the Italians properly mean by *plasma di smeraldo*; but I had no opportunity of examining the specimen minutely. It seemed, however, very distinct from green jasper or agate, and more transparent. See Father Petrini's *Gabinetto Mineralogico*, published at Rome, 1791 and 1792, vol. i. p. 258.

At a convent of Capuchins, out of St. Catharine's gate, is preserved an Herbarium, made by Boccone, consisting of two volumes of Corsican plants; one of Ligurian, and one miscellaneous. I looked the whole through, but observed few rare plants, and no nondescripts. *Gnaphalium supinum* Linn. is called *Gnaphalium alpinum nanum*.

The druggists' shops afford some curious articles of Materia Medica. *Fungus Melitensis* (*Cynomorium coccineum* Linn.) may be had in any quantity very cheap, though Mr. Collé, of Marseilles, shewed me a miserable specimen as a great treasure. Vanilla (*Epidendrum Vanilla*) is sold very good at two shillings, English, the ounce; an inferior sort at one shilling.

The Genoese sea is reputed to be destitute of fish ; there appeared, nevertheless, plenty of the best kinds in the market, as John Dory's, Pipers, Cuttlefish, &c. *Raja Torpedo* is often eaten here. At the Marquis Durazzo's table, on meagre days, we had fish in such profusion and variety as I never before witnessed. I was politely offered meat on those days, but discretion, as well as inclination, made me decline it ; for the most unreasonable epicure might be satisfied with a meagre dinner at Genoa, and, unless told, would never suspect half their dishes were not animal food ; nor that any of them were intended to mortify the flesh.

Fruit is plentiful enough in the markets, and very fine, particularly figs of various kinds, peaches, and in the winter time pomegranates, and several most excellent sorts of apples, one of which, called *filo di cassa*, has a flavour not unlike that of a pine-apple, and is in many parts semitransparent. Dates from the Levant are in much greater perfection than with us, and the roots of *Cyperus esculentus* are not unfrequent. The latter taste like very sweet filberds, but are full of woody

woody fibres. The common people eat much of a bread made of chefnuts, far from pleasant, and a sort of pudding of Chick peas, *Cicer arietinum*.

One of the most singular things about Genoa, is its public baking-office, under the direction of a particular magistrate, where alone bread can lawfully be made for sale; yet much is made and sold in a contraband way in various parts of the town, as well as a great deal in private families for their own use. Happily for me this office was one of the last things I saw at Genoa, for I could with difficulty bear the sight of bread during the rest of my stay. A scene of more disgusting filthiness can scarcely be conceived. The workmen, who labour all night, and rest in the day, on account of the heat, are naked, except a small cloth for decency, and a pair of slippers; but they actually knead the dough with their naked feet. Every part of the process is in harmony with this elegant practice. There were five or six ovens then in use; but I expected to see a much more vast undertaking, considering the populousness of the town. When will go-

vernments learn the pernicious consequences of such exclusive privileges?

Artificial flowers are very well made here, and writing-paper is excellent. I am told all the paper used for playing-cards in England comes from Genoa.

I do not think the character of the Genoese in general is well understood, at least of the higher ranks. There may, indeed, be many ignorant, trifling, and proportionably proud people among the nobility, and what country is entirely without such? But there are several quite the reverse, to whom their rank is not an opprobrium but an honour. As to society, the line is indeed very distinctly drawn between nobles and plebeians; but this seems to be more felt by those immediately below the high ranks, than by the bulk of the people. The latter are easy and free in their manners, without servility, and with much republican spirit. A noble Genoese always behaves to them with extreme affability. The people have more than once been formidable to their rulers; and when the King of Naples visited Genoa a few years ago, they shewed so great a partiality to

to him, that, to avoid honours and troubles for which he had no inclination, his Majesty is said to have made a precipitate retreat.

The public manners are very decent, and the police pretty good. The strange custom of *Cicesbeos*, or *Cavalieri serventi*, exists here in full force; but the real nature of this custom, with all its remote consequences, is too intricate a labyrinth for a stranger to develop. No doubt it may be a great source of immorality; but it is not necessarily so, and it is often as burthen some to one of the parties as the heaviest matrimonial yoke can be. I have known young men of the highest fashion who had the courage to refuse their wives this sacrifice to custom, and the manliness to scorn the office of *cicesbeo* themselves; but few can long resist the torrent of opinion.

The Genoese are extremely attentive to their religion, constant at mass, and engaged in many fraternities of penitents, for the purpose of visiting the sick and burying the dead. I never had much conversation on this subject with my particular friends, though I have occasionally been asked questions about

our English church by other persons. As my only aim in any religious conversation is always to promote charity, and soften antipathies, I conducted myself accordingly on these occasions. Those with whom I conversed insisted upon the necessity of confession. I told them our church provided that consolation for those who required it, and that every sect allowed of spiritual consultation with ministers of the gospel. This however was not thought satisfactory; for Catholics consider confession as an indispensable duty. I ventured to hint the mischiefs that might arise from corrupt confessors, &c. They would not allow that any could arise, for that scarcely any confessor had ever attempted to violate his oath of secrecy; and some who had made this impious attempt had been miraculously struck dumb! What appears most absurd to Papists, is our King being the head of the church; but they forget no absurdity can exist, unless we have some fixed point of reason to argue from, which all must allow to be totally wanting here; nor do Englishmen understand any thing else by the King being the head of their church,

church, than that the Pope is not so. I allowed my Genoese friends therefore to make themselves as merry with this idea as they pleased. I really believe they felt nothing towards me but charitable pity; and when I represented to them the more valuable parts of protestantism, they seemed to consider me as *almost* a Christian; saying probably within themselves, "Would to God thou wert not only almost, but altogether such!"

It is remarkable that the Genoese consider the English much in the same light as we do them; a reserved proud people, associating together rather than with strangers. They are much pleased when an Englishman will enter into their societies, adopt their manners, language, and fashions, or admire the curiosities of their town. Our manufactures are in high request among them, though they commonly follow the French in dress. Notwithstanding it is so very usual to walk in the streets, men seldom use any other than a *chapeau de bras*, for it would be indecorous to go into company with the hair disordered by a hat.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

FROM GENOA TO TURIN.

July 30. I TOOK leave of Genoa with feelings that would have been much more insupportable than they were, if I had been firmly persuaded I could never see it again; and while the sluggish mules slowly crawled up the Bocchetta, I scarcely wished to hasten their pace. At length we bailed at Voltaggio, and slept at Novi.

July 31. After some time we left the Milan road, and passed through Alessandria, a very uncomfortable looking town, which had a warlike birth, having been built by the followers of Pope Alexander III. when he went against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and it has ever since been perpetually bandied about from one potentate to another.

It

It has reposed a little since the king of Sardinia had it, and is strongly fortified. As to magnificence, the town has made but small progress since it was nick-named *Alessandria di paglia*, or of straw, being now chiefly of ordinary dirty brick. Its chief trade is, I believe, in raw silk.

We dined at a poor place named Felizano, and slept in an old dirty inn at Asti.

Aug. 1. After a fatiguing ride in the morning, the day proved so extremely hot, that we were glad to repose a little at Poirino. Not that I had the boldness to trust myself upon any such animated dunghills as the beds seemed to be; but by placing an old high-backed chair sloping against the wall, as far from the bed as possible, I could in some sort bid defiance to the numerous squadrons, black, white and brown, that were advancing from all quarters, and which, having no way to get at me but by the two hind legs of the chair that touched the ground, could not come in any very great numbers at once. It is literally true, that at this season the interstices of the brick floors
in

in inns throughout Italy swarm with fleas. Even at Genoa, though the apartments I occupied were kept tolerably clean, it was impossible to stand a minute in any of the more frequented parts of the hotel, without having one's stockings covered in a manner with these troublesome insects.

In the evening we arrived at Turin, through a very rich and beautiful country, exhibiting great variety of cultivation, and interspersed with verdant meadows bordered with white mulberry trees.

Most of the public buildings and pictures of Turin are so amply described in every book, travellers generally beginning their speculations on Italy with this town, that I may be excused for mentioning them in a cursory manner only, in order to pass on to less trite subjects.

The Royal Palace, built and fitted up before the time of Victor Amadeus, the first King of Sardinia, is richly, and indeed rather gaudily, furnished. Among its pictures, the Dropical Woman, by Gerard Dow, is not celebrated above its merits. The Prodigal Son, by Guercino, is very excellent; but
there

there is ceremony rather than unaffected contrition expressed in the unwillingness of the son to enter his father's house. Besides the pictures recorded in the *Manuel*, I observed the Queen of Sheba before Solomon, a capital performance of Paul Veronese, and another work of the same painter, the subject of which I forget. Prince Thomas of Savoy, by Vandyke, is worthy of all praise.

The Cathedral would scarcely be visited by strangers, but for the celebrated chapel behind the high altar, where the sacred winding-sheet of Christ is said to be preserved. This chapel is of black marble, of a circular form, and not very spacious; its dome very singularly ugly and whimsical, of little segments of arches piled one upon another, with windows in the interstices. The like is no where else to be seen, which those who have not seen this need not much regret.

La Superga is really a noble church in one of the finest elevated situations in Europe, five miles from Turin. Here is a kind of college for the education of ecclesiastics, who are called canons, and reside
here

here till they are promoted farther. The church is circular, in a great style of architecture, and adorned with handsome marbles of the country. Its best picture is St. Charles Borromeo administering the sacrament to people dying of the plague; a performance of great merit which I do not find noticed; nor do I know the painter. There are two large alto-relievos, in the style of those of Algardi, which are tolerable, and a third (the Nativity) much inferior to the other two. The subterraneous chapel, containing the tombs of the royal family, is oblong, with a transverse aisle at the extremity, and richly adorned with Piedmontese marbles. At the extremity of the transept on the left stands the mausoleum of Victor Amadeus the founder. In the inscription he is styled *gloriosissimus*, which I pointed out to the canons, our guides, as an expression of doubtful purity when used in a complimentary sense, recollecting the remark of Dr. Johnson in his Life of Milton, p. 160, note. Our intelligent conductors, however, assured me this inscription was closely imitated from one on Trajan, to be found in Grævius

and

and Gronovius, which, nevertheless, I have sought for in vain. If it be so, our professed critic has rather shewn his enmity to Milton, than his accuracy, in the note above referred to ; for although the age of Trajan may not be of supreme authority in such a case, the rest of this inscription is elegant and faultless ; and notwithstanding Latin adjectives in *osus*, expressive of qualities of the mind, are generally used in an unfavourable sense, as *religiosus* a formalist, *gloriosus* a boaster, yet I believe no example can be found of their being so employed in the *superlative* degree. Johnson seems not to have been aware of this distinction. I do not presume to insist upon it, but rather wish for an elucidation of the matter from those more in the habit of verbal criticism, a subject on which I have now perhaps detained the reader too long.

Opposite to the above-mentioned monument is the more sumptuous one of the late King Charles, very well executed by an artist of Turin. This prince's body rests at present in a tomb before the altar of the chapel, where it will remain till the present king dies

dies and takes its place. Thus the ashes of the last departed sovereign continue to receive a mark of distinction above those of his ancestors. The same ceremony used to be observed towards the kings of France at St. Denis. So sweet are power and pre-eminence to human nature, that it clings even to their shadow ! King Charles, who contrived this empty posthumous distinction for his illustrious father, Victor Amadeus, thought perhaps by that means to make some compensation for having withheld from him the reality at the close of life ; for filial piety can easily be very dutiful to the dead.

The wife of Victor Amadeus, and the three wives of Charles, lie in niches near their husbands, each of which is closed with a black marble sarcophagus, bearing an inscription in handsome gold letters. There are several vacant niches. The late queen lies in one near the door, with a rich monument, in which is a place open for the king. Opposite are niches for the prince and princess of Piedmont.

In the sacristy of this church we saw a silver chalice of highly laboured workmanship.

The

The library is not large, but contains several huge works, fit only for public libraries.

From the top of the dome the view on all sides is amazingly extensive and very beautiful. In a clear day Milan may be seen from hence.

Of the king's hunting seats I visited only the Veneria reale. The palace is handsome; the park large, disposed in cut walks and avenues, but not unpleasant, being shady and on a large scale. In the apartments are some indifferent pictures; among others, all the kings of France in one room, and all those of England in another adjoining. The latter are very bad, and for the most part void of resemblance. For instance, Edward IV. is represented as an old grey-headed man, and Edward V. a man about forty years old!

With respect to literary and accomplished characters, I cannot but esteem myself peculiarly fortunate in my acquaintances at Turin.

Professor Allioni, the father of Natural History here, is still ardent in its pursuit, though much engaged in the practice of physic, and not blessed with a strong constitution.

tution. The most dreadful misfortune to a naturalist, a weak sight, has hitherto prevented his publishing an *Entomologia Pedemontana*, for which he has collected ample materials. His collection of Piedmontese insects amounts to about four thousand. Yet even the misfortune of this venerable professor has turned to his advantage in procuring him an honour of which, I will venture to say, he never dreamed, that of being celebrated for sentiment by a fair English traveller*, whose magic pen has transformed the rheum of infirmity into crystal drops of sentimental piety, and who, while she performed the part of a “recording angel,” perhaps dropped a tear herself upon the pathetic story of “poor dear Doctor Allioni”—not that there is a word in it which ought to have been “blotted out” as dishonourable either to herself or to him. Her tearful tribute is but a return for his pretty tale of the crystallized spotted trout.

I was happy to find this distinguished character, three years after Mrs. Piozzi saw

* Mrs. Piozzi, vol. i. p. 49.

him, still in the perfect enjoyment of his abilities; and employing them in the service of science and mankind; and I hope they will yet be so employed. The loss of his friendly correspondence and communications I should very much regret.

Among the fossils of Professor Allioni are some very curious petrified woods, one of which is penetrated with siliceous matter, bitumen and selenite. Another piece of wood, very little changed, has its cavities occupied by selenitic crystals.

The Arsenal, which I visited because it is a celebrated thing, and because all Englishmen are allowed to see it, was most interesting to me on account of its fine collection of minerals of the country. The gold ores are rich; the petrified woods good. Among the latter is an inestimable specimen of wood that had been perforated by the caterpillar of *Phalæna Cossus*, which had changed to its chrysalis there, and the impression of the chrysalis is very perfect. The cavity in which it lay is now lined with little crystals, and the various perforations, made by the animal in its progress, filled up with siliceous

VOL. III. I matter,

matter, with which also the substance of the wood is entirely penetrated, though its grain is very distinct. Here is a chemical laboratory, where specimens of the native ores are examined to see if their mines be worth working.

The Cabinet of Natural History at Turin is in its infancy, but promises well under the auspices of the very able Professor Dana, to whose care it is entrusted. This gentleman accompanied me to the Botanic Garden, at the Royal Palace called Valentino, situated at the extremity of one of those fine avenues which serve the town for a *corso*, and are much frequented by all sorts of company in an evening. This garden is not remarkably rich in exotics, but is well and accurately kept. The female *Datisca cannabina* forms seeds, which, for want of the fecundating pollen, never vegetate.

Count Canal has a little botanic garden about two miles out of the town, where I was shewn *Plumieria rubra* flowering, and *P. alba*; *Nyssa aquatica*, a fine shrub, in a pot overflowed with water; and many of the shrubs most rare in our gardens.

In the garden of Dr. Bellardi, a most excellent botanist, I saw *Mimosa Julibrissin* (Hort. Kew.) as large as a common apple-tree, in the open ground, and covered with its elegant flowers like purple and white silk tassels. This tree surely might bear our winters, which are often milder than those of Turin. Dr. Bellardi has much enriched the Flora Pedemontana of his master Allioni, and has lately published an Appendix to it.

Medicine and Surgery appear to be on a most respectable footing at Turin. Dr. Cigna, Professor of Anatomy, seemed perfectly well informed about our anatomical and chemical authors, with all the most recent discoveries and observations in those sciences. Mr. Penchienati, Professor of Surgery, has distinguished himself by several papers in the Memoirs of the Turin Academy, and is a man of much ability and acuteness. I had letters also to a celebrated surgeon named Malacarna, whose unaffected plainness and native genius were very strongly marked in the little conversation I had with him.

The Count St. Martin de la Motte, Secretary to the Academy of Painting and Sculpture,

ture, very obligingly accompanied me through that school of the arts, which is properly stored with every thing necessary for the use of students. Here tapestry is made on the same plan as at the Gobelins, and in great perfection. At the University is a museum, not very rich, of Egyptian and Roman antiquities, which boasts however one unique curiosity, the celebrated table of Isis, once in the possession of Cardinal Bembo, of which Montfaucon and others have laboured so much to explain the numerous and complex hieroglyphics. This table is about five feet by three and a half; of copper inlaid with silver. If any antiquarian wants amusement, he may probably find it here without fear of exhausting the subject. The cabinet of medals is rich and well arranged; the medals remarkable in general for good preservation. Here is also a large library, in which I noticed a fine Manuscript of Pliny's Natural History, and a large collection of drawings of plants that have flowered in the royal garden, on the plan of those at Paris, and very well executed. These drawings are
always

always quoted by Professor Allioni in his *Flora Pedemontana*.

The art of engraving dies for medals is in great perfection at Turin. An artist in this line has executed a series of the Princes of the house of Savoy, which does him great credit indeed.

The only entomologist I met with at Turin, besides Professor Allioni, was Mr. Giorna, to whose liberal communications my collection is much obliged, and who has all the candour and modesty of real merit. From him I obtained plenty of *Papilio Latonia* and *Rumina*, among other rarities.

The Mæcenas of Botany, and indeed of general science, at this period, was the Chevalier de Sousa Coutinho, the Portuguese Ambassador. At his table was a weekly assembly of literary men, in whose conversation and pursuits he bore a very intelligent part, always making himself completely one of the company by his knowledge and enthusiasm, no less than by his winning affability. In his library I observed most of our best and more liberal English writers. At

my first visit I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting the Abbé Correa, who had left Rome some time after me, and was now on his way to Lisbon, where he has ever since been labouring, not unsuccessfully, to sow the seeds of science and literature. I heartily hope he will live to reap the fruits of his benevolent aims. Mr. de Soufa has now left Turin for Vienna, which my friend Belardi justly laments*. Among the *Corps Diplomatique*, to many of whom Mr. de Soufa was so good as to present me, the French Ambassador, Mr. de Choiseul, seemed the most accomplished. He was the only one of the family of the famous Duc de Choiseul who was not involved in that minister's disgrace, and had now been twenty years resident in this court. Whether the Turin nobility are much devoted to the cultivation of the mind I am not informed. I found a very favourable specimen of them in the young Baron de la Turbie, who had just accomplished a journey to Egypt, and other parts of the Levant, in pursuit of knowledge,

* *Appendix ad Flo. Pedemont.* p. 12.

and then meditated an expedition to India, about which we formed together many air-built schemes. But having since married the prime-minister's daughter, he is now more likely to be distinguished in the diplomatic line.

A great trade is carried on at Turin in raw silk, much of which comes to England. The Piedmontese silk being very strong, even and regular in size, and free from roughnesses and inequalities, is peculiarly useful in some of our finer manufactures in which that article is combined with worsted. Manufactured by itself in stockings, &c. it is also very durable, though less brilliant than that of some other countries. The worms are kept here, as in most parts of Italy, by poor people, who bring to market their little harvest of *cocons*, which are bought up in large quantities by persons whose business it is to have the silk wound from them. This is performed by women and children in large airy apartments. The *cocons* are put into hot water with a little gum, resembling gum arabic (as I was told), and which I presume is gum senegal, or perhaps plum-tree gum.

Five or six of the threads spun by the worm are reeled off together, adhering so as to make one; and two of these compound threads, kept separate, are wound at once. The refuse of the *cocons* is carded and spun.

The operation of *throwing* the silk, that is, twisting two of the above threads into one, is done by mills in the country, like those at Derby, Sheffield, and other parts of England, the plan of whose construction was brought from Italy by the famous Sir Thomas Lombe, and which need not be described here.

In the town of Turin is an office, under government authority, in which the silk is dried, or *conditioned* as it is termed, previous to its being packed and weighed, in order that it may neither suffer damage from damp, nor the buyer be imposed on with respect to weight by that means, as this substance is capable of imbibing much moisture from the atmosphere. Here the silk is hung up, in bunches of about a pound each, on frames all round the room, the windows at this season being open, and the several rooms all exposed to the sun, so that I observed

Reaumur's thermometer stood at 25 (that is, 88 of Fahrenheit) at seven in the evening. In winter each room is kept heated, by a stove in the centre, to 18 or 20 of the same thermometer. The silk is obliged to remain in this situation 24 hours; after which it is taken home to the merchant's house, and immediately packed in pitched cloths for exportation.

The exportation of raw silk is chiefly in the hands of Protestant merchants, either Swiss or Vaudois, the government having learned, for its own interest, rather than from motives of humanity or christian charity, to allow them to live at peace, though not publicly to profess their religion. That privilege these poor people are only allowed in their own country, after every infernal means has been used in vain to deprive them of it. There they have churches, in which they boast that christianity, pure and undefiled from its first promulgation, has been taught and practised. There they bury their dead, and frequently go to worship; and as the insolent sufferance they receive in the capital

“ But binds them to their native mountains more,”

they

they all look to a peaceful retirement in the bosom of their country, as the great object of their wishes for declining life.

In treating of these subjects one is almost out of patience with human nature. Our indignation at the execrable malevolence of such governments, is overcome by our contempt for their folly. How many more hundreds of years will they reckon by the name of the merciful Lord of all mankind, before they learn that the methods they take to root out *truth* (for I have not the charity to believe they always think they are opposing *error*) are the very means of giving it strength? An honest desire to be right, too apt to decay in the lap of ease and prosperity, thrives with most vigour in adversity. Or even if, according to the vulgar opinion, there be merit in mere belief, it must be greatest when that belief is attended with danger: there can be little value in the most perfect orthodoxy, embraced for the sake of ease or emolument. Perhaps therefore authority would most effectually, though indirectly, promote purity of doctrine, together with honesty of principle, by selecting *absurdity* for

for its patronage ; and indeed one is sometimes tempted to think this is really its plan. However that may be, it is certain that the exercise of undue authority over the mind ever counteracts its own intentions. I believe our established church of England is more pure and correct than others, very much in proportion as it is more free from a persecuting or dogmatical spirit ; for it is a trite observation, that positiveness and want of temper are signs of weakness of argument and error of judgment.

My departure from Turin was hastened by a very tempting invitation from Mr. de Soufa to join a party of naturalists, who proposed to spend a few days on Mount Cenis. This was not to be refused ; and indeed the insufferable heat of Turin, where Reaumur's thermometer stood, on the 4th of August, at twenty-six and a half or twenty-seven (92 of Fahrenheit), made me long to climb the snowy summits of the Alps, which tower above the plains of Piedmont, bounding them on the north like a vast wall. Their neighbourhood is the cause of the severe cold often felt at Turin in winter,

where

where ice two or three inches thick is formed on the meadows overflowed for that purpose. This ice, stored in reservoirs, proves a most comfortable resource in the heats of summer, and seems one of the necessities of life. Just about dinner-time every body's servants are seen carrying dishes of solid ice from the public offices where it is sold ; and it is enough pure and clean to be mixed in substance with every thing that is drunk. It was now almost impossible to walk out in the day time ; and even after dark those sides of the streets where the sun had shone felt like an oven.

Persons of any sort of figure seemed to me to use their legs very little here at any time. A carriage is esteemed quite necessary to a gentleman ; and when I wished now and then to make a friendly visit without ceremony, I was told it would ruin my reputation for ever to go on foot, or at best could only be excused on the score of my being a stranger ! Nor are the Turin people less ceremonious in dress. A visit to a superior cannot possibly be paid without a sword and *chapeau de bras* !

French

French is very generally spoken here. The Piedmontese is so wretched a jargon as to be quite unintelligible to strangers ; but there are very few of the town's people who cannot speak either French or Italian so as to be understood.

In the markets of Turin I bought the berries of *Cornus mascula*, the Cornelian cherry, which are pleasantly acid, and in a scarcity of grapes are used in the country to make wine of.

C H A P. XXXIX.

FROM TURIN TO MOUNT CENIS—
SAVOY—GENEVA.

Aug. 11. ABOUT eleven at night I set out from Turin along with Mr. de Soufa, Dr. Bellardi, Dr. Buonvicino a mineralogist, and the Abbé Vasco a natural philosopher.

Aug. 12. Early in the morning we found ourselves among the narrow passes about the foot of the Alps, with majestic scenery intermixed with cultivation, and here and there a not very flourishing village. Passed through Suze, the key of Piedmont, which of course is very strongly fortified; its bastions are cut out of the live rock. The country grew more hilly and romantic at every step. At the miserable village of la Novalaise we were obliged to quit our carriages for mules; and after a tedious ascent by a zigzag stony road,

no way dangerous however, we reached the top, that is, the plain of Mount Cenis, towards noon.

Within about a mile of the summit I found *Juncus filiformis* in a wet place on the left of the road, and *Lichen polyrbizos* on a rock near it. Not far from hence, on a small plain before we arrived at the great one, grew *Bartsia alpina* in seed, *Trifolium agrarium* of Linn. (Dickson's Dried Plants, No. 80), widely different from that of English writers, and many other rare plants. On our right a magnificent cascade fell close to the road. All along a great part of the way I had observed various alpine species of *Anemone* and *Pedicularis*, mostly in seed, with a novelty of appearance in the herbage highly encouraging, and a luxuriance at which (having no idea of alpine pastures) I was surprised. I lamented only the advanced state of these plants, and feared we were too late for the season; but when I found the plain of Mount Cenis all flowery with the rarest alpine productions, such as we delight to see even dragging on a miserable existence in our gardens, and the greatest part of which, disdainful

disdainful of our care and favour, scorn to breathe any other air than that of their native rocks, none but an admirer of nature can enter into my feelings. Even the most common grass here was *Phleum alpinum*, and the heathy plain glowed with *Rhododendrum ferrugineum* and *Arnica montana*. Well might Clusius so beautifully say—
*“Non carent altissimi montes præruptique scopuli suis etiam deliciis * ;”* nor need one have the science of a Clusius to feel pleasure in such scenes. Scarcely any traveller passes the Alps in summer without either lamenting the “neglect of his botanical studies,” or more honestly regretting that he had never attended to this source of pleasure at all. I have long ago perhaps tired the reader with my admiration of the works of art. If he has had indulgence enough for me to get thus far, he must now lay in a fresh stock of patience while I expatiate on the productions of nature; unless he should chance to be a botanist, and then all I can say will not satisfy his curiosity.

* “The most lofty mountains and most rugged precipices are not without their own peculiar charms.”
 (Clus. Panon. 316).

Dr. Bellardi and myself were accommodated at the Hospital, built for the reception of travellers in bad weather, which is now under the direction of an abbé named Tua; the good father Nicholas, so much celebrated by Lady Miller, being dead long since. This is a good rustic sort of inn; so far from being intolerable, that the English Ambassador, Mr. Trevor, and his Lady, had lately resided some weeks here on a party of pleasure. Mr. de Soufa and the rest of our company took refuge in a tent not far distant, belonging to the Chevalier de St. Real, then Intendant of the province of Maurienne, and now of the valley d'Aost, who with an ingenious young officer of Chambery, Mr. Martinel, had spent several weeks here, and as many in the preceding summer, in order to investigate thoroughly the geography and natural history of the environs. In society like this, no less pleasant than instructive, and amid such scenery, the time passed but too quickly; and I could not but regret the impossibility of my spending the three following summers here with the worthy Intendant, who had allotted five years in all for the accomplishment

plishment of his undertaking. His observations must be inestimable ; but it was thought the whole would hardly be given to the public, as the Sardinian court very justly object to making their French neighbours too well acquainted with all the secrets of their natural bulwark.

This hospital stands by the high-road side half way over the plain, which is at least two miles in length ; and about the middle, which is its broadest part, it may be a mile across. It is entered at each extremity by a narrow pass, and surrounded on both sides with very lofty mountains capped with eternal snow. The plain itself is full of inequalities. Towards the northern extremity are two or three beautiful lakes, with an island in the principal one clothed with shrubs and rich pasturage. This lake empties itself to the south by a small river, whose rocky channel often forms considerable cascades of great beauty, and is overhung with luxuriant herbage, and shrubberies of *Rosa alpina*, *Mespilus* (or rather *Cratægus*) *Chamæmespilus*, &c. &c. This part of Mount Cenis is seldom visited by travellers ; but, being within a moderate walk

walk from the post-house or the hospital, richly deserves attention. On the other side of the rivulet, about the bottom of the hills, are some alders, which, being sheltered by the craggy rocks, attain a considerable height; otherwise no tree in general, not even the fir, grows to any size so high on the Alps. A little farther up are most delicious pastures, intersected with alder thickets, and bordered with *Cacalia alpina*, *Aquilegia alpina*, *Ranunculus aconitifolius*, *Sisymbrium tanacetifolium*, *Pyrola minor*, *Juncus spicatus*, and other rarities. This beautiful *Aquilegia*, which far exceeds our garden kind, was very sparingly in flower, and I am obliged for its detection to my faithful attendant Francis Borone, who here imbibed that taste for botany which afterwards led him to Sierra Leone; and by whose acuteness and activity I have often profited.

Some little hillocks on the left of the front of the hospital are covered with *Rhododendrum ferrugineum*, among which grew *Pyrola rotundifolia*, and in the clefts of rocks the very rare *Saponaria lutea* (Smith Spicileg. bot. t. 5). Here I first found *Lichen cucullatus*, Transf.

of Linn. Soc. vol. i. 84, t. 4, f. 7, which I am astonished any body can confound with *L. nivalis* : the latter too grows here, as does *L. ochroleucus*, Dickson fasc. crypt. iii. 19. Descending towards the river I came to a most delightful little valley, like the vale of Tempe in miniature, with a meandering rivulet, scarcely three or four feet broad, running through it, and bordered with abrupt precipices not much more in height, in which were several fairy caves and grottos, their entrances clothed with a tapestry of mantling bushes of *Salix reticulata* and *retusa*. These dwarf willows grow close pressed to the rocks, whether horizontal or perpendicular, almost like ivy, and may be stripped off in large woody portions. By the rivulet, which issued in several streams from these caves, was a profusion of *Anthericum calyculatum* and *Leontodon aureum*, with many other things equally uncommon, and in full bloom.

Aug. 14. We all sallied forth on foot about five in the morning to ascend little Mount Cenis, one of the most considerable hills that front the hospital on the other side

side of the lake. Pursuing a winding path through the thickets, we came to a few cottages, in surely one of the most retired habitable spots in Europe, and which probably are seldom four months in the year uncovered with snow. Yet at this season who would not have envied their situation? No lowland scenes can give an idea of the rich entangled foliage, the truly enamelled turf of the Alps. Here we were charmed with the purple glow of *Scutellaria alpina*; there the grass was studded with the vivid blue of innumerable Gentians, mixed with glowing Crowfoots, and the less ostentatious *Astrantia major* and *Saxifraga rotundifolia*, whose blossoms require a microscope to discover all their beauties; while the alpine rose, *Rosa alpina*, bloomed on the bushes, and, as a choice gratification for the more curious botanist, under its shadow by the pebbly margin of the lake, *Carex filiformis* presented itself. The riches of nature, both as to colour and form, which expand so luxuriantly in tropical climates, seem here not diminished but condensed. The farther we ascended, the more every production lessened. By the

sandy bed of a torrent, which runs from the glaciers above, the very elegant *Saxifraga cæsia* seemed to emulate the glistening of the hoar frost about it.

At length about eleven o'clock we reached a small plain full two-thirds of the way to the top. Here we divided. Some of our party were adventurous enough to climb the very summit; but being already got to the utmost limits of vegetation, and near those of perpetual snow, I had no business higher. Indeed this plain appeared to be clothed with a short barren turf that promised little; nor was it till I examined it on my hands and knees, that I discovered this turf to be a rich assemblage of *Cherleria sedoides*, *Alchemilla pentaphyllea*, *Chrysanthemum atratum*, *Gentiana nivalis*, and other diminutive inhabitants of the highest Alps, among which one of the most beautiful is a dwarf variety of the common Eye-bright, *Euphrasia officinalis*, with large purple flowers.

This plain was occasionally sunk, on the margin of the declivity, into little hollows, watered by very small trickling rills, and there vegetation appeared extremely luxuriant.

ant. *Bartsia alpina* was here but in flower, along with *Satyrium nigrum*; the latter smelling like Vanilla. I observed a pair of *Papilio Apollos* in this exalted region, fluttering about and celebrating their innocent nuptials.

After enjoying from hence the view of the plain of Mount Cenis, with the lake and woods about it, we descended on the side fronting the hospital, and arrived there by six o'clock, not a little fatigued, having been all day on our legs, without any refreshment except what a servant had carried with us; but I believe our satisfaction much exceeded our fatigue.

Aug. 15. This day Dr. Bellardi and myself ascended the hill called *Ronche*, immediately behind the hospital, where Professor Allioni first discovered *Viola Cenisia* and *Campanula Cenisia*. Dr. Bellardi found them this day, though I was not so fortunate; nor did I meet with any thing very desirable except *Funcus Jacquini*; and in the boggy sides of a little rivulet, in the very highest part of the mountain, a little *Carex* of great

rarity, the *juncifolia* of Allioni's Flora Pedemontana. This is certainly the same species as Lightfoot's *C. incurva*, though on the Alps its stem is seldom curved. I have it also from Iceland. *Juncus triglumis* grew along with it, and in other parts of the hill *Carex fætida* of Allioni, and *C. atrata*, with *Antirrhinum multicaule*.

Before the post-house are some remarkable white limestone rocks, on which grow *Dianthus virgineus*, and the real *Festuca spadicea* (see Transf. of Linn. Soc. vol. i. p. 111). Below these rocks by the lake I gathered the most beautiful *Gentiana asclepiadea*, and in the surrounding pastures *Agrostema Flos Jovis*, *Senecio Doronicum*, *Aster alpinus*, *Centaurea uniflora*, *Arnica montana*, and the *Rumex arifolius* of Linnæus's Supplement, which last is, I presume, more certainly a native of the Alps than of Abyssinia. Immediately before the hospital is great plenty of *Rumex alpinus*, and a little farther on I joyfully waded up to my knees in a swamp to gather *Swertia perennis*. All the plain abounds with the beautiful *Dianthus alpinus*, the leaves of which differ so much

in

in narrowness and sharpness from the Austrian one, that I have sometimes suspected them to be distinct species. Nothing however is more common on Mount Cenis than *Dryas octopetala*, forming thick tufts many feet in breadth, covered with its elegant flowers and feathery heads of seeds. On this elastic alpine couch we frequently reposed when tired with walking, and the delicious temperature of the air made any shelter perfectly indifferent.

Such are a part of the botanical riches of this interesting mountain, not to mention numerous species of *Arenaria*, *Silene*, *Achillea*, *Astragalus*, *Juncus*, and grasses of various kinds. Of all these treasures I laid in as large a stock as I could well bring away, multiplying my own enjoyments in the anticipation of the pleasure I should have in supplying my friends at home. The selfish dealer in mysteries and secrets, the hoarder of unique specimens, knows nothing of the best pleasures of science.

Aug. 16. My Turin friends returned home; but as Mr. de St. Real and his companion

panion were to take leave of their alpine abode a few days after, I was induced to stay, and accompany them into Savoy. To these gentlemen I am obliged for the following measurements :

	Toises.	Fr. feet.	Eng. feet.
The height of the surface of the lake of Mount Cenis above the sea is	962	5772	6151
Hospital — —			
Summit of little Mount Cenis			
Do. of Roche Melun, the highest hill in the neigh- bourhood	1557	9342	9956
	1873	11238	11977

On the top of this hill, which is more than three times as high as any in Britain, grows *Geum reptans* or *G. montanum*, I could not, from the specimen I saw, exactly determine which. In order to reach this elevated spot, even from the plain of Mount Cenis, one day is not sufficient. Mr. de St. Real and his friend were obliged to pass the night in a chapel built a considerable way up Roche Melun, and which is itself so difficult of access as to be scarcely visited more than once a year by some of the neighbouring peasants.

Aug.

Aug. 17. This day the mountaineers began to foretel, by certain signs best known to themselves, the approach of bad weather, and the conclusion of their transitory summer. We profited of their hint. The tent was furled, and our departure fixed for the next day. In the afternoon I had the sublime satisfaction of contemplating the coming on of an alpine storm. The wind began to rise in the north. Small dense clouds entered the valley at that end one by one, silently posting themselves about the bases of the hills on each side, and waiting there till the gathering tempest advanced in all its majesty, when these little scouts or out-guards joined the main army of clouds and storms in its progress along the plain.

Aug. 18. A dull but not rainy day, we descended to Lanslebourg after dinner on foot, for the sake of botanizing. I turned aside into the fir forests on the left, where among trickling mossy rills grew the beautiful *Pyrola uniflora* in flower, which smells exactly like Lily of the valley, with *P. minor* and *secunda* in fruit; also, among other things of less
note,

note, *Viola biflora* and the real *Melampyrum sylvaticum* of Linnæus. Towards Lanflebourg I observed *Sambucus racemosa* full of red berries, and *Gentiana cruciata*.

Mr. de St. Real saved me from all trouble and imposition by arranging every thing, relative to our conveyance, with the *Commis*, at whose house we supped. The whole of our journey to St. Jean de Maurienne was nothing but a succession of visits.

Aug. 19 (*Sunday*). After the pious part of our company had heard mass, we left Lanflebourg, and proceeded along a tolerably level road, through a mountainous and rocky country, to a little town three or four miles distant, where we dined with a pretty large party at the habitation of the *Curé*. *Salvia glutinosa* was here in flower by the road side. After dinner we proceeded on foot with most of the party to a house a mile distant, and then continued our journey through a very romantic valley, passing the lofty cascade of *la pucelle*, to the house of another of the Chevalier's acquaintances, who works a lead mine. Here among other company was a
great

great cultivator of animal magnetism, at whose whimsies, when not too contemptible, we laughed among ourselves. The men submitted to his experiments without effect, for want of faith, and the ladies could not be persuaded to submit to them at all. The mere proposal excited such terror in them, as to be sufficient to account most abundantly for any consequences that might have followed if they had been magnetized.

Aug. 20. We arrived by dinner-time at the spacious old mansion of the Chevalier, in the town of St. Jean de Maurienne. In the afternoon we had various visitors. The ladies were obliging enough to entertain us with songs, some of them in a style of freedom, which in more refined, though perhaps not more innocent, countries, would be thought worse than indelicate.

Aug. 21. Dr. Marcoz, a physician and botanist, conducted me to a place called *Roche noire* to look for *Cypripedium Calceolus* (Ladies' Slipper), but it was entirely withered. I gathered here on trees *Lichen saturnus*,

ninus, Transf. of Linn. Soc. vol. i. 84; and all the shady clefts of the neighbouring rocks abounded with the most beautiful *Melampyrum nemorosum*, whose red and yellow flowers, amid sky-blue and purple bractææ, form the richest combination possible, which, but in the hands of Nature, would be tawdry. Well might Linnæus esteem this plant worthy to decorate the palace of Flora herself (*Flo. Suec.*). I found also a *Carex* whose capsules resemble the seeds of Coriander, and which I cannot determine in any systematic author. It appears to be figured in Plukenet, tab. 91. fig. 2.

After dinner we visited the Bishop, who talked much with me about the English language, our celebrated writers, our style of gardening, &c. on all which subjects he seemed well informed.

Aug. 22. I took leave of my kind host, and travelled post to Chambery, through a pleasant and romantic country. The distance is six posts and a half; the expence (as I had no carriage of my own) amounted to five livres a post, with twenty sous to the driver, which

which are five more than he could lawfully demand. A voiturin undertook to convey me to Geneva for two louis d'or. There was some little demur with the post-master, as every traveller who comes to a place by the post must, by law, remain twenty-four hours before he can travel with a voiturin; and I believe by the same law, if he comes with a voiturin, he cannot immediately take the post. The reason of this I am unacquainted with; but the voiturin settled the point by some means or other, and we left Chambery without delay.

The *Manuel* mentions this as the "dreary capital of a very dreary province;" but I have seldom seen a more beautiful, nor apparently a richer, country than on this side Chambery. It consists of corn-fields intermixed with chefnut groves, and rises gradually on the right and left to the mountains, whose sides are clothed with wood, and studded with villas and hamlets. The road is excellent. We slept at *l'Ecu de France*, the first post, a most comfortable neat little inn.

From the specimen I had of Savoy, I cannot say much to the credit of its inhabitants
in

in general as to neatness, any more than mental delicacy, which I believe go very much together. In the higher ranks unequal marriages (as to age) are very common, which is not a favourable omen of the morality of a country.

Aug. 23. I reached Geneva in the afternoon. By the road side the elegant and fragrant *Dianthus superbus*, ragged Pink, was in bloom. The suburbs of Geneva are very extensive and populous. We entered the town without any examination.

The first thing I heard here was every body in the streets singing airs out of Rousseau's *Devin de Village*, which is often acted here; and his portrait with various honorary devices is to be found in every house and shop. What do we learn from hence? That the more public opinion is misled for a time, and made the tool of unjust persecution, it afterwards, with the more violence, takes a contrary bent, when once it finds itself the dupe of designing villany or bigotry; especially as cruelty is the most detestable of vices, all social crimes being black in proportion as they partake

partake of it. And as power combined with cruelty is the most odious form in which human nature in society can appear, whoever suffers from its malignity, naturally obtains our pity and indulgence, and we exaggerate all his merits. Hence some characters acquire celebrity with very weak pretensions; and hence even the best perhaps have often providentially derived a splendour and authority which human virtue and wisdom are in themselves seldom unmixed or exalted enough to deserve, and still more seldom conspicuous enough to the "swinish multitude" to obtain. Let it be remembered therefore, by all whom it may concern, that discussion can never finally injure truth, nor persecution root out error; that the way to render a people truly religious and truly loyal is to make them intelligent and happy; and the government which does this in the greatest perfection, whatever its form may be, need fear neither atheists, revolutionists, nor levellers; while all those which fail in these points, have so far in themselves the seeds of their own destruction.

Geneva is too well known to render a de-

scription necessary. The stately Rhone, rushing out of its lake in the middle of the town, is a magnificent and indeed a tremendous object. The inhabitants of the trembling houses around must surely be in constant dread for their children playing on its brink, and indeed for themselves in dark or slippery weather. Some of the streets, consisting principally of shops, have the footway sheltered by a very singular kind of wooden arches, called *domes*, as high as the roofs of the houses. They are excessively clumsy, and make the houses very dark.

I had many visits to pay at Geneva, and was much pleased with the liveliness and general intelligence of the people, which reminded me of our large commercial towns in England. The women are for the most part handsome and well-made, much superior in this respect to the men. It is a favourite amusement here to sing satirical songs against the Catholic religion to the old Calvinistic psalm tunes, and that even on a Sunday. The church psalmody itself is very much in the Sternhold and Hopkins style, and the music not unsuitable.

“ But pitying Heav’n the mind alone regards,
 And tuneful souls, not tuneful sounds, rewards.
 Oh happy souls, to whom such grace is giv’n,
 That sounds infernal make them dream of heav’n!”

This town possesses many celebrated literary characters. I had the pleasure of attending, along with Dr. Butini, jun. a sort of medical *conversazione*, composed of the chief physicians, who meet every Saturday at each other’s houses, and take it by turns to give an account of what remarkable cases may have occurred in their practice. Dr. Butini, sen. very eminent in his profession, and a candid well-informed man, spoke of the effects of *Lacerta agilis*, the common lizard, a very popular medicine at that time in Geneva for cutaneous complaints, and, like all popular medicines, for many others. It is remarkable however for hurting the lungs; occasioning coughs and spitting of blood. The muscular parts only of the animal are taken raw in a bolus as soon as killed, and prove violently sudorific. Such is the account I heard. The good effects of magistery of bismuth, in spasmodic disorders of the stomach, were likewise mentioned.

The dose is four grains four times a day. It is said to be perfectly innocent, notwithstanding Mr. Fourcroy's suspicions, in his *Elemens de Chymie*.

Mr. Tingry, an apothecary and excellent chemist, has a capital collection of minerals. His silver ores, particularly *Luna cornea*, are extremely fine, as are the different forms of Feldtspath found at Mount St. Gothard by Father Pini.

Mr. Tingry conducted me to Mr. De Luc, the brother of our great and amiable natural philosopher of Windsor, in order to see his superb cabinet of shells and extraneous fossils. Among the former are several nondescripts, and among the latter an *Echinus* in flint with its spines, which when found separate are called the *Lapis Judaicus*; also a most curious and undoubtedly new species of *Turbo*, allied to the wenteltrap (*T. scalaris*), but not so long; its ribs are closer together, and the circumvolutions contiguous. Mr. De Luc's minute fossil shells are also numerous and fine.

The celebrated historian of Geneva, Mr. Senebier, was so kind as to shew me the
public

public library, which is not very large. The most curious things are several manuscript maps by Benincasa, dated 1476, in which some of the West Indian islands, as Cuba, are delineated, though, if this date be authentic, the maps are anterior to Columbus's first voyage. The tablets of wax containing an account of the household of Philip le bel of France, and a manuscript of St. Augustine's epistles on papyrus. On all these things Mr. Senebier has published. This gentleman is also distinguished for his experiments relating to the physiology of vegetables.

But the most illustrious philosopher of Geneva, Mr. Bonnet, must not be forgotten. I visited him at the village of Genthod, on the north-east banks of the lake. He received me with the greatest kindness; and though almost deprived of sight and hearing, he conversed long and most instructively on our favourite subjects, affording a fresh proof of the truth of what I have observed in speaking of the venerable Father Jacquier at Rome (vol. ii. p. 60). His most remarkable observation, that the vegetable circula-

tion may probably be one day detected, I have elsewhere recorded (Phil. Trans. for 1788, p. 164). He believes the style of vegetables is always perforated, and gapes to admit the pollen. Mr. Bonnet told me the quarto edition of his works was much more correct than the octavo, and concluded his discourse with an earnest exhortation to pursue the physiology of vegetables, in preference to nomenclature, though I had even then but just experienced the necessity of the latter, having been utterly unable to make this good man understand what I meant by *Berberis vulgaris* (not happening to recollect the French name *Epine vinette*), about which I wanted much to talk to him, and on which he himself has so particularly written. Surely experimental naturalists are greatly obliged to those who help them to know one thing from another, for want of which knowledge one of the most famous of their tribe took young snails in the aqueduct of Genoa for a *Tremella*, and then (which is no wonder) proved it to be of an animal nature. Having made some attempts in both these different walks of science, I may presume to

say

say it appears to me, as the objects of natural history are so immensely numerous, and so intricately connected, that to excel in methodical arrangement requires more clearness of judgment, more acute discrimination in the mind, than is necessary to attain all that has *yet* been attained in physiology; and I believe none ever despised the systematic part of this science, but those who had either never considered it at all, or who had laboured in vain to acquire it. The most able and ingenious people that I know in either department, are invariably those who equally respect both.

In the garden of a Mr. Slon, well stocked in exotics, chiefly from the French collections, I for the first time saw in flower *Passiflora incarnata*, the first species of Passion-flower brought into Europe, though now the *P. cærulea* is become infinitely more common. Just so the *Tropæolum majus* has taken place of the *minus* in England, though the latter only is cultivated in all the courts and bowers of Geneva.

I had an interview of a few minutes only with Mr. De Saussure, who was then just

descended from the summit of *Mont Blanc*. His expedition is too well known to need any illustration here.

I fortunately met at Geneva with the celebrated zoologist, Professor Zimmerman of Brunswick, who was travelling with a young Englishman of quality. We had indeed met at Venice. Geneva always abounds with English travellers, who naturally enough associate together. But it is more advisable for the young, who go abroad for instruction, to seek the company of the intelligent and accomplished natives of the countries where they are, rather than to be eternally despising all that is not English, and labouring perhaps to make up a miserable horse-race, or some such diversion, which after all can be but a bad substitute for what they have in greater perfection at home.

C H A P. XL.

GLACIERS OF SAVOY—MARTIGNI—SALT
MINES OF BEX—LAKE OF GENEVA—
LAUSANNE—BERNE—GRAVE
OF HALLER.

Aug. 30. I UNDERTOOK an expedition, indispensable to every naturalist or admirer of landscape who comes to Geneva, that of the circuit of the lake by the Glaciers of Savoy. The first night I slept at Salenche, passing a very pleasant evening with two gentlemen who were returning from the country I was going to visit, and whose mules and guide served me the next day.

Aug. 31. I began to enter on the alpine scenery, proceeding along the valley till the road led across a very high hill. Passed a most beautiful little lake on the left, smooth
as

as a looking-glass, bordered with velvet banks and hanging groves, just like a piece of water in a pleasure-ground, and finely contrasted with the rugged objects around. This lake empties itself under a bridge over which the road passes, and the water is precipitated down a very craggy channel into the valley below.

At Servos, a village at the entrance of the valley of Chamouni, I called on Mr. Exchaquet, superintendant of the neighbouring mines, in order to see his model of the Glaciers and valley of Chamouni, and was extremely pleased to have such a comprehensive view in miniature of the noble scenes I was going to admire. This model is carved in wood, and coloured ; the ice being well imitated by broken glass. Its scale is about a line to 18 toises, that is 15552 times less than the vast original !

From hence the road leads through the valley, or rather along the north side of a hill, part of the ample basement of *Mont Blanc*. The scenery became more and more sublime and picturesque ; vast woods of fir hanging above and below me, whose gloomy colour

colour was strikingly contrasted with fertile meadows, and with the towering mountains which crowned the whole, capped with eternal snow.

When I had baited at the little sequestered town of Chamouni, I examined the Glacier of *Bossons* the same evening. After a long painful ascent through the fir forests, where however I gathered *Pyrola minor* and *secunda*, and caught *Cerambyx Sutor*, I crossed the glacier or valley of ice. Every one must be struck with the novelty, beauty, and grandeur of this scene: rocks of the most spotless snow, or rather ice, opposed to the gloomy groves around; the clear blue sky; the refulgence of the setting sun on the mountain tops; the silent valley beneath already obscured with the dusk of the evening. I admired the sea-green or blue colour which appears in the clefts of the ice, and drank of the pure water that flows in these clefts, and forms as it were springs in the icy rocks. This water is excellent in taste, and the guide assured me it was the most wholesome of all water; in which he is more likely to be right than those who gratuitously suppose

pose *goitres* to be owing to the use of snow water, and who “ strut in the livery and brass buttons of the ancients, and call their servility learning *.”

Sept. 1. A bright frosty morning, like our weather in the end of October, I ascended the hill called *Montanvert*, whose top looks down on the finest of all the glaciers, the *Mer de glace*.

Having gone a considerable way through the pine forests, and the road becoming too bad for our mules, we were obliged to proceed on foot. Here grew *Asfrantia minor*, and plenty of *Lichen apothosus* in full fructification. After a very long difficult ascent, we reached one of the summits of the hill above most of the woods, commanding the *Mer de glace*, which with the high peaked rocks above it, and the black woods below, formed a scene beyond description. We descended the side of the hill and walked a considerable way upon the ice, but found it impossible to go to the extremity, called the

* Richardson's Grandison, vol. i. letter 12.

lac du Tacul, it being three hours walk. Nevertheless I do not doubt but we should have thought our pains well repaid had the day been long enough for the undertaking. I was obliged to content myself with this view of the icy ocean, which somebody has well compared to a sea instantaneously frozen in a violent storm. It is bounded on every side, except at the outlet towards Chamouni, with towering granite rocks called needles, so steep and pointed that no snow can lie upon them. Their summits are so slender and full of cracks, that one would expect every frost and thaw should shiver down fragments of their points ; but they are said never apparently to change their form. On the margin of the *Mer de glace* I gathered the beautiful and rare *Lichen croceus*, and on a perpendicular rock that overhangs it *Gentiana purpurea*. The root of this Gentian is full as bitter as the *G. lutea* ; it serves the same medical purposes as the latter in some countries, and a ship from Norway once brought a quantity of it to Edinburgh, where it was used with good success, and found its way into the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia

copœia by the name of *Cursuta*, a word which has puzzled all etymologists, but which I conceive to be a corruption of *Skar-söte* (Mountain foot), its Norway name. See Gunner's Flo. Norveg. 46.

We ascended again the eminence we had just left, and dined on some cold provisions in a little hut built a few years ago by a Mr. Blair, at a small expence, to accommodate travellers, for which he merits the thanks of all those who visit this spot. Two poor women, who had of their own accord accompanied us, treated us with strawberries and raspberries just gathered on the hills, and employed themselves with knitting while we stayed. They received a small gratuity with great thankfulness, and dined on our bread and cheese, for it being Saturday, they would on no account touch meat. In this neighbourhood grow several good *Lichens*, among others *L. encrustus*, Tr. of Linn. Soc. vol. i. 83, tab. 4, f. 6, which my worthy friend Mr. Davall has since found near Orbe in Switzerland. The neighbouring inhabitants are allowed to cut as much wood as they like in these forests, for paying a small annual tax to his Sardinian majesty.

By

By another road we descended to the source of the river Arveron, which owes its origin to several cascades falling from this glacier, and probably to some springs below it. In the fir wood on its banks lay a huge cubic rock, many yards broad, which had rolled down from the mountain not many years ago. Smaller masses of stone, separated by frost, frequently fall down into the valleys along with portions of ice in the summer. The branches of the trees in all these forests are hung with festoons of *Lichen divaricatus*, and their trunks ornamented with the real *L. juniperinus* of Linnæus, not that of British writers. All the rocks in the valley abound with umbilicated *Lichens*, as *pustulatus*, *proboscideus*, and *polyrhizos*, or *velleus*, for I believe they are one and the same.

Sept. 2. The valley of Chamouni is closed at its eastern extremity by a high mountain called the *Col de Balme*, which we were therefore obliged to cross. Its summit commands a noble view both ways. The valley of Chamouni lay like a map at our feet, with

Montanvert crowned by the majestic *Mont Blanc* on the left hand, and several glaciers intersecting the fir woods in different places below. The boggy turf of the *Col de Balme* afforded me many rare plants, which in less elevated spots flower in the early part of summer, but which here were now in bloom, as *Cardamine bellidifolia*, *Azalea procumbens*, *Juncus filiformis*, *Veronica alpina* and *aphylla*, the latter being only in seed, among many things found on Mount Cenis. We walked down the hill through a very romantic old forest, and stopped at a little hamlet in the valley, whose houses were built in the most massy style, not of boards but of huge beams, very neat and comfortable within, in the form of their apartments not unlike a ship. We dined truly in the pastoral manner on eggs, milk, butter and honey. This valley abounds with the most luxuriant herbage, interspersed with many stately plants, as *Gentiana lutea* and *Veratrum album*. It is in such places only that the larger alpine vegetables are found, and they grow much more luxuriantly here than in any garden. We had afterwards another rugged hill to climb ;
 and

and then descended on the other side to Martigni by a very bad steep road, but amid such scenery as

“ Made a pastime of each weary step.”

Here I first gathered *Potentilla rupestris*, by the road side. Martigni is a pretty little town, situated at the entrance of the valley which bears its name, and of which we had a noble view in descending the hill. This valley is watered by the Rhone, and bounded on each side by lofty and very abrupt hills.

It seemed about a mile in breadth, very level, and extends eastward a long way towards Mount St. Gothard. On our right was an alpine pass, leading to the great Mount St. Bernard.

The inn at Martigni is not unaptly called *la grande maison*. It is quadrangular, with a court in the centre, furrounded by a clumsy colonnade, and was built, as the landlord told me, to receive a Princess of Piedmont about 700 years ago. Nothing could be a better theatre for a romantic tale of chivalry and apparitions. On a rock in this town are the remains of a Roman fortress. The

country is very beautiful, planted with chestnut and other trees, and the soil seems rich.

Sept. 3. Our road lay northward along the valley which makes nearly a right angle with that of Martigni, and like that is watered by the Rhone in its way to the lake of Geneva. We crossed the Durance, which is here very rapid, and about two miles farther the Nant du Trient, a river that appears to spring from a vast chasın in the rock on the left. A little farther on is the beautiful cascade filthily, though not undescriptively, named *Pisse Vache*, which bursts forth from an opening about half way up the perpendicular rock. The sun now formed a rainbow in its spray at the bottom. *Papilio Antiope* was here flying about, and many large *Grylli*. *Geranium palustre* grows in the ditches. We soon reached St. Maurice, a pretty considerable town, with an old bridge of one arch over the Rhone, which we crossed, and entered the Canton of Berne, and two miles farther came to the village of Bex.

Here my servant found a Protestant French prayer-

prayer-book in the kitchen, where God was addressed in the singular number, *tu*, at which he was excessively scandalised, Catholics always praying in the plural, as being most respectful. This was my first opportunity of giving him a lecture on Christian charity, for to that alone do I ever try to make converts. Let me not in the mean time sin against it myself, by neglecting to record the liberality of this young man's confessor at Milan; who in giving him instructions, of which no divine need have been ashamed, when he heard he had engaged himself to an English master, told him, simply, "not to neglect his religion as too many people did in England," but never mentioned our faith being different from his, nor was he acquainted with this circumstance till I informed him of it.

Bex is chiefly famous for its salt-works, which are easily accessible on a civil application to the director.

The first part shewn is the *batiment de graduation*, a long shed, covering a vast pile of small sticks, laid loosely upon each other, so as to form a sort of filter. The salt-water

as it comes from the mine is conveyed by pumps to the top of these sticks ; and as they are open on all sides to the air, though sheltered from rain, in trickling through them about half the pure water evaporates, and the brine collected in a large cistern below fit for boiling, is twice as strong as before this operation, containing about 35 *per cent.* weight of salt. A calcareous crust is likewise gradually deposited on these sticks, and when overloaded with it they are changed for new ones. In a place adjoining are cauldrons for boiling the brine till the salt is crystallized from it.

From hence about half an hour's ride up the mountain, among very pleasant fields and groves, brought us to the first mine. This is entered by a subterraneous gallery, hewn out of the solid rock, leading to a well of a vast depth, out of which the salt-water is pumped. Here too we were shewn a stupendous reservoir, 100 feet long, about 50 broad, and seven or eight in depth, likewise cut out of the rock, to hold water for working in winter, when the pumps are sometimes stopped by frost.

At some distance farther up the hill is the principal mine, which we entered by a very long passage or gallery cut in the rock. The huge wheel which works all the pumps is really stupendous. When one considers that it has been conveyed piece-meal through a small passage in the rock above, and that the vast cavity in which it turns, with all these dark wells and passages, have been hewn out of the live stone, which is of no inconsiderable hardness, the whole is one of the most striking monuments of human industry.

These works are supplied from several springs of salt-water, some of them sulphureous; but the sulphur evaporates in the *batiment de graduation*, and such springs are not esteemed inferior to the pure salt ones. The stone from which all these waters run is soft and black. The mines are said to yield seven or eight thousand quintals *per annum*. A quintal is one hundred pounds, of eighteen ounces to the pound. This salt is used chiefly in the Canton of Berne. It is prohibited in Italy, and the French and Germans do not want it. I was afterwards

informed that these mines are kept up for ostentation only ; that the government loses by them, and the country is really supplied in a great measure with French salt.

Sept. 4. From hence I sent back the mules of Chamouni, hired at Salenche, with their owner, and proceeded to Ville-neuve in a *char a banc*, a singular species of vehicle, in which one rides sideways very little raised above the dirt or dust of the road, and quite open to it. The valley here is dilated into a most beautiful tract of country diversified with fields and trees, bounded on each side with a variety of mountainous and rocky scenery, and terminated by the lake of Geneva, into which the Rhone enters at its extremity close to Ville-neuve.

Often had I, in various places, imagined I had found scenes equal to any thing Switzerland could present ; but when I came to this celebrated country itself, I was obliged to own it far surpassed my expectations. No where is there such variety of magnificence, harmoniously combined with so many softer charms ; such lakes so beautifully bordered ;
such

such varied and luxuriant verdure ; so graceful an outline, and such a diversity of hill and dale, mountain and valley, from the gently undulating corn-field and vineyard, to the most rugged and stupendous precipice, towering above the dark impenetrable forest, and crowned with eternal snow.

A boat conveyed me over the smooth blue surface of the lake to Vevai. Clouds hung about the middle of the hills, but the sun shone bright, and there was scarcely a breath of air. Clarens, immortalized by Rousseau, is a little village crowned with a romantic old mansion-house, which I conceived might have been Julia's residence, and could not help remarking a high and abrupt part of the shore, not far distant, as the spot where her maternal fondness might probably have cost her her life. On the opposite banks I contemplated the blue rocks of Meillerie, and longed to visit them.

Vevai is a pretty little town, of whose situation Aberli's charming print gives a very accurate idea, with Ville-neuve, Clarens, Meillerie, and all I have just been describing. It was market day. The people looked

cleanly, busy, and cheerful, and I fancied myself in England. From this place to Lausanne the road is narrow and bad, but bordered with pleasant vineyards, and commanding fine views of the lake. It reminded me somewhat of the *riviera* or coast of Genoa.

Lausanne stands in the most delightful summer situation that can be imagined; the view from the principal church, once the cathedral, is particularly beautiful. Many English are generally resident here, and the accommodations for strangers are very convenient.

I visited the celebrated physician Mr. Tissot, though unprovided with letters of introduction, and found him a tall thin man about sixty years of age, not unlike Professor Gouan of Montpellier. He received me at first with great stiffness, taking me probably for a patient, but was afterwards very polite and conversible. He spoke with some asperity of the great ignorance of the present Roman and Venetian physicians, of which I have heard other accounts, not perhaps altogether false; but I beg leave here to offer

offer one remark on the difference of opinion among physicians of different countries, as to the treatment of the same disorders. Every physician knows best the nature of the climate and of the prevailing diseases of the country where he has most studied and practised, and can judge of their *type* (if I may use a technical word) better than any foreigner. In some countries, for instance, bleeding is more adviseable in fevers than in others; in Italy consumptions are found to be very contagious, though less evidently so in England. In some places the evening, in others the night, air is unwholesome, and dangers, of which we do not dream, are to be apprehended from the cheerful beams of the sun. Hence the advantage of travelling to a medical man of a penetrating discriminative mind, and its danger to a servile plodding copier, who does what he sees other people do, without knowing the reason why, and thinks a jumble of indigested observation will stand him in the stead of experience. Oh, Nature! how merciful art thou, to be so seldom diverted from thy good purpose by any thing we can do, though ever ready
to

to be assisted by us ! and what a kind veil hast thou cast over the real success of our endeavours !

Mr. Tiffot presented me with a little pamphlet of his own on the Vapours, of which he had just printed a few copies to give away. It is a sketch of an intended more ample work. In conversation he did great justice to the late Dr. Cullen, though he differs from him in some theories.

I had letters to Mr. Van Berchem, jun. an ingenious botanist, author of the *Journal d'un Voyage dans la haute Fancigny*, with whom I drank tea in the English manner, and met Mr. Reynier, mentioned in that work, a young man of great ardour, who thought he had obtained fertile seeds from a flower of *Alcea rosea*, though the stamina and style were cut away before it expanded. He seemed to be convinced of the accuracy of his experiment, and to be much satisfied with its result. Those who have any doubt on this subject, ought to repeat such experiments with great care. I have not hitherto been staggered by any of them, but that is

no reason other persons should rely on my opinion.

The mail diligence conveyed me to Berne, eighteen leagues distant, in about eleven hours, by night, arriving there in the morning of Thursday.

Sept. 6. This was a fast-day, the only one in the year observed here. The occasion I know not. The shops were shut; most people at church, and many in mourning.

There are few prettier cleaner towns than Berne, nor many whose public walks are so charming and so varied; particularly that out of the gates, from whence Aberli's view of this town is taken, and from whence the snowy Alps, in the centre of Switzerland, make a noble appearance, especially when tinged with gold by the setting sun. In the wood at the end of this walk *Ætæa spicata* grows wild, and *Buxbaumia apbylla*.

The Falcon is an excellent inn, with a good table d'hôte, at which I became acquainted with one of the sons of the great Haller, who resembles his father (as I was told) in person, fondness for botany, versatility and

even strength of genius ; but not altogether in application.

I was much indebted to the politeness of Mr. Wytttenbach, one of the chief clergymen of this place, a most estimable character, who has cultivated natural history (especially mineralogy) with much success. We visited together a Mr. Sprüngly, at a small distance from the town, who has nearly a complete collection of the Swiss birds, and a very choice cabinet of shells.

Criminals may be seen in the streets here chained and drawing dung-carts, as delineated in Mr. Howard's book on Prisons. These, it is to be presumed, have merited their fate, and it is to be hoped will be amended by it; but what can the poor bears have done to deserve being kept prisoners of state in the ditch of the town ramparts, except having the misfortune to make a figure in the arms of Berne? Ancient custom occasions them to be maintained here at the public expence, and they afford no small amusement to passengers, who look at them from the road over a parapet wall. Their keepers attend them fearlessly in the area where they run loose

loose about ; but one of these poor people accidentally waiting upon them one day in his holiday clothes, to which they were not accustomed, was in a moment torn to pieces.

I one afternoon was present at the funeral of a lady in the principal burying-ground. Her husband attended, with a large company besides. The relations accompanied the corpse to the grave ; the rest of the party remained in the street talking. The coffin, made of wood blacked, without ornament or inscription, was laid in the earth, and immediately covered up ; no prayers were said, nor did it at all resemble a religious ceremony, except that the company kept their hats off while in the burying-ground. Surely this is running into an ill-judged extreme. Without any idea of prayers being of service to the dead, they may be highly useful to the living ; and a funeral appears to me a most favourable opportunity of impressing the mind with wholesome reflections, which a good moral legislature ought not to neglect. They never bury in churches here, in which we should do well to imitate them ; nor do they often erect monuments, or mark the

5
spot

spot of the interment of any one. I observed but two memorials of this kind, one of them for Fabricius Hildanus, the surgeon.

The illustrious Haller lies undistinguished in this cemetery. I inquired in vain for the exact situation of his grave *. He was not popular in his own country, having imbibed notions in Germany not exactly suited to its republican spirit; but his name will live when changes now unthought of shall have taken place; when Switzerland may be enslaved or deserted; or when on the contrary her banners of virtuous liberty shall

“ Gather in their shade the living world.”

The omission of a monument to Haller is, however, a less reflexion upon his countrymen, than the sale of his famous and very capital library and herbarium to the Emperor, the very same year that they expended more than the sum for which it was sold, in a firework at Berne, to celebrate I know not what marriage or birth of one of the Austrian

* Since my visit to Berne, this same spot has received the ashes of the celebrated naturalist and traveller Ferber.

family ! Surely Haller could have had no more fervility than this ! Nor do I believe this impeachment of his character can have originated in any thing else than party calumny ; for his beautiful poems certainly breathe a very different spirit, and are no less manly in sentiment (perhaps to a degree which some might term the enthusiasm of liberty) than rich in imagery, and in

“ The pure and precious pearls of splendid thought.”

They were written indeed before he went to Germany, but often republished afterwards under his own inspection.

C H A P. XLI.

TOMB OF MRS. LANGHANS—BASLE—
STRASBURGH—NANCY TO PARIS.

Sept. 8. **I**N the evening I fet out in the diligence for Bâle, and arrived there to breakfast.

A few miles from Berne passed the church of Hindelbanck, where I should have been glad to have stopped, had that been possible, to visit the monument of Mrs. Langhans, so well known by a fine French print, and by an English one after it. Of its history however I heard more than is commonly known in England.

This lady was the wife of the clergyman of the parish, and a very beautiful woman. The sculptor, whose name, if ever I heard it, has escaped me, resided some time in her husband's house, and was suspected

pected of being secretly enamoured of her charms. He was employed to erect a mausoleum in this church for some great man of the neighbourhood, which, when finished, the tasteless heirs caused to be dawbed over with paint and gilding. This treatment of his performance so mortified the artist, that he resolved to execute some work on the spot which should entirely draw off all attention from the tawdry bauble by which he thought himself disgraced. He accordingly gratified at once his revengeful and his tender feelings by executing the monument of Mrs. Langhans, who died just at the time. She is represented with her infant in her arms rising through the horizontal tomb-stone, which appears as if broken by her effort, and easily yielding to let her pass. It is not of marble, but of the common stone of the country. The epitaph in German is only this: "Here I am, oh Lord! with the child that thou hast given me." A thought worthy of the monument.

Bâle or Basil is an old irregular town, ill-paved, but the houses almost as neat as in Holland. The Three Kings is an excellent inn, with

a very pleasant open gallery, in which I dined at the table d'hôte, with a fine view of the river. The Rhine is here about as broad and rapid as the Rhone at Lyons, and much resembles that river. The dinner hour is half past eleven, true time, which the people of Bâle, from an ancient custom peculiar to themselves, are pleased to call half past twelve, their clocks being always kept an hour forwarder than their neighbours'.

The most memorable thing in the principal church is the tomb of Erasmus, a plain red marble slab, with an inscription in gold letters, beginning *Deo Triuno*, but too long and tedious to copy. In a kind of cloister adjoining I recognized some monuments of the Baulins, but their epitaphs are much effaced. This cloister is in great use as a burying-place. Near it is a delightful little public walk on a very high terrace, commanding the river and town with the rich country around.

The public library is particularly interesting, on account of various relics of Erasmus and his friend Hans Holbein ; and the Professors are always ready, one or other of them,

them, to shew it in detail to strangers of curiosity. Of its various treasures Dr. Younge had informed me by letter, and I found nothing had escaped his accuracy. This library was founded about 300 years ago, and is a very good one. There is a room full of paintings and sketches, chiefly by Holbein, and in his best manner. The Passion of our Saviour in eight separate compartments, apparently intended for the doors of a small organ, seems as fresh as if done yesterday. The countenances have not that great stiffness remarkable in most paintings of this date (about 1520), and the colouring is fine. The Last Supper is a larger piece, with figures nearly the size of life, the characters of which are well expressed, and the colouring very admirable. There is a most capital miniature of Erasimus by Holbein, and another portrait of the same eminent character writing, a profile, which still seems to think and to write; truer representations of nature than these two pictures can scarcely any where be found. The marginal drawings by Holbein in the *Eulogium Stultitiæ* are what have been engraved, except one which

I do not recollect in the printed copies, of Mars and Venus awake in bed, and Vulcan putting a chain round them, to which they make no resistance. Here are also the Will of Erasmus in his own hand-writing; the manuscript Decree of the Council of Basil for the suspension of the Papal authority; and, among the printed books, the Offices of the Romish Church by Fust, dated 1459, the first book ever printed with moveable types.

In the house of a Counsellor Pfyfch (Fifh) I was shewn a collection of pictures and drawings well worthy of notice, chiefly of the Flemish school, among which is an admirable sketch of the Resurrection of Lazarus by Rubens. There are also a few Italian productions; two pictures by Raphael in his earliest manner, and a juvenile performance of Andrea del Sarto, stiff but very delicate. Above all I admired the original drawing by Raphael of God the Creator with out-spread hands, separating the light from the darkness, as painted in the Vatican. This drawing is much superior to the painting, and shews the genius of Raphael in great perfection.

One of the most capital print-shops in Europe is at Bâle, belonging to Mr. Mechell.

The famous painting of the Dance of Death is still to be seen on the wall of a church-yard in this town : the figures are as large as life. Death is represented seizing each rank and condition in a different way. This singular performance is said to have been executed by a pupil of Holbein, but probably after his own sketches. There are several different *editions*, if I may say so, of the same design in print. One of them in wooden cuts was obligingly given me by Mr. Touchon, minister of this parish. The composition and figures of it are similar to the painting, but not the same.

Mr. Bernouilli, an excellent chemist and mineralogist, has a handsome general cabinet of Natural History. I observed a piece of petrified wood, with the agate nuclei of two fresh-water snails attached to it, and petrified along with it. Also one or two very good drawings of birds, marked G. H. said to be by Holbein ; but this cannot be Hans Holbein, unless he meant to write his christian name in Italian, *Giovanni*.

Dr. Socin, Professor of Natural Philosophy, a very ingenious well-informed man, was physician to the late Princess of Hesse Cassel, daughter of King George II. He shewed me two very interesting experiments: one of firing gunpowder with the electric fluid in very small quantity, by interposing a glass tube with its inside *moist* in any part of the conducting chain, and so making the communication weak in that part; the other of firing touch-wood with a concave mirror and lighted charcoal, as described by himself in Rosier's Journal for October, 1785, page 268.

The celebrated botanical Professor, Mr. De Lachenal, allowed me to inspect the herbarium of the Bauhins, which he bought for a mere trifle, after it had long lain neglected in a garret, and had in part been demolished. The remainder he has incorporated with his own. The specimens are loose, with loose tickets.

Mr. De Lachenal was a great friend of Haller, and gave considerable assistance to his great work. He is said to have long been meditating a Flora Helvetica, according to the

the Linnæan system. His botanical library is one of the best I ever saw, and he was so kind as to present me with a copy of the first edition of Columna's *Phytobasanos*, that rare book which I had sought for through Italy in vain. His copy of Rivinus has the *Orchideæ*, though Haller's (he says) had four plates more than his. Most copies finish with the *Pyrolæ*.

Dr. Younge spared me the trouble of hunting for curious botanical books at Bâle, having taken that pains himself to no purpose. One crusty old fellow wondered he should ask for such things there.

Sept. 12. The diligence for Strasburgh set out at six in the morning. We slept within one post of that place, and arrived there next day to breakfast.

Dr. Herman, Professor of Botany, received me very cordially, and we spent the first morning together in his museum. I have seldom conversed with a man of a more acute or more enlarged mind, to which his publications on zoology bear ample testimony. Nor was I less obliged to Professor Schurer,

teacher of Natural Philosophy, the friend of Professor Oriani of Milan. His apparatus seemed very good.

The botanic garden here is among the best-furnished academical gardens, which are not generally the richest. Public affairs are not often so well conducted as private ones. Rich professors seldom have much zeal, and zealous ones often want money or encouragement. Ample funds, extensive correspondence and interest, with a superintendant of unbounded zeal, activity, and knowledge, can alone make and keep up a good botanic garden.

Dr. Lawth, Professor of Anatomy at Strasbourg, is a man of ability, and has been in England.

Every body has heard of the cathedral of this town, and its spire, the highest in Europe. The structure of the latter is very light elegant Gothic, in perfect preservation, of a brownish stone, harder than marble. From its top, to which I ascended, is a very extensive view, but the surrounding country is flat and uninteresting. The inside of the church is large, but not handsome. Its famous

mous old clock is much out of order ; nor did I see any of its puppet-shews. This church, like that of Antwerp, was originally intended to have two spires, but only one has been completed.

In the Protestant church of St. Thomas, the monument of Marechal Saxe is shewn to all travellers. This was executed by Pigale ; it much excels his performance at Notre Dame for the Comte d'Harcourt, and would be regarded with admiration even in Italy. The figures are of white marble, as large as life. Death is summoning the Marechal to the tomb ; France strives in vain to retard his descent, and he marches intrepidly towards the yawning sarcophagus, while Hercules, standing by, leans on his club in a mournful posture. I descended into the vault below, where his body, wrapped in lead, rests in a stone sarcophagus. This monument has not been finished many years. When it was first displayed to public view, the body was removed hither from some other church with great pomp. The wall at the back was then hung with black, which perhaps had a better effect than the present ground of grey marble. Louis XV. wish-

ing

ing to honour this hero, as he deserved, with a splendid funeral, had no place in his dominions, except Straßburgh, where it could be done with propriety, the Marechal being a Protestant. In this town, by the peace of Ryfwick in 1697, Protestants and Catholics obtained equal liberty, half the magistrates being always chosen of one religion, and half of the other. I was told they acted together in great harmony, and that religious animosity was not prevalent here. Pity but this calm had continued ! but that could hardly be expected in the present agitation of political opinions around.

In a small room adjoining to the church of St. Thomas, are the embalmed bodies of several German noblemen, in handsome pewter coffins, with glass windows over the faces of two of them. They look black and hideous like mummies,

Sept. 15. I left Straßburgh in the Paris diligence ; the price is four louis for an inside place, and the time employed in the journey five days and one night. My companions all the way were a French sculptor with

with his wife, young child, and dog; but we took up and set down various persons by the way, some of them very entertaining. Among others we met with a nun of the respectable order of *la Charité*, already mentioned (vol. i. 142), whom I should have thought no less intelligent than amiable, but for one unlucky discovery. A genteel young officer of our party, who had been in England, and was very polite in his conversation respecting our country, endeavoured to give this nun a charitable opinion of us, though heretics. She heard him long with apparent pleasure, asking now and then some pertinent questions; but at length, "I thought," said she, "all the people in those hot countries had been black." This curious and unexpected speech leading to farther explanations, we found the good woman really as ignorant of all that related to England, except that the people were heretics, as we are of the internal parts of Africa, and even more so, for she had not the least idea of its situation or distance. I have met with incredible instances of bigotry and ignorance in my own beloved country, especially in

London, and even among those who can read and write ; but not quite equal to this. I cannot help remarking that such instances are often accompanied by great rectitude of intention, and, as in this nun, with much benevolence, where the insanity of prejudice does not interfere.

Our road lay through the elegant little town of Nancy, built by the deposed King of Poland, Stanislaus. It is exactly like a piece of scenery for a theatre, or a thing prepared on purpose for some public shew.

I called on Mr. Willemet an eminent apothecary, and his son the Professor of Botany, who is now I believe physician to our great Indian adversary Tippoo. Here is an indifferent botanic garden, with a bust of King Stanislaus its founder, inscribed with the following pretty distich :

“ Inter vitales herbas, succosque salubres,

“ Quam bene stat populo vita salusque sua.”

Nothing material occurred till our arrival at Paris on the evening of September 19.

C H A P. XLII.

PARIS IN RETURN.

ON returning to Paris, many things which I had either not seen at all, or seen in a hurry, demanded my attention ; the pleasure of visiting them was doubled by the company of a beloved brother, to whom every thing here was new. I was surprised to find what rude shapeless masses the statues of Versailles appeared, how inaccurate their outlines, and how rugged their surfaces, to an eye just come from studying the antique. This difference is peculiarly shocking in the marble copies of celebrated statues. The antique Cincinnatus however, in the palace, atoned for all these.

In the apartments I observed some very excellent pictures. The gallery of Le Brun
is

is well known by the prints, and surely merits great praise as to composition, whatever we may think of the vain tyrant whom it was meant to flatter. This flattery is the more delicate, though perhaps the more forcible, for its being the history of Alexander which is here delineated, whose figure is every where the portrait of Louis XIV. He indeed was worthy in beauty of form, as well as in extravagance of mind, to personate "Macedonia's madman."

Vandyke's portrait of Charles I. is among his best works. Perhaps that at Hampton Court may be equal, if not superior, to it; but it is difficult to ascertain such a point by memory.

The death of St. Francis, by Annibal Carracci; struck me very much, as did a charming performance of Domenichino's remarkable for its lights. The subject I do not remember.

There were two very large pieces by Paul Veronese, and many other excellent pictures.

In the Queen's apartments, which were very rich, I observed a vase of gold, and another of lapis lazuli, presented to her
Majesty

Majesty by the city of Paris on the birth of the Dauphin. The last-mentioned was one of the largest pieces of that stone ever known, though not of a fine colour. The King's bed-chamber contained a porphyry bust of Louis XIV. which must have cost infinite labour in working it, the stone being so very hard.

What is now become of all these treasures I know not. They are probably dispersed like those of the *Garde Meuble* in the Place de Louis XV. which used to be open to public inspection on the first Tuesday of every month, and contained a prodigious quantity of Gobelin tapestry, some after Alexander's battles by Le Brun, and some of silk interwoven with gold. There was also a great deal of curious armour; among other things the armour of Philip de Valois, Francis I. and Henry II. We fancied a little injury might be perceived in the part over the right eye of the latter, and thought this might possibly have been the armour he wore at the fatal tournament. The assemblage of vases of crystal, agate, and other precious stones, was one of the richest I have seen.

There

There were also some good antique and modern bronzes, and above all the precious Roman shield of silver, found in the Rhone, with all its sculpture in perfect preservation.

Of all these fine things, and, alas ! of the noble monuments I have described at St. Denis, we can now only say *they were*—the admirable statue of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf, that too is no more ! In lamenting their downfall, and the concomitant events, much as we may admire and venerate the arts when consecrated to virtue, it is not merely the destruction of such monuments that we deplore ; it is the vast wreck of human happiness that engrosses “ every pang of sympathy ”—the innocent confounded with the guilty—the dispersion of families—the dissolution of the sweet bonds of social intercourse. Even the chastisements of unbounded vice and depravity are become so terrible, that we stand appalled at their irresistible unrelenting severity, even till compassion arises for their abject victims. The world impatiently waits to see Frenchmen atone for all this. If they finally obtain a good government, its greatest merit will be
that

that of rendering impossible for the future such actions as shall have led to its establishment.-- But I mean not yet to enter on this subject. Some previous remarks on the French nation are necessary.

We visited the celebrated Orleans collection of pictures at the Palais Royal, the Flemish part of which have since been exhibited in London, and therefore need no description here. The St. John of Raphael I have already twice mentioned. The famous group of the Virgin fainting, by Annibal Carracci, is a diminished copy of part of the picture of Daniel de Volterra, at the Trinità dei Monti at Rome. This copy is very excellent, much superior in colouring to the original. A fine print of it is extant.

The 9th of October was the day of St. Denis, when every body flocked to the fair at the town which bears his name, and the relicks of the abbey were all exposed in pomp to the sight and veneration of the faithful. Among them appeared the head of the Saint in a rich case, and the nail of Christ's cross, likewise magnificently set. I believe one of these relicks is about as authentic as the other.

Many volumes have been written for and against the identity of this head ; but it is so good a head to the monks, they must be the most foolish and perverse of all heretics to have any doubts concerning it, or not to labour all in their power to impress the people with their own salutary belief. All the chapels were set open this day, so that the monuments could be inspected at leisure.

Our return to Paris in the evening was a most curious spectacle, the great avenue being crowded with every sort of vehicle that can be conceived. The most general were carts with boards nailed across by way of seats, and the company was by no means silent. They seemed to emulate each other in straining their throats with all sorts of ribaldry.

On the 23d of October we were present at a very different scene at the English nunnery. A young lady from Cumberland that day took the veil. She had a year before made her profession, the manner of which ceremony I have described in speaking of Venice, vol. ii. 386. The taking the veil is the final irrevocable scene, which concludes the

the existence, in a manner, of the fair victim as a member of society. By it she becomes dead to the world. The monastery is her tomb, and this awful ceremony the celebration of her funeral. Every part of it is contrived to impress this idea. She is after a while extended on the cold ground, wrapped in a large flowing robe of black, and folds a crucifix to her breast. In the mean time the music and the service are suited to so solemn an exhibition. No wonder that most of the spectators were in tears, and that some ladies of her acquaintance were almost too much affected to stay in the church.

We obtained admission to this curious and affecting spectacle by the favour of a nun of this monastery, to whom I had a letter from one of my most worthy friends of the Catholic persuasion in England. I had often been used, during my first stay in Paris, to visit this lady, and was on such occasions admitted to a little parlour, furnished on one side with a grate, very closely barred, and a cylindrical turning box, in an opening of which the good nun used to place my tea,

and then turn it round so that I could take it out on the other side. By this contrivance I believe it would have been impossible for my sacrilegious touch to have profaned even her finger; and the bars of the grate were not only so close, but so thick, that I do not believe the lips of any nun in the community could have been sufficiently protruded to have reached mine, should any one have been charitably disposed to *fraternize* me. Such calculations, I cannot but confess, now and then came across my mind; for what is the effect of foolish and absurd restraint, but to excite ideas and wishes hostile to its intentions? I was more frequently induced seriously to lament those prejudices, and that mistaken piety, which lead to unprofitable mortification rather than to virtue; for virtue is the useful exercise of our powers in society, not “laying by our talents in a napkin.” These English nuns indeed are more usefully employed than most others, their convent being a place of education, a sort of boarding and day-school for girls, with whose relations and friends they have much intercourse; and I always found my fair recluse

better

better informed of the news of the day than most people who range the world at liberty, as every body tells every thing to those who cannot go out. Yet on the other hand even this must tend to keep up an interest in the world they have renounced, though not perhaps equal to that excited by the impressions of memory on the young and feeling mind, so beautifully described by a recent poet.

“ The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear familiar face,
Forgot when first a father's stern controul
Chas'd the gay visions of her opening soul;
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.”

Rogers's Pleasures of Memory, part ii. ver. 27—42.

I cannot withhold the next four lines on account of the exquisite simile at their conclusion.

“ But not till time has calm’d the ruffled breast,
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is heav’n’s sweet smile reflected on the wave.”

Ibid. ver. 43—46.

Concerning botany I have little to say in my second residence at Paris. I was often employed with Tournefort’s herbarium, and with looking over the acquisitions of my friend Desfontaines in Barbary. I saw in full flower at Mr. Cels’s, the *Lawsonia inermis*, seeds of which were brought by the last mentioned gentleman. It is highly fragrant, in form resembling a *Malpighia*, but of a pale buff-colour. The plant is now I believe lost.

An elegant Peruvian shrub was shewn me in the Jardin du Roi, which Professor Jacquin and Mr. Curtis have since figured by the name of *Celsia linearis*, though, as the latter remarks, it very ill accords with that genus. The plant is in fact an *Hemimeris*; and as we
now

now have it in our gardens, the following character and synonyms may not be unacceptable.

HEMIMERIS linearis.

H. didynama, foliis linearibus subserratis.

Celsia linearis. *Jacq. Coll. v. 2. 270. Ic. rar.*
v. 2. Curt. Mag. t. 210.

This, like some other Peruvian plants, as *Verbena triphylla* of L'Heritier and *Fuchsia coccinea* Hort. Kew. has generally ternate leaves, though in the *Fuchsia* they seem most naturally to be opposite only.

It was curious to remark in the summer of 1786, a very prevalent fashion of wearing one solitary carnation, of an uniform pale red, close stuck in the button-hole, in the place of the ribbon of St. Louis, which these flowers exactly resembled in colour, and might at a distance be mistaken for it. Although I may incur censure for charging even French vanity with such a foible, I cannot help believing the imitation was designed. A Frenchman might retaliate upon me by noticing a similar fashion, very common in London not long ago, of encircling the coats of arms upon carriages with an orna-

ment looking as like a *garter* as it dared, and this was more particularly practised by those who were farthest removed from all possible chance of a real garter. Human nature is every where much the same.

Paris began at this season to grow very dirty and disagreeable, on account of the almost perpetual wet. The want of footways in so large a town is a glaring defect; in consequence of it the general style of walking about Paris in dirty weather is only stepping from one great slippery stone to another, and perhaps sliding into the ditches of mud between. To these comforts may be added the perpetual danger of being run over by all sorts of carriages, rattling and whirling along without either fear or dexterity in their drivers. In no respect is this nation more awkward than in all the tackle belonging to carriages. Their rope harnesses, and clumsy yokes, are so unmanageable, it is impossible to drive their carts and waggons with any accuracy; and their preposterous axletrees, projecting half a yard farther on each side than they ought, seem purposely calculated to take hold of all the posts they can

can find, or, like the faulchions of the war-chariots of old, to sweep down every living being that comes in their way.

No wonder then accidents were so frequent. To be run over might be reckoned a sort of natural death in Paris. I have heard that about 100 persons generally made this kind of exit every year. Many a time, as I have shrunk into a corner to avoid these formidable axletrees, have I thought of the fate of poor Tournefort, who was crushed by one of them so severely, that he acquired a spitting of blood, which in time proved fatal. I saw no signs of their being more inclined to spare one botanist than another; and when I happened to be in a carriage, I felt little less apprehension for those who were then at the mercy of my wheels. For not being one of the *noblesse*, those refined ornaments of society, I could not drive through a crowd careless whether it were age or infancy that might be crushed in my progress. It is incredible what a happy tranquillity persons of any figure had acquired on this subject. I have actually seen a poor old man run over by a gentleman's carriage with the
most

most wanton carelessness on the part of the coachman. Not being able to restrain the indignation natural to an Englishman, "Why," said I, "is not the carriage stopped, and the fellow secured?" A shrug and a stare were the only answer. "Was it not the fault of the coachman?" "Assurement. *C'est la voiture de quelque seigneur !*"

No one that has not been in France can imagine how far this aristocratic influence extended. The liveried slaves of a person of the least rank or figure, might behave with any degree of insolence to the most respectable tradesman; nor were blows even to be always resented.

If a well-dressed person in England has occasion to enquire his way, or to ask any other question, of a sentinel, he thinks he pays him sufficient respect in treating him as a fellow-citizen, and calling him friend. In France none of these gentlemen were ever addressed without *Monsieur* and a respectful bow, and it was then ten to one whether or not *Monsieur* would deign to return a civil answer.

But above all did the tyranny of the higher powers

powers shine out in its native glory with respect to game. Not to mention innumerable instances besides, I remember taking a walk with a friend and his family out of the gates one evening, in a place about as much trodden as the most public part of Hyde Park, or St. George's fields before they were so much covered with buildings. A fellow in rags, without any insignia of office, though with all the insolence of it, came up to my friend and told him he must not walk on the grass. "Why not?" Because of the King's game. "There can be no game of any kind here, nor within sight, and every body does walk here." This signified nothing; and as we could not tell but this *might* be a game-keeper, though he might possibly be only a ruffian, who not daring to attack and rob so many of us, gratified his spleen by this pretence to interrupt our recreation, we were obliged to comply; else we might have had a chance of being lodged in the Bicêtre, or some other of the "King's castles at Paris;" *not* till our case had been fairly judged, but till we had made interest with some great man to get us out,

by

by as little attention to law as we had been got in. None but poor unknown villains, unconnected with greater ones, ever suffered from so obsolete a thing as the law.

In walking over the Prince of Condé's grounds at Chantilly, with the person appointed to shew them, we came to a very low wall, with a little wicket which was locked. After waiting some time, and calling to no purpose, I proposed stepping over the wall, which was not three feet high; but our guide started with horror, and told me I should certainly be shot by the game-keeper. I inquired whether my appearance as an English traveller, this man's presence, and the errand we were evidently come on to see the grounds, would not protect me. He answered in the negative; which the game-keeper, when he came, very seriously and positively confirmed.

The insolent airs of all these servants and hangers-on exceeded imagination, but they were proportionably fervile to all who they had reason to think had any interest with their lords. Not that they were capable of the manly attention, the generous respectful

spectful benevolence, which beams from the countenances of honest English domestics, on all those whom they know to be valued by their good master; the cringing of a Parisian was ever precisely the same in all ranks, from a shoe-black on the Pont neuf to a Duke in the drawing-room.

The most truly respectable people, as Mercier well observes in his *Tableau de Paris*, were those of the middle ranks of life, people of trade or professions. Among these was to be found a great deal of principle, and much domestic felicity, with some share of information. This rank was the most free from the general spirit of artifice and chicanery which made a striking part of the Parisian character. But it must be confessed that among this order of men originated that spirit of enquiry and judgment, and the consequent indignation, that have led to the wonderful convulsions which now engage the attention of Europe, and which have run to the lengths they have, in consequence of the lowest orders of society not being proportionably informed or virtuous. I cannot help offering a few remarks on the
subject

subject of this great revolution, though with that diffidence which so unexampled a phenomenon requires ; more especially as I conceive spectators, and still less the parties concerned, are by no means cool or disinterested enough at present to judge it accurately or impartially.

I was surprised, on being introduced into various Parisian circles in 1786, to hear much unreserved political talk, and that of a nature which I had supposed would infallibly lead to the Bastille. Its prevailing tenour was, that neither the finances nor the authority of government could long be supported ; that the people would not long bear the excessive taxes and excessive oppression under which they groaned ; and that the French in general were ardently desirous, and strongly flattered themselves with the hopes of being, in a very few years, governed as we are. This was the conversation of people of consideration and property, even connected with the court, and shining in the elevated walks of life. The prevailing sentiments of most ranks were much in favour of the English, as the wonderful adoption of our tastes and
fashions

fashions of late years, and the avidity with which our publications were read, abundantly evince. I conceive the works of Mr. Mercier, especially his *Tableau de Paris*, have contributed to the prevalence of these sentiments more than most books,

In October 1787, the public sentiments began to be greatly agitated. The banishment of the Parliament of Toulouse was much talked of; and when people's tongues were once let loose, they began with one accord to hunt out all persons suspected of being spies of government, and to treat them with just indignity. One of these people being in the *Caffé de Chartres* leaning his head and arms on a marble table, was known to a gentleman, who believed him to be listening to the conversation of the place, and without any ceremony gave him a violent blow on the back of his head, which drove his nose against the table, and sent him bleeding out of the room. The company starting with surprise and indignation, the person who gave the blow coolly said, "*Ce n'est qu'une mouche.*" It is but a fly. Alluding to the term *mouchard*, by which such people were

were distinguished, from their manner of blowing the nose as a signal to each other. Upon this the company were perfectly satisfied, and the poor *mouchard* never returned.

Such occurrences however were but trifles compared with what happened in the next and the following years. Those events it would be superfluous to detail. Their great features are sufficiently well known, though a little distorted one way or other by party misrepresentation. They exhibit, I conceive, in the beginning, one of the noblest spectacles the world ever beheld. A great, rich, and powerful people, bursting indignant from their long-oppressive chains, with a sincere desire to learn to be what God and Nature intended they should be. Such I doubt not was their prevailing impulse, and such, I will still farther venture to say, was the aim of the first leaders of this vast undertaking. I am authorised to think so by the almost unanimous declarations of better judges than myself, who now say, that if the French had contented themselves with the constitution they first established, nobody could have objected to it, as they had an undoubted right to

to amend a government which wanted it so much as their old one did. Such persons indeed did not make this declaration in 1789 or 1790. They inveighed then against every thing that was doing in France, as much as they do against all the succeeding horrors. But I speak of their judgment, not of their consistency.

A much more respectable set of politicians think the French revolution is nothing more than the result of the schemes of a set of designing men, who for the last thirty years have been deliberately undermining all principle whatever; first preaching fine-spun systems of morality and sentiment; then gently insinuating that such systems wanted not the aid of religion, or at least of revelation; and in the end finally aiming to overturn all subordination, all regular government, and it seems all regular society, along with every thing mankind had hitherto held most sacred. Accordingly the ingenious personage who said in a public assembly "there is no God," was a legitimate descendant of others who had some time before said it "in their hearts." Heaven knows

how many pretended philosophers may have come under this description ! but Heaven forbid that all who have endeavoured to instruct mankind, and who have notwithstanding been mistaken in some points, should be branded with it ! Those who live in a country of free discussion, under a tolerant and rational religion, can form but inadequate conceptions of the indignant struggles of a manly and honest mind, labouring to shake off shackles rivetted on in early youth, whose mischiefs are interwoven with all the private vices, and all the public abuses continually before his eyes. Who shall say for himself he could in such circumstances discriminate truth from the multiplicity of falsehood so artfully connected with it ? Who could trust his mind, when so misled from the beginning, to perceive and to love truth itself when discovered ? It surely becomes the friends of true christian piety to have great indulgence for those who have not been favoured with candid rational instruction, like themselves perhaps, but on the contrary have always been surrounded with persons evidently imposing upon others more than their own hearts

hearts believed, while their manners discredited every thing they pretended to reverence. The most honest and sagacious enquirer might not always be able to avoid such "stumbling-blocks." A sincere lover of truth, firm in his own principles, will respect those who honestly seek it, whether they meet his conclusions or not.

It is hard and unchristian, therefore, to suppose that all who have opposed and satirized corrupt religions and corrupt governments are enemies to true and good ones; nor can one, in that point of view, clearly see what end these subverters of established opinions proposed to themselves. Not profit nor worldly honour, for these lay in a contrary path. The love of singularity is said to have been their aim; yet their opinions were in general too prevalent to be called singular. It is rational to imagine their efforts would not have succeeded, had they not attacked what was in many points weak; and as to their motives, those might be various in purity, it is not for us to judge them. Happy would it have been if the parties attacked had disarmed their adversaries, by adopting

their advice when good, and refuting it when erroneous ! It is strange nobody has yet tried such an experiment any where for preserving peace and good order !

A most remarkable feature in the present revolution is that change from fulsome loyalty in the French nation, to the most ferocious antipathy to their sovereign ; but I believe this change is more apparent than real. This people originally loved their kings ; and the national loyalty, along with its pride, was carried to a degree of enthusiasm under Louis XIV. But as it is not in our nature to love what has nothing amiable about it, the title of *well-beloved* given to Louis XV. was little more than “ mouth honour,” like the title of *just* given to the paltry Louis XIII. because he was born under the sign of *Libra*, the balance ; and the one nick-name was as wise as the other. The profligacy of the court under Louis XV. far exceeded that of his predecessor ; and while the purses of his people were drained to supply his extravagance, and their families ransacked for new victims to his lust, such a father of his people might be feared, but not loved. Not even
the

the " Corinthian pillars of the polished society " of which he was the head, found it very easy to be the pandars of his Sacred Majesty, though that was a principal road to honour. His fated appetite required almost every day a fresh supply ; and the famous Madame du B**** is said to have secured the duration of her dominion, solely by assuming, or rather practising, at her introduction, the direct contrary behaviour to virgin delicacy and reserve. All the courtly pimps were astonished to find themselves week after week, and month after month, destitute of employment, and were obliged to lay aside their old trade to pay their devotions to the favourite sultana. I have these particulars from very high authority. Other private anecdotes respecting this prince's reign were whispered to me at Paris, for the truth of which I can by no means vouch, and indeed they bear an internal evidence of falsehood, but they will the more fully shew his title of well-beloved was not without exceptions.

The attempt of Damien on the life of this King is reported to have been the contri-

vance of the Queen, in league with the Dauphin; and in consequence, when the plot (some years after) was discovered, the Queen, with the Dauphin and Dauphiness, were all secretly taken off; and such it is said was the savage and impolitic vengeance of Louis XV. that he even wished to have destroyed their children, but was dissuaded from it.

Now, in the first place, the attempt of Damien was made in 1757: the Dauphin died in December 1765, his Consort fifteen months afterwards, and the Queen not till June 1768. Why was the most guilty, as she is pretended to have been, suffered to live the longest? and why any of the parties so long? For what reason were the innocent children to have been involved in the punishment; and is it not contrary to all example for the supposed tyrant to have wished the extinction of his own race? From the accounts upon record of the Dauphin's illness and death, he evidently appears to have died of a pulmonary consumption, and it is no less apparent that the Dauphiness (a most exemplary princess) caught his disorder

order by too close an attendance upon him. In short, the whole story is evidently a malignant forgery ; nor should I have noticed it but for its curiosity, though I have heard it related with additional circumstances, by persons who ought to have known better. It serves to shew that the most arbitrary power, armed with tortures and bastiles, cannot silence its enemies, but rather aggravates their malice. The character and the person of a king are much more safe in a country where every little discontent finds vent in a venal newspaper or a caricature print, and which, if unjust, widely counter-acts its own aims.

The unfortunate Louis XVI. one of the best-meaning princes that ever sat on the throne of France, or any other, was welcomed on his accession as all princes are ; for the people are always fond of a new sovereign, expecting he should be free from any failings his predecessor might have had, and never dreaming that he may have other and worse faults. In this case however they would not have been disappointed, had he been blest with abilities to execute his good

intentions, or rather had not domestic chagrin led him into habits fatal to the employment of the abilities he possessed. I have heard it asserted, before this revolution began, that Louis XVI. was by no means a weak man ; an assertion which his last behaviour surely has amply verified. But what could his spotless example alone do to reform the manners of a court, already almost past reformation, while firen pleasure and lavish profuseness, under a most attractive form, led the too willing crowd a contrary way ! The benevolent monarch, and the too partial husband, resigned himself to indolence, and tried to find comfort in apathy, from which however he was occasionally roused by insult or neglect. The readiness with which he listened to a scheme of reform, shewed how uneasy he was at the state of his government. Had he but been a Stanislaus, to have joined wisdom and firmness with rectitude, he would neither have deserted his honour and his people, nor they perhaps have disappointed him ! Interested and ferocious parties would in vain have tried to turn the popular tide against him, had he not, at so
critical

critical a period, been induced, by evil counsellors, to forfeit the confidence of his subjects, and separate their interest from his own. But how dearly has he paid for the guilt and folly of others ! How dearly has the partner of his fate paid for her faults, let them have been what they would ! May the errors of this most wretched princess be remembered only as a warning ; and may her sufferings have corrected and atoned for them ! Of her political faults, during her prosperity, I presume not to form an idea ; for who could dive into the intricacies of one of the most intriguing of all courts ? Her subsequent conduct, her plots as they are called, her *treason* against her oppressors, none that can put themselves in her situation will wonder at or blame. Her private faults I will not palliate. They were but too well known when she was in a situation that might be supposed out of the reach of all justice, except the divine ; but they will not fail now to be blackened, no doubt, where that can be done. Let it however be remembered, that the state prisons revealed no secrets to the dishonour of this unfortunate Queen,

Queen, no victims of her jealousy or resentment, though they were often filled with those of the worthless mistresses of former kings. The canting Madame Maintenon spared no pains to entrap and to confine for life a Dutch bookseller who had exposed her character ; but Marie Antoinette took not the least vengeance of the most abusive things written and published by persons within her own power. I had given me at Paris a song, composed and even publicly sung on the birth of the first Dauphin, the licence of which is beyond imagination ; nor is it indeed fit to be read. I judge it as I do the above-mentioned report about Louis XV. Its malignity is a proof of its falsehood.

The French appear to have a great many faults of their own to purge off, before they are capable of settling into a well-regulated state—faults which I am ready to allow in a great measure originated from their former bad government. It has of late been a favourite idea, borrowed from one of their satirists, that a Frenchman is like an animal begotten between a monkey and a tyger. If this illiberal reflection were just, could it be
 expected

expected that such an animal, having been long chained up, goaded, and half-starved, should not be a little unruly when he had broke from his confinement? nor would the goaders deserve a great deal of pity if they felt his fangs. His wounds indeed are dreadful, and no wonder honest John Bull is easily made to believe him as bad as a fiery dragon, and to brandish his horns a little in his own defence; but when he shall find this monster keeps at home, and has perhaps chafed and fretted himself asleep, or, which is rather to be hoped, has lain down quietly, desiring only to eat and drink in peace without a chain, his own generous nature will surely not grudge such comforts, even to his pretended "natural enemy," but will rather regret that the poor animal has found himself obliged to take so much trouble to obtain them. He may also thankfully learn from this example, to eat his own grass in quiet, without running at any body that does not offend him, but to beware of a chain, even though it were of silk or gold.

To drop allegory, let us, as I have un-
 awares been led so far into this subject, con-
 sider

sider a little the applications to be made from it. I have always wondered at those who made the case of the French so much our own, whether they thought our government wanted a reform, or not. It seems more peculiarly injudicious in the latter class to have done so, as the necessity for the French to amend their condition was undoubted, and we had long held them in contempt for not attempting it. Exclamations of danger to ourselves from their attempt (so long as they kept to their own affairs) implied therefore a conscious weakness and error at home. On the contrary, I believe some of the first Englishmen who exulted with manly openness at the beginning of the French revolution, never thought of any dangerous application here till it had been made for them; and when that application was made, all the really turbulent and designing spirits were glad to shelter themselves under such respectable banners, while the truly good and honest bore all the odium, and their enemies gladly took advantage of it. A *bellua multorum capitum*, a “swinish multitude” of all ranks, is always ready at hand to be directed
by

by one party or another, now against Catholics, now against Dissenters, according as it may happen to suit the politics of the day.

I conceive the public mind might have been with more certainty kept quiet from the beginning by temperate, intelligible publications, commending the zeal of our neighbours for liberty, and encouraging the hope that by their obtaining a rational government like ours, instead of the tyrannical and intriguing one they had before, a lasting alliance might originate between us, without fear of those bloody wars, in which so many human beings have been sacrificed at the whim of a favourite or a courtesan, and without the bulk of either nation knowing why they were undertaken. If alarms had arisen at home, it might have been suggested that we had already gone through what the French wanted, a revolution in government and a reformation in religion; and whether we had reached perfection or not, prudence required waiting at least till our neighbour *excelled* us. When that vigorous step was set, of abolishing all nobility, instead of childish declamation and lamentations, it
would

would have been more to the purpose to have shewn what the French nobility as a body really were, how infinitely numerous, how absurdly privileged, how proud, idle, and dissipated; surely it was a great injustice to our own nobility, who are legislators, or a determinate part of the government, to confound them with those of France! Whatever the latter might have been originally, they had long lost all beneficial powers and privileges, for which the court had compensated them, at the expence of the nation, by allowing them all manner of noxious ones, such as no manly rational people ought to bear. On this subject I cannot refer to better authority than Mr. Arthur Young's Travels, to prove the mischief of these privileges relative to the important article of agriculture.

As to the order of nobility, in itself abstractedly considered, much may be said for and against it. When it has no pernicious powers, independent of those great laws of a state, by which even sovereigns are bound, it has many advantages. It is an economical way of rewarding merit, and its very
existence

existence as a thing of value depends upon its not being made cheap. It is at its own peril too that it debases itself by any means, and the main interest of the whole order jointly and separately consists in its members not disgracing their rank. I speak of nobility now as a thing whose sole value depends on opinion, as mere titles. When exemptions from law are connected with these, the case becomes different.

Disputes about forms of government too are endless. Some are undoubtedly bad, as an absolute monarchy; but that a limited one should therefore be bad, is very far from the truth. At first sight an hereditary monarchy of any kind appears ineligible, and perhaps so much so, that human reason might never have contrived it. On this ground it has been cavilled at, and the cavillers answered over and over again; for it is a sufficient answer that this plan is found to be attended with fewer inconveniences in practice, than many others more specious in appearance. Upon these subjects thinking men may speculate, and their discussions be as free as air, that the world may profit, as

it always must, by the exercise of reason. It ill becomes those who differ in opinion to descend to the illiberality of fanatics, and call one another names. Neither is it adviseable for them to force their experiments upon mankind. Rational beings should be guided by reason. When a new government is recommended, or an old one defended, let the arguments be laid down plainly and fairly, void of all declamation, satire, or wit. The one scheme is not to be tried because it is new, nor the other retained because it is old ; but if the former be evidently much better than the existing state of things, and therefore would compensate for the great difficulty and trouble of a change, then alone could it deserve any attention ; or if, on the contrary, the old establishment should appear to answer its purpose well, or to be capable of amending itself, the hazard of supplanting it by another is by no means adviseable.

A few plain sober considerations of the above complexion, free from all political cant, superstition, party aggravations, and interested deceptions, would, I am persuaded,
 have

have kept old England perfectly safe from the beginning, without having recourſe to dangerous palliatives, ſuch as raiſing a horror of innovation, and oppoſing the rage of party againſt party, and ſect againſt ſect, which have ſo often been tried with ſuch very bad and even fatal ſucceſs. And well they may, for they are only making uſe of the *follies* of mankind. What a reproach is it upon our ſpecies that we ſo often addreſs ourſelves to theſe follies, rather than to our nobler faculties and principles !

I little thought I ſhould ever have written ſo much upon any political ſubject ; for the ſmall benefit I have always perceived to be derived to the wiſdom, happineſs, or honeſty, of thoſe who intereſt themſelves much in theſe matters, has rather deterred me from the ſtudy of partial politics. The general great intereſts of truth and humanity are indeed a worthy and exalting enquiry. Hiſtory, as it ſerves to develope theſe, is a noble ſtudy ; and a good man may in ſome meaſure be indemnified for ſullying his mind with the contemplation of court in-

trigues, and wearying his patience with the squabbles of heroes, to learn why all his fellow creatures are not happy, and how they may have a chance of becoming so, even in spite of their own mistaken endeavours.

C H A P. XLIII.

FROM PARIS TO AMIENS, BOULOGNE,
DOVER, CANTERBURY AND LONDON.

Oct. 29. **T** IRED with the dirt of Paris, and fatiated with the humours of the Palais Royal, the fireworks of the Sieur Ruggeri, the operas, and all the other very fine things which make Paris so delightful to a Frenchman, and so entertaining at first sight to an Englishman, we had for some time begun to turn our thoughts homeward, and this morning early we set out post in a cabriolet towards England.

As I have mentioned the French opera, and few persons would at this moment like to go to Paris to see it, I beg leave to assure those who do not know what it is, that they may get a very tolerable idea if they will but take the trouble of seeing the farce of

the *Prize* at the Haymarket. Storace's song is scarcely a caricature.

We dined at Chantilly. The lawn towards the Prince of Condé's is much overrun with *Euphorbia Cyparissias*. Slept at the Ange couronnée at Breteuil, where we were ill-served, not very civilly treated, and yet, as the French say, *ecorchés*.

Oct. 30. Breakfasted at Amiens, a considerable town, which makes a fine appearance on the side towards Paris. Its lofty Gothic cathedral rises above the rest of the buildings, and is a noble pile; but surely inferior to many of our English ones in magnificence and elegance, though it resembles them in style, having in fact been built by the English.

At Bernay we found a most neat and comfortable little inn. On this road, it seems, the inns of a second rank in appearance are much the most comfortable for travellers of the sober sort.

Oct. 31. We set out very early, hoping
to

to have saved the tide this day at Boulogne, but were disappointed.

Nov. 1. Another disappointment. Having passed our baggage at the Custom-house, the weather proved unfavourable. In vain did we seek for amusement in ransacking our inn for chefs-boards, books, or any other resource. I was so much out of humour, I disdained to go church-hunting; but my brother, who had seen fewer churches than I had, practised that diversion, as he said, with some success, which those who shall hereafter be detained at Boulogne may be glad to know, if the wicked Frenchmen leave a church any where standing to thank God in for a peace, and provided they have “ grace enough,” as Dr. Johnson says, “ to thank God for any thing.”

Nov. 2. The sailors having tantalized us with their hopes, fears, and prognostications as usual, at last came after dinner to say the wind was fair. We joyfully went on board the packet. The wind was fair indeed, being nearly south, but so high, that we were

blown over to Dover, full thirty miles, in two hours and three-quarters. This favourable gale for us was in reality the beginning of a violent storm, in which great part of the Duke of Gloucester's baggage was lost off the coast of Portugal, I believe, in coming from Italy.

As the agitation of the vessel was considerable, and we had many fresh-water sailors on board, several ludicrous scenes occurred. The company was at first very chatty and in good spirits; but after some time, a general silence ensued, which proved but the forerunner of a very different kind of sociability. Then as symptoms of sickness prevailed or subsided, apprehensions of danger rose and fell; the wind was sometimes thought higher and higher, and the sailors were often supposed to be exerting themselves to save our lives.—“ Oh, sister!” said a lady in one of her more tranquil intervals, “ what did you do with the bundle?” “ Good Lord,” replied the other, “ what is the bundle to us that are all lost!”—“ Dear Sir,” exclaimed another lady, to one of the few gentlemen who happened just then

then to be neither sick nor laughing, “ what is it that you heard the sailors say last ? ”

“ Indeed, Madam,” replied he, “ the last thing I heard them consulting about, was what they should have for supper at Dover.”

“ Oh, Sir ! ” rejoined the lady, “ don’t deceive us ! pray let us have time to prepare our poor souls ! ”

While this conversation, and more such, was passing, a young French-woman present, who understood not a word of English, became truly an object of pity ; for though she was reasonable enough to perceive there could not be a shadow of danger, the apprehensions so prettily acted by my fair country-women, really alarmed her. I found the same good-natured gentleman, who had tried to pacify the other lady, in vain attempting to explain matters to her. He had been many months travelling about France, and had actually resided some time in the southern provinces, without learning a word of French. All he could say to the poor frightened damsel, was “ point d’ danger, Madam, point d’ danger.” Which being spoken as English, she either did not understand,

or else, having no farther explanation of the apparent terror around her, did not believe. When the real state of the case was explained to her, she felt herself as much at a loss to comprehend why people should wilfully frighten themselves without reason. But before so long an explanation as that question required could take place, all apprehensions, both real and fictitious, vanished on our finding ourselves in the harbour of Dover.

It is really worth while to go abroad for some time for the pleasure of coming home again. To hear every body talking English; to walk on boarded floors, without wading through—I will not say what; to be waited on by maid-servants, the general want of which abroad must really be a most uncomfortable circumstance to female travellers—these and numberless other little particulars, forgotten during absence, recall domestic ideas, and have a wonderful effect on the spirits. On the contrary, the new and strange appearance of every thing when one first enters a foreign country, gives, to a person whose curiosity is not very much on tip-toe, those forlorn sensations that a child has

when left by its mother among strangers ; few people so entirely lay aside their childhood as to be insensible to such impressions.

Human felicity however is never without alloy. Left Englishmen should be too happy in coming home to their dear country, it is wisely, I presume, ordained that its coasts should be furnished with a valuable and respectable set of persons called custom-house officers, whose duty it is to moderate the joy as well as the worldly affluence of all those that come in their way. What our fair companions in the vessel did with their bundle I know not, for it seemed to be of considerable dimensions ; and they were both in bulk themselves so considerable by nature, that they could hardly pass it off as a part of their own persons, without the addition appearing incredible, as pads were not then in fashion. For my own part I had nothing I wished to conceal, except the holy trinkets of Loretto, being uncertain whether they were prohibited or not. They had generally travelled all the way from the holy house in my coat pocket, only occasionally retiring, in case of any violent alarm, to quar-

ters

ters of greater safety, as his Holiness when frightened takes refuge in the castle of St. Angelo. They certainly were in no danger from the heretical custom-house officers of England.

As to my trunks and baggage, I disdained the pettifogging spirit of smuggling any thing for the pleasure of doing so, and therefore submitted all my property to the inspection of his Majesty's faithful servants, in hope that they would be graciously pleased to release me forthwith. But I did not recollect what great personages I had to deal with. That evening nothing could be done; so we *behooved*, as they say in Scotland, to take up our abode at Dover for the night.

Nov. 3. Although it really did not require half an hour to transact our business, we could not get released till noon; we were therefore obliged to dine at Canterbury, and to sleep at Rochester.

On some trees by a small solitary inn between Dover and Canterbury, where we stopped to water our horses, I had the good luck of gathering a beautiful new *Hypnum*,
 2 which

which my good friend Mr. Dickson has been pleased to name *H. Smithii*. It was not in fructification, and might easily have been overlooked, had I not already found it repeatedly at Genoa and Florence in perfection.

The cathedral of Canterbury is much superior in size and beauty to that of Amiens, and indeed to most in England. The place where the rich shrine of St. Thomas à Becket once stood is still shewn. It is said pilgrimages are sometimes made from the Continent to this spot. I know the shrine of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, is often visited from motives of devotion.

I contemplated with more veneration the mausoleum of the great and amiable Edward, called the Black Prince, and not without interest the plain unadorned tombs of Cardinal Pole and Archbishop Langton.

While I was examining these monuments, afternoon prayers were beginning, and I received an admonition from the verger, to the propriety of which I could not but assent,

sent, however, refused to attend to such decorum since I left England. In Catholic countries nobody thinks of any such thing; and indeed as twenty different services are often going on at once in the same church, some beginning, while others are ending, no one person can be supposed to attend to them all; besides, it is a part of the profit of the churches for strangers to visit their curiosities, and it is their interest that they should find all possible accommodation.

But let us have done with Catholic churches and ceremonies, curious and entertaining as they are, and novel (thank Heaven and our forefathers) to an Englishman of the present day. Who can approach London without being struck with the nobler object of a great industrious and flourishing nation, made up of people of all persuasions, none of whom would authority dare to molest (could it ever be foolish enough to wish it), unless bigotry and intolerance begin with themselves. May they long continue so! and may each order of the community know their own best interest, and live at peace;

peace ; and if any attempts should ever be made at home or abroad, hostile to the general happiness and greatest good of the whole, may Englishmen always have courage and wisdom to repel them !

A P P E N D I X.

A P P E N D I X.

An enumeration of the guide-books and local publications which I have used, arranged in the order of the Tour. To which is added, an account of some of the general works on Italy which have fallen in my way, disposed in alphabetical order.



AMSTERDAM. *Le guide ou nouvelle description d'Amsterdam, &c. avec une description de sa belle Maison de Ville. Covens & Mortier. Amsterdam. 1772. 8vo. 332 pages. Several plates.*

This is an uncommonly complete and intelligent guide-book, containing indications

of every thing curious ; copies and translations of inscriptions ; the history of every principal edifice, as well as its description ; and all sorts of information about streets, charges, usages and accommodations.



Description of the City House of Amsterdam.
P. Mortier. Amsterdam. 1782. 12mo.
98 pages.

A ridiculously bad English translation of the account of the Stadt house in the last-mentioned book.



ANTWERP. *Description des principaux ouvrages de peinture & sculpture, actuellement existans dans les eglises, couvents & lieux publics de la Ville d'Anvers. Berbie. Antwerp. 12mo. 103 pages.*

A mere enumeration of pictures and other works of art, so far tolerably complete.

BRUSSELS.



BRUSSELS. *Description de la Ville de Bruxelles, ou l'état présent, tant ecclésiastique que civil, de cette ville. Par M. l'Abbé Mann. Lemaire. Brussels. 1785. 8vo. 238 pages, with a view and plan.*

The name of the author is a sufficient recommendation of this work. Its arrangement is alphabetical, with a separate enumeration of the curiosities of the town, according to their situation. There is another work by the same hand on the history of Brussels.



PARIS. *Description des curiosités des églises de Paris & des environs. Gueffier. Paris. 1759. 8vo. 365 pages.*

This is a tolerable historical catalogue, but encumbered with much monkish trash.



Histoire de l'Abbaye royale de Saint Denis en France, par Dom. Michel Felibien, Religieux Bénédictin de la Congregation de St. Maur. Leonard. Paris. 1706. Folio. 815 pages. Several plates.

A splendid history of this famous abbey, with a detail of all its politics from the beginning. The learned and prudent author is a zealous, but discreet, assertor of its rights. The descriptions of its curiosities are very complete, and the fine plates of the principal mausoleums are now become doubly precious since the destruction of the originals. The details of ceremonies of various kinds, which have been exhibited at this abbey, are curious to antiquaries, and accompanied by numerous anecdotes relative to the French history, not elsewhere to be found. The work is well written, not unworthy of the age of Louis XIV.

Lists of the tombs and relicks were commonly

monly to be had at the abbey, before the revolution.



*Voyage pittoresque des environs de Paris, par
M. D***. De Bure. Paris. 1755.
8vo. 364 pages.*

A description of the chief country-seats about Paris, especially of Versailles, with a preface, in which the water-works are defended against some reflections that had been cast upon them, and the gardens of England are held very cheap because they have no such squirting exhibitions. Statues are said in this work to be the foul of a garden !



NISMES. *Eclaircissemens sur les Antiquités
de la ville de Nismes, par M. ***.*

Avocat de la même ville. Belle. Nismes.
1785. 8vo. 56 pages. Plates.

Historical. The plates are wretched.



GENOA. *Description des beautés de Gênes*
& de ses environs. Gravier. Genoa.
1781. 8vo. 143 pages. Plates.

Very full upon pictures. The plates are good and numerous. This seems to be an extract of some general work on Italy, but I have not found out of what.



PISA. *Il forestiero erudito, o sieno compendiose notizie spettanti alla città di Pisa.*
Polloni & sons. Pisa. 1773. 8vo. 159
pages.

Begins with an entertaining compendious sketch of the history of this ancient republic,

Dante

Dante is here accused of blackening the character of the Pisans with respect to Count Hugolino's history. Some of the children of this unfortunate traitor to his country were not in their infancy, but actively partook of their father's guilt, and therefore perished with him. Our great Sir Joshua Reynolds has perpetuated their catastrophe, as related by Dante, in one of his finest pictures. It is a mistaken idea, however, that the family was all destroyed.

The accounts of the buildings of Pisa, the pictures, &c. are concise, but intelligent, and interspersed with historical particulars. The author defends the opinion of the inclined tower having been purposely built in that position.



FLORENCE. *L'antiquario fiorentino, o sia Guida per osservare con metodo le cose notabili della città di Firenze. Florence. Cambiagi. 1781. 8vo. 270 pages. Map.*

A pretty full enumeration of all the curiosities of this rich mine of the arts, but somewhat encumbered with florid descriptions and bombast commendation, which a traveller on the spot does not want, unless it be of an amusing kind, as in the following article.



Description de la Galerie Royale de Florence,
par M. François Zacchioli, Ferrarois.
Allegrini. Florence. 1783. 8vo. 493
pages.

Of this publication I have already given both a character and a specimen in speaking of the Florentine Gallery, vol. i. p. 291. It is well written, with much taste, and a noble freedom of thought; but an ambition of shining, and a desire to keep up the attention, has frequently led the author into a sort of affectation, bordering upon the sentimental French style. He commends and censures with equal warmth. Bad princes are execrated
 without

without reserve. The Medicis, as encouragers of the arts, are highly extolled; but his most exquisitely refined compliments are reserved for the then reigning Duke Leopold. His panegyrics of that prince might have stamped their author for a courtier—if (to use his own style) they had not been deserved. They are however a somewhat flattering picture of the fair parts of this prince's character, and it is not to be expected that a panegyrist should give any other.



ROME. *La città di Roma, ovvero breve descrizione di questa superba città. Monaldini. Rome. 1779. 8vo. 446 pages, with plans.*

This is the book I have quoted by the name of Magnani, which is said to be that of the author. It is a very complete and intelligent guide on the whole. There are several others, many of them perhaps as good. The older ones are the most tedious, as well as erroneous, witness the next article.



Mirabilia Romæ. Without place or date.

8vo. 15 pages.

In a bookseller's shop at Vicenza I by accident met with this old Latin pamphlet, the type and style of printing of which shew it to be one of the earliest productions of the press, to all appearance between the years 1470 and 1480. The abbreviations are so numerous, and the spelling so bad, it cannot always be decyphered without difficulty.

No author's name appears, yet I have an imperfect recollection of having somewhere found this work mentioned as written by one of the first authors who have given the story of Pope Joan, and it is referred to as a proof that the said author deserved no credit for any thing, as will amply appear when I give an extract or two presently.

This curious publication begins with an enumeration of the towers and gates of the
city.

city. Then follow the seven hills, the bridges, sites of imperial palaces, triumphal arches, and arches not triumphal; baths, theatres, cemeteries, temples, &c. in the mentioning of which are various errors not worth noticing. The following story is among the best in the book.

“ Below the Capitol was a palace, for the
 “ most part of gold, and ornamented with
 “ precious stones, said to be equal in value
 “ to one third part of the whole world.
 “ Here stood as many statues as there are
 “ provinces in the world, and each of them
 “ had a bell about its neck, so contrived
 “ by *mathematical art*, that when any coun-
 “ try rebelled against the Roman govern-
 “ ment, the corresponding statue of that
 “ country turned its back upon the figure of
 “ Rome, which was larger than the rest, and
 “ exalted above them as the mistress of all,
 “ and thus the bell at the neck of the rebel
 “ statue immediately rung. Upon which
 “ the priests of the Capitol, to whose care
 “ these figures were entrusted, related the
 “ matter to the senate, and legions were sent
 “ without delay to quell the rebellion.”

Here

Here is a triumph for the venerators of ancient learning ! What are our Cambridge professors, our Newtons, to such mathematicians as these ! The celebrated opinion that former inhabitants of this earth had tails, seems no longer so very improbable. If they were as ingenious as this account makes them, they probably had horns and cloven feet into the bargain.

But to proceed with this wonderful book of the wonders of Rome. Here follows its account of the two statues on Monte Cavallo.

“ The marble horses with the two naked
 “ men, and the woman surrounded with
 “ serpents, sitting with a porphyry shell before her, signify as follows : In the reign
 “ of the Emperor Tiberius, there came to
 “ Rome two young philosophers, named
 “ *Praxiteles* and *Phidias*, who professed to
 “ be endued with such wisdom, that whatever the Emperor spoke in his chamber,
 “ they, though absent, would repeat to him
 “ word for word. This they performed,
 “ requesting that, instead of any pecuniary
 “ reward, their memory might be immortalized.

“ talized. These philosophers therefore hav-
 “ ing two horses striking the earth with their
 “ hoofs, signify the princes of this world.
 “ Their arms are lifted up, and their fingers
 “ bent, in the action of explaining futurity ;
 “ and they are represented naked, to shew
 “ that all mundane wisdom was naked and
 “ open before them.

“ The woman furrounded with serpents,
 “ having a shell before her, signifies baptism
 “ and preaching ; that whoever desired to
 “ go to the Lord could not, unless he were
 “ first washed in the shell, that is, in the
 “ baptifmal font.”

After this *authentic* account, curious an-
 tiquaries may save themselves the trouble of
 enquiring whether the above figures repre-
 sent Alexander taming his Bucephalus, or
 Castor and Pollux. One thing however we
 really learn from this blundering narrative,
 that the names of Praxiteles and Phidias,
 engraved on their bases, are not of a very
 modern date, but at least as old as the dark
 ages, and (considering the form of their let-
 ters) probably much older. They may there-
 fore

fore be more authentic than has generally been supposed.

But here follows a still better story, concerning the equestrian statue in the Capitol, now *ignorantly* called Marcus Aurelius.

“ Of the peasant sitting on a brazen horse.
 “ At the Lateran palace” (it was there formerly) “ is a certain brazen and gilt horse,
 “ called the horse of Constantine ; but it is
 “ not so. Let those who wish to know the
 “ truth, read what follows. In the time of
 “ the Consuls and Senators, a certain very
 “ powerful King from the east came towards
 “ Rome, afflicting the Romans with great
 “ ravages and combats. Upon which a cer-
 “ tain warlike rustic, of great fortitude and
 “ valour, arose and sagaciously said to the
 “ Consuls and Senators, ‘ What would he
 “ deserve from the Senate who should deli-
 “ ver you from your present tribulation ?’
 “ They answered him, saying, ‘ Whatever
 “ he shall ask, that shall he obtain.’ Upon
 “ which he replied, ‘ Give me thirty talents
 “ of gold, and immortalize my memory by
 “ causing to be made a brazen horse, with
 “ my

“ my figure upon it; on these conditions I
 “ will deliver you in a short time.’ They
 “ all agreed to the conditions. ‘ Then (said
 “ he) arise in the middle of the night, and
 “ be all well armed, waiting in the cave be-
 “ low the walls, and do whatever I shall bid
 “ you.’ They instantly agreed to this. The
 “ rustic directly mounted his largest horse
 “ without any saddle, and, taking a scythe,
 “ went into the fields as if meaning to gather
 “ grass, when he saw the King for some ne-
 “ cessary occasion coming to a tree, upon
 “ which a bird sat singing most delightfully.
 “ This being perceived by the peasant, he
 “ approached very near it; which the King’s
 “ attendants observing, and supposing him
 “ to be one of their own people, began to
 “ cry out, ‘ Fellow, don’t touch the King;
 “ if you meddle with him you shall be hang-
 “ ed.’ The rustic, however, despising their
 “ threats, and being a strong fellow and the
 “ King but of small stature, he suddenly
 “ seized him, and catching him up, placed
 “ his Majesty before him upon the horse,
 “ flying with all speed to the city, crying
 “ with a loud voice to the citizens, who were

“ concealed in the caves, ‘ Come forth and
 “ destroy the King’s army, for here he is him-
 “ self, before me, a captive.’ Upon which
 “ they all came out and made a great slaugh-
 “ ter, the remainder of the enemy’s army
 “ being put to flight. After the triumph
 “ the Romans paid him the gold he had de-
 “ manded, and made a statue in memory of
 “ him, which they erected before the Late-
 “ ran palace, sitting on a brazen horse gilt,
 “ his right hand, with which he seized the
 “ King, being stretched forth, and upon the
 “ horse’s head they placed a representation of
 “ the bird, whose singing had been the oc-
 “ casion of their victory. There was also
 “ the figure of the King, of a small size,
 “ with his hands tied behind him as he was
 “ taken, placed under the horse above men-
 “ tioned.”

After this follows a pretended account of
 the Coliseum as it was originally. St. Sil-
 vester is here said “ to have commanded
 “ this temple, and many others, to be de-
 “ stroyed, lest strangers visiting Rome on
 “ account of these ancient edifices, and the
 “ fame of the gods, instead of the churches
 “ and

“ and saints, should occasion a decay of
“ piety.”

It is improbable that St. Silvester had power enough to accomplish so execrable a design, if he had the will. The very same thing has been laid to the charge of St. Gregory the Great ; but Platina, and even Bayle, reject the accusation.

The rest of this ridiculous pamphlet is taken up with accounts of visions seen by Agrippa and Augustus, and of the anger of Totila against the servants of God. The reader may readily dispense with any farther extracts.



*Spiegazione de' Bassirilievi che si osservano
nell' urna sepolchrale detta volgarmente
d' Alessandro Severo, &c. Pubblicata
dall' Abate Ridolfino Venuti. Amidei.
Rome. 1756. 4to. 47 pages, 4 plates.*

Referred to in my second vol. p. 209.

*Villa Borgheſe fuori di Porta Pinciana. By
Domenico Montelatici. Rome. 1700.
8vo. 321 pages. Plates.*

A very full deſcription of this celebrated villa and its curioſities, as they were arranged in the beginning of this century. The whole has been repaired, and the diſpoſition of many parts changed within theſe few years, but nothing has been taken away.

The plates of this work are numerous; and though they by no means expreſs the perfections of the ſculptures they repreſent, any more than prints in general, yet they give an idea of their form and deſign.

LORETTO. *Notizie della Santa Caſa di
Maria Vergine venerata in Loreto.
Sartorii. Loreto. 1786. 8vo. 88 pages,
3 plates.*

The contents of this publication may easily be imagined. The entire history of this holy house from the beginning, with its various journies, are related most circumstantially, as if the author really credited them, and he all along quotes his authorities. This is a similar proof, with the *Mirabilia Romæ*, that there is nothing some people will not write, and others believe. The whole would be amusing enough, were it not intermixed with matters too serious to be jested with, among which the frequent mention of divine agency, and the operations of “uncreated wisdom,” make one shudder.

As to the present existing state of the holy house and its appurtenances, this is a most complete and faithful description. The several articles of its really astonishing treasury are detailed with great accuracy, with the names of the several contributors to it. The cuts are in wood.

BOLOGNA. *Pitture sculture ed architetture delle chiese, luoghi pubblici, palazzi & case della Città di Bologna & suoi subborghi. Longhi. Bologna, 1782. 8vo. 599 pages.*

A very full enumeration of every thing belonging to the arts to be seen in this famous city, with an ample index. The names of the artists, with some account of them generally added, is a peculiar merit in this guide-book.

VENICE. *Forestiero illuminato intorno le cose piu rare e curiose antiche e moderne della Città di Venezia. Albrizzi. Venice, 1784. 8vo. 439 pages. Plates.*

Of all guide-books this has the quality of saying most with the least benefit to the reader. One would scarcely imagine there

could be so much difference as there generally is in the merit of such books. This of Venice is crammed with accounts of nonsensical relicks, while the numerous pictures in every church are only mentioned in the lump, with the painters' names all together, and scarcely ever an account of the subject of each particular performance, much less a criticism on their merits.

The most valuable part of this book are the views of all the churches and public buildings, which, though small, are not ill executed, and in so intricate a town are really useful.

The Venetians (as well as the Bolognese) have been extremely polite to all the patriarchs and worthies of the Old Testament, in giving them the title of Saint; so that we find here churches dedicated to St. Moses, St. Job, St. Jeremiah, &c. by which the degradation of the title in some other instances is counterbalanced, and it is kept from becoming a term of reproach.

A catalogue of the Farsetti pictures is given at the palace of that name.

GENERAL WORKS,

RELATING TO ITALY MORE ESPECIALLY,

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

ADDISON. *Remarks on several parts of Italy, &c. in the years 1701, 1702, 1703.* 8vo. Tonson. London, 1705.

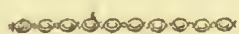
A work sufficiently well known. Its strength lies in the illustrations of classic authors, and apt quotations from them; with much unqualified satire against the Catholic superstitions and abuses; a subject upon which no Englishman at that time could be lukewarm. The style of this book is much inferior to the succeeding performances of its illustrious author.



BARETTI. *An account of the manners and customs of Italy, with observations on the mistakes of some travellers with regard to that country. By Joseph Baretti. 8vo. 2 vols. Davis. London, 1768.*

This is a professed attack upon those travellers who are supposed to have given superficial and unfavourable accounts of Italy, principally Mr. Sharp. The attack, though acrimonious, is not always ill-founded ; but the author in vain attempts to rescue the reputation of Venetian morals, or of his country in general, on the heads of cicisbeism and assassination ; two subjects on which the less is said by an Italian the better. The scheme of Addison and others for the seizing of Loretto, is happily ridiculed, and deservedly censured. Its contrivance is a melancholy proof that religious bigotry will so far make the best man a villain, of which indeed nobody need look far for proofs in
any

any age or country. I believe the truth on the whole lies between Mr. Sharp and Mr. Baretti; but with respect to intention and temper, the work of the former gives a much more favourable impression than that of the latter.



COCHIN. *Voyage d'Italie ou recueil de notes sur les ouvrages de Peinture & de Sculpture, qu'on voit dans les principales villes d'Italie. Par M. Cochin. 8vo. 3 vols. Tombert. Paris, 1773.*

A professed artist-like criticism, in which less regard is paid to the design and expression of painting than one could have wished. The author seldom takes the trouble of enquiring what the subject of a picture is, except it may happen to be a Holy Family, or something equally obvious. About history in general he seems altogether ignorant and incurious. Nevertheless, on the subjects he understands, he is deep and intelligent, such

such as grouping, colouring, and effect. This is so far from being a complete account of Italy, even with respect to the arts, that Rome is totally undescribed, and the accounts of several other places are wanting, part of the author's notes having been lost.

The *Manuel* has made great use of Cochin's work.



COYER. *Voyage d'Italie, par M. l'Abbé*
Coyer. 8vo. 2 vols. Duchesne. Paris,
 1776.

In a series of letters addressed to a lady under the name of Aspasia, but intermixed with particulars which in many countries would not be addressed to a lady, and every where with much affectation, which it is to be hoped ladies in some countries would despise. The first paragraph is a model of the French sentimental style.

“ Quand vous recevrez cette lettre, respectable Aspasie, j'aurai déjà fait quelques lieues vers la patrie des Césars & des Papes.

Me

Mepardonnerez-vous de vous avoir trompée?
 Vous vous attendiez à un adieu ; à vous !
 Laissons ce mot aux simples connoissances.
 L'amitié en souffre trop. Suis-je justifié ?”

If the reader can get through a few similar passages, he will find the rest a pleasant sort of desultory chit-chat, mingled with information.



DE LA LANDE. *Voyage en Italie, par M.
 De la Lande, 8vo. 9 vols. and 1 vol.
 of maps. Second edition. Desaint,
 Paris, 1786.*

The most universal assemblage of every thing relative to Italy that any traveller can want to know ; but such universal works cannot excel in every department. This is professedly a compilation digested and corrected from the actual observation of the compiler. Nevertheless he has not always been so perfectly on his guard, but that bad authorities have often misled him ; nor does he seem to possess much knowledge of the
 fine

fine arts. His account of laws and governments, as well as what relates to natural philosophy (not natural history), has much greater merit. That many errors are to be found in so great an undertaking is not to be wondered at, nor that the national partiality of a Frenchman should frequently appear.



DUPATY. *Travels through Italy, in a series of Letters written in the year 1785. By the Abbé Dupaty. Translated from the French. 8vo. Robinsons. London, 1788.*

Lively, sentimental and sententious, with more susceptibility of the impressions of nature than of the principles of art, more generous warmth of feeling than cold discrimination of judgment, and greater purity of moral taste than veneration for the authority of others. It could have been wished there had been somewhat less of that studied vivacity of style, which looks so
much

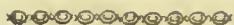
much like affectation, and which makes one suspect the author had been sometimes tempted to say a brilliant thing rather than a just one; few books however, written in this style, have more solidity or truth of sentiment, most of them have a great deal less.



FERBER. *Travels through Italy in the years 1771 and 1772, described in a series of Letters to Baron Born, on the Natural History, particularly the mountains and volcanos of that country. By John James Ferber, Professor of Natural History at Miedau. Translated from the German by R. E. Raspe, with notes. 8vo. Davis. London, 1776.*

Very deep and instructive on the mineralogy of Italy, with good descriptions of the antique, as well as recent, marbles, porphyries, &c. interspersed with some botanical remarks, and accounts of the naturalists then living, and their collections.

KEYSLER.



KEYSLER. *Travels through Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Switzerland, Italy and Lorrain.* By John George Keyser, F. R. S. Translated from the German, by M. Godfrey Schutze. 8vo. 4 vols. Scott. London, 1758.

A plain, full, and circumstantial narrative, written in fictitious letters, but without any artifice to make them seem real ones. No casual variations of humour or spirits can be laid to the charge of this writer. Such propensities and prejudices as he has, appear always in the same degree on every similar occasion. He is no friend to the French, and is particularly angry at Louis XIV. vol. i. p. 127, for having a time-piece in which the Imperial eagle was made to tremble at the crowing of a cock. Mr. Keyser thinks it might have been a lion, or a figure of St. Peter; in short any thing but an eagle. The baby monarch has had an honour

nour which could hardly have been expected, that a man of science should write half-a-score lines either in praise or dispraise of his toy.

There is an English edition of this work in quarto.



MANUEL. *Manuel de l'étranger qui voyage en Italie, &c.* 8vo. Duchesne. Paris, 1778, with maps.

This little pocket volume I found of eminent service. It contains a compendious enumeration of the most celebrated objects in every place, with a sketch of the merits of many of them ; what relates to pictures is chiefly taken from Cochin and De la Lande. There are eight maps of the roads, and an Introduction of 76 pages on the fine arts, well and sensibly written, and highly worthy the attention of those who are about to enter on the study of them, either as artists or amateurs. I do not know the author of this work.

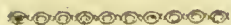
MARTYN.



MARTYN. *A Tour through Italy.* By Thomas Martyn, B. D. F. R. S. Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. Kearsley. London, 1791. Map.

By far the most accurate, comprehensive, and commodious guide for a journey through Italy. It is much more full than the work last mentioned, containing ample catalogues of pictures and sculptures, the characters and accounts of which are remarkably concise, and no less discriminative. The descriptions of Rome, Florence, Naples, and Venice, are more full than the rest, but not more diffuse. The amiable writer, content with being useful, has left unattempted what is generally esteemed more brilliant, fame, though undoubtedly at his command. A habit of penetration and discrimination, with a facility of clear communication, acquired by the systematic study of nature, are remarkably displayed in this performance.

MILLER.



MILLER. *Letters from Italy in the years*
1770 and 1771, by an English-woman.
 8vo. 3 vols. Dilly. London, 1776.

The writer of these letters is uniformly supposed to have been the late Lady Miller of Bath-easton. They exhibit an easy, natural, and entertaining account of Italy, abounding with strokes of humour, as well as intelligent remarks. Whether their fair authoress may happen to be in a cheerful or contemplative mood, her company is always pleasant, and not the less so for the conspicuous figure herself and her own feelings make in every scene. These letters have all the internal evidence of genuineness. Whether they may have been at all amplified for publication I will not determine. It should seem, as far as I have followed them and compared them with other books, that each letter was composed from a retrospect of the business of the preceding days, with the

VOL. III. T assistance

assistance of books, principally De la Lande's work. Hence many passages are an epitome of his descriptions ; but they consist of a tolerably judicious selection from his indiscriminating details, and are accompanied with so many new remarks, that it is easy to perceive Lady Miller had really seen every thing with her own eyes. She indeed submits her judgment too much to the direction of her guide, but occasionally bursts from such trammels, and always with advantage.



MONTAIGNE. *Journal du Voyage de Michel de Montaigne en Italie par la Suisse & l'Allemagne en 1580 et 1581. 12mo. 3 vols. Le Fay. Paris, 1774.*

This recital was evidently composed for the amusement of the author and his friends rather than for publication, and it accordingly remained in obscurity for near two centuries. Of its authenticity the style and

turn of thought, so like Montaigne's Essays, are a sufficient proof. It is rather a history of the author than of the countries he visited, and so far highly curious. Every page brings him present to his readers, and his own delightful *naïveté* is every where conspicuous.



MOORE. *A View of Society and Manners in Italy, with Anecdotes relating to some eminent characters. By John Moore, M. D. 8vo. 2 vols. Strahan and Cadell. London, 1781.*

A most lively and well-written sketch of an Italian tour, too much celebrated and admired to need any new commendation. The subject of painting is purposely omitted. The anecdotes of the Venetian history are highly interesting. Who has not dropped a tear over the story of Foscari?



PELHAM. *Tour of Holland, Dutch Brabant, the Austrian Netherlands, and part of France, &c.* 8vo. Kearsley. London, 1772.

Written by the late Counsellor Pelham: it was published afterwards with his name. The author *saw* the conjunction of a rabbit and a hen at Brussels. This may be, but I still doubt whether any body has yet seen their progeny.



PIOZZI. *Observations and Reflections made in the course of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany.* By Hester Lynch Piozzi. 8vo. 2 vols. Strahan and Cadell. London, 1789.

This publication is too well known, and its authorefs too celebrated, to need a criticism

eism here. It is stamped with the character of genius, and few books are more full of ideas. Indeed it may be said of Mrs. Piozzi, as of Cowley,

“ Her turns too closely on the reader press ;

“ She more had pleased us had she pleased us less.”

I know not whether we have a right to censure the style of this publication, or to regret that passages of the most dazzling beauty are introduced amid inaccuracies of composition, which might be taken for carelessness, were they not evidently laboured to represent ease. The whole is so peculiar, and so masterly in its own way, we have no standard to judge it by, and had better, perhaps, submit to be pleased, though we do not know exactly why.



RICHARD. *Description historique & critique de l'Italie, par M. l'Abbé Richard. 8vo. 6 vols. Des Ventes. Dijon, 1766. With maps.*

This is perhaps a more full, though somewhat less voluminous, account of Italy than even De la Lande's work; it is also much less of a compilation, and the style and sentiments are of course more uniform. It seems not to have been enough known to our English travellers in general, though much the best descriptive work for their use, De la Lande's being in great part collected from the local guide-books which they will find in every town. The Abbé Richard appears to be a man of general knowledge and taste, who sees, judges, and determines for himself. Although he writes with great decorum, particularly with regard to religion, it is easy to discover from his own observations, as well as from the historical facts he records, that he is no bigot to the defects of any religion, nor of any government. One could sometimes have wished that his accounts of buildings, pictures, &c. had been more discriminative and appropriate: his observations on men and manners are candid and faithful.



SANDYS. *A relation of a journey, begun A. D. 1610, foure bookes, containing a description of the Turkish Empire, of Ægypt, of the Holy Land, of the remote parts of Italy and Islands adjoyning. Sixth edition. Folio. London, 1670. 240 pages. 50 plates.*

Written by George Sandys, the youngest son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York in Queen Elizabeth's time. He appears to have been an accomplished scholar and intelligent observer, though an indifferent writer. His style in prose is pedantic and crabbed, and nothing can be more ludicrous than his poetical translations of passages from the classics, which passages however he generally quotes with much learning and propriety. Naples and its environs are the only part of Italy illustrated in this book.



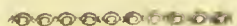
SHARP. *Letters from Italy, describing the Customs and Manners of that Country, in the years 1765 and 1766. By Samuel Sharp, Esq. 8vo. Cave. London, Third edition.*

A much more authentic account of Italy than Mr. Baretti will allow, though it cannot be called a polite or a favourable one. The severity with which it was treated, occasioned the publication of

A view of the customs, manners, drama, &c. of Italy, as they are described in the Frusta Letteraria, and in the account of Italy in English, written by Mr. Baretti; compared with the letters from Italy, written by Mr. Sharp. By S. Sharp, Esq. 8vo. Nicoll. London, 1768. 82 pages.

In this the censures of Italy, at which Mr. Baretti took so much offence, are shewn

to be mild and flattering to what he had himself written on the same subject. Mr. Sharp repels his attacks with great moderation and justice, and has infinitely the best of the argument.



SMOLLETT. *Travels through France and Italy.* By T. Smollett, M. D. 2 vols. 8vo. Baldwin. London, 1766.

We perceive, immediately on entering upon the first page of this work, that we are visiting a sick and unfortunate friend, to whose peevishness and complaints we think it charitable to lend an ear, out of gratitude for the pleasure he has afforded us when in health. In the present case we are shocked to find certain little asperities, which always gave a tartness to our friend's character, even in his best humour, increased into frightful deformities. We find him unfortunate in some of the things he narrates, but
mistaken

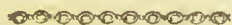
mistaken in others. We avoid contradicting him, out of compassion. We wish him better, and take leave with a resolution not to suffer our own humour to be contaminated by his.



WALKER. *Ideas suggested on the spot, in a late excursion through Flanders, Germany, France, and Italy. By A. Walker, Lecturer on Experimental Philosophy. 8vo. 442 pages. Robson. London, 1790. Wooden cuts.*

This has the appearance of what it professes to be, a genuine unaffected narrative. The respectable author scrupulously avoided all correction of his original remarks, by which means, what is lost in elegance is made up in fidelity. The style is professedly familiar, but nothing requires more delicate management than a familiar pen. Mechanics form the principal and most original feature in this tour ; the fine arts

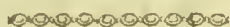
arts are not the most correct one. Proper names throughout are printed with wonderful inaccuracy.



WINKELMANN. *Histoire de l'Art de l'Antiquité, par M. Winkelmann, traduite de l'Allemand par M. Huber. 3 vols. 4to. Breitkopf. Leipzig, 1781. Plates.*

In spite of all the puny attacks which have been made upon the character of Winkelmann as a critic in the arts, this work will ever prove him a first-rate genius and a most acute observer. His own freedom from disguise, and his warmth verging towards petulance when contradicted, or when in the company of insensible tasteless people, made him several enemies, all of whom may be referred to two classes, the stupid and the envious. Those who have studied the objects he illustrates with his book before them, will be struck with his acute penetration,
and

and ingenuity of conjecture, on a thousand different occasions ; and, unless very ungrateful, will acknowledge that he has given them at once more pleasure, and more information, than any other writer in the same line of study. He may now and then be carried away by a theory ; but those who read him must have profited very little by his instructions, or be themselves very deficient in judgment, if they know not in every case how far to follow him.



WRIGHT. *Some Observations made in travelling through France, Italy, &c. in the years 1720, 1721, and 1722. By Edward Wright, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. Millar. London, 1764. Second edition. Plates.*

Why these observations were so long withheld from the public I know not, nor in what year the first edition appeared ; it
was

was certainly but a short time before the publication of the second. This is a work rather of learning than taste, and of a very general scope. The style is far from elegant, much interlarded with Latin, French, or Italian words and phrases. Some of the finest Grecian statues are called *genteel*. The plates are rude, and totally destitute of the grace or expression of the originals they represent.



YOUNG. *Travels during the years 1787, 1788, and 1789, undertaken more particularly with a view of ascertaining the cultivation, wealth, resources, and national prosperity of the kingdom of France. By Arthur Young, Esq. 4to. Rackham. Bury St. Edmunds. Map.*

Full and intelligent upon every thing relative to agriculture, the professed object of the work. It is moreover one of the strongest

est publications in the English language against all sorts of aristocratic tyranny, and undue authority of every kind, being founded at every step, not on speculative theories, but on actual observation. We meet with peculiarly warm remarks of this kind.

“ A grand seigneur will at any time, and in any country, explain the reason of improveable land being left waste.” p. 43.— Again, speaking of wars between France and England,

“ What a satire on the government of the two kingdoms, to permit in one the prejudices of manufacturers and merchants, and in the other the insidious policy of an ambitious court, to hurry the two nations for ever into wars that check all beneficial works, and spread ruin where private exertion was busied in deeds of prosperity!” p. 47. This indeed is somewhat paradoxical, as the “*prejudices* of manufacturers and merchants” are generally *against* wars.

“ What have kings, and ministers, and parliaments, and states, to answer for their *prejudices*, seeing millions of hands that would be industrious, idle and starving, through

through the execrable maxims of despotism, or the equally detestable *prejudices* of a feudal nobility !" p. 84. " The destruction of rank " is said (p. 151) " not to imply ruin."

The author, though generally an enthusiast for his plough, is sometimes in danger of becoming a cicisbeo. p. 204 and 208. He is every where entertaining, always instructive in his own line, and sometimes in other walks of knowledge.

I N D E X

TO THE

NATURAL HISTORY.

A.

- A**BRICOTS du Pape, i. 72
Acanthus, ii. 68
Achillæa, iii. 137
Aconite, i. 324
Acorus Calamus, ii. 330
Acrostichum Marantæ, i. 261
Ætæa spicata, iii. 171
Adiantum Capillus-Veneris, i. 256 i. 99
Adonis æstivalis, iii. 15
Aetites, ii. 416
Agaricus deliciosus, i. 180
Agave americana, i. 192, 260. ii. 121, 291

VOL. III.

U

Agave

- Agave vivipara*, ii. 353
Agrostema Flos Jovis, iii. 136
Aira canescens, i. 34
Aitonia rupestris, i. 175
Alcea rosea, iii. 170
Alchemilla pentaphyllea, iii. 134
Allium Chamæ-moly, ii. 92
Aloe, i. 192
 ——— *perfoliata*, ii. 122
 ——— *perlata*, i. 25
Alyssum montanum, ii. 305
Amethyst tables, ii. 410
Anomum verum, ii. 416
Amyris Opobalsamum, ii. 287
Andropogon Schoenanthus, ii. 417
Anemone, iii. 127
 ——— *apennina*, ii. 90, 145, 307
 ——— *coronaria*, ii. 64
 ——— *hortensis*, ii. 64, 281
 ——— *nemorosa*, ii. 145
Antelope, i. 71
Antennæ of Insects, i. 38
Anthemis leucantha, i. 31
Anthericum calyculatum, iii. 132
Antirrhinum multicaule, iii. 136
Apocynum venetum, ii. 415
Apples of Genoa, iii. 98
Aquilegia alpina, iii. 131
Arbutus Unedo, i. 199, 256
Arenaria, iii. 137
Arethusa capensis, i. 31
Argonauta Argo, i. 14

- Aristolochia rotunda*, iii. 88
Arnica montana, iii. 128, 136
 ——— *piloselloides*, i. 31
Artemisia, ii. 112
 ——— *arborescens*, ii. 68
Arum Arisarum, i. 209
 ——— *Dracunculus*, iii. 46
Arundo Calamagrostis, i. 34
 ——— *Donax*, i. 215
 ——— *epigejos*, i. 34
 Asbestos cloth, ii. 201
Asclepias fruticosa, iii. 9
Aspalathus pinnata, i. 31
 ——— *quinquefolia*, *ibid.*
Asphodelus ramosus, ii. 68, 284, 299
Aster alpinus, iii. 136
Astragalus, iii. 137
Astrantia major, iii. 133
 ——— *minor*, iii. 156
Athanasia lævigata, i. 31
Aucuba japonica, i. 25
Azalea procumbens, iii. 160.

B.

- Balsam of Mecca, ii. 287
Bartisia alpina, iii. 127, 135
 Bears prisoners of state, iii. 172
Berberis vulgaris, iii. 150
Bidens tenella, i. 31
Bignonia tetraphylla, iii. 9
 Birds of Switzerland, iii. 172
Biscutella, i. 176

- Bismuth, its use, iii. 147
Blasia pusilla, i. 215, ii. 72
Borbonia ericifolia, i. 31
Bos Bubalus, ii. 144
 Box-tree, i. 149
 Breccia, ii. 195, 251, 256, 367
Bryum cæspititium, ii. 112
 ——— *pyriforme*, ii. 72
 ——— *rigidum*, i. 191
Buchnera africana, i. 30
 Buffalos, ii. 144
Bupbthalmum capense, i. 31
Buxbaumia aphylla, iii. 171.

C.

- Cacalia alpina*, iii. 131
Cactus Opuntia, i. 209, 262
 ——— *pendulus*, i. 25
Calamus aromaticus, ii. 330, 417
Callicarpa americana, ii. 353
 Caltrops, water, i. 70
Campanula Cenisia, iii. 135
 ——— *Speculum*, ii. 305
Camphorosma monspeliaca, i. 150
Cancer Mænas, ii. 366, 418
 ——— *Mantis*, ii. 321
 ——— *Pagurus*, ii. 91
 Caper tree, i. 186
Capparis spinosa, i. 186
Cardamine bellidifolia, iii. 160
Carex atrata, iii. 136
 ——— *like Coriander*, iii. 142

- Carex filiformis*, iii. 133
 — *fætida*, iii. 136
 — *incurva*, *ibid.*
 — *juncifolia*, *ibid.*
 Carob-tree, i. 219
 Carp, tame, i. 91
Catananche cærulea, iii. 87
Celsia linearis, iii. 198
Centaurea paniculata, iii. 88
 ——— *salmantica*, i. 152
 ——— *uniflora*, iii. 136
Cerambyx Sutor, iii. 155
Ceratonía Siliqua, i. 219
Ceratosperrum, i. 316
Cercis Siliquastrum, i. 148. ii. 285, 300, 305, 308
Chama gigantea, i. 78
Chamærops, i. 12
 Chaste-tree, i. 223
Cheiranthus africanus, i. 30
 ——— *incanus*, ii. 98
Chenopodium ambrosioides, ii. 72
Cherleria sedoides, iii. 134
Chironia jasminoides, i. 30
Chrysanthemum atratum, iii. 134
Cicada plebeja, iii. 95
Cicer arietinum, iii. 99
Cimex lineatus, iii. 96
Cinchona floribunda, iii. 12
Cineraria linifolia, i. 31
 Cipolino marble, ii. 39, 161
Cistus, i. 150, 191, 223
 ——— *albidus*, i. 164, 225
 ——— *capensis*, i. 31

Cistus monspeliensis, i. 225

—— *salicifolius*, ii. 285

—— *Tuberaria*, i. 199

Clathrus cancellatus, ii. 308

Cloth made of *Asclepias fruticosa*, iii. 10

Clypeola maritima, i. 179, 220. ii. 96, 108

Cneorum tricoccum, i. 164

Coccinella, ii. 73

Colours of flowers, their changes, ii. 108

Columba cristata, i. 71

Convallaria multiflora, i. 35

———— *Polygonatum*, *ibid.*

Convolvulus cantabricus, i. 176

Conus Cedo-nulli, i. 37

Coriandrum testiculatum, iii. 15

Coriaria myrtifolia, i. 202

Cork-trees, i. 338

Cornelian Cherry, iii. 125

Cornflag, iii. 15

Cornus mascula, iii. 125

Coronilla Emerus, ii. 98, 291, 292

———— *varia*, iii. 78, 89

Cotyledon Umbilicus Veneris, i. 210

Cow-wheat, iii. 15

Crassula strigosa, i. 30

Crespigno, ii. 65

Crithmum maritimum, iii. 90

Crotalaria perforata, i. 31

Crowfoots, iii. 133

Cupani's figures of plants, ii. 90

Cursuta, iii. 157

Cyclamen, ii. 97, 292

- Cynomorium coccineum*, iii. 97
Cyperus esculentus, iii. 98
 ——— *Papyrus*, ii. 353
Cypresses, old, ii. 233
Cypripedium Calceolus, iii. 141
Cytisus, ii. 110.

D.

- Daguigno, a shrub, ii. 308
Daphne collina, ii. 129
 ——— *Gnidium*, i. 164, 223
Datisca cannabina, iii. 114
Datura arborea, i. 118
Dianthus alpinus, iii. 136
 ——— *carthusianorum*, i. 226
 ——— *superbus*, iii. 144
 ——— *virgineus*, iii. 136
Dolichos capensis, i. 31
Draba muralis, ii. 109
Dracæna Draco, i. 25, 314
 Dragon's blood, i. 314
 Drugs, i. 183. ii. 415—418. iii. 97
Dryas octopetala, iii. 137
Duranta Ellisii, iii. 93.

E.

- Echinophora spinosa*, i. 201. iii. 92.
Echinus esculentus, ii. 70
Echinus, fossil, iii. 148
Echites, i. 12
 Emeralds in the rock, ii. 318
 Entomology, iii. 112, 117
Epidendrum Vanilla, iii. 97

Epine vinette, iii. 150

Erica arborea, i. 199, 200, 225, 226, 256. ii. 73, 101,
103

—— *calycina*, i. 31

—— *corifolia*, *ibid.*

—— *gnaphalodes*, *ibid.*

—— *multiflora*, i. 185, 261

—— *scoparia*, i. 225

Eryngium campestre, i. 4

Eryngo, *ibid.*

Euphorbia Characias, ii. 138

———— *Cyparissias*, iii. 228

———— *dendroides*, i. 210, 223

———— *Peplis*, iii. 93

———— *ferrata*, i. 152

———— *spinosa*, i. 199, 218, 223

Euphrasia latifolia, ii. 245

———— *officinalis*, iii. 134

Eyebright, *ibid.*

F.

Ferula communis, ii. 300

Festuca spadicea, iii. 136

Figs, Indian, ii. 68

Fish, fossil, i. 169. iii. 21

——, Genoese, iii. 98

Flexible marble, ii. 214

Flint, stratum of, i. 176

Fowls, singular breed of, i. 91. iii. 276

Fraxinus Ornus, ii. 300

Fruit at Genoa, iii. 98

Fuchsia coccinea, iii. 199

- Fucus natans*, ii. 98
 ——— *selaginoides*, *ibid.*
Fumaria bulbosa, ii. 145
Fungus Melitenfis, i. 183. iii. 97.

G.

- Galanthus nivalis*, ii. 145
 Gardens, botanical, i. 10, 25, 32, 71, 117, 158, 187,
 265, 314. ii. 296, 353. iii. 8, 46, 65, 96, 114,
 115, 151, 184
Garidella, a new-species of, i. 71
 Gentians, iii. 133, 134, 140, 157, 160
Gentiana asclepiadea, iii. 136
 ——— *cruciata*, i. 35. iii. 140
 ——— *lutea*, iii. 157, 160
 ——— *nivalis*, iii. 134
 ——— *purpurea*, iii. 157
Geranium incanum, i. 30
 ——— *palustre*, iii. 162
Geum reptans, or *montanum*, iii. 138
 Ginkgo, i. 12
Gladiolus communis, iii. 15
Glinus dictamnoides, i. 31
Globularia Alypum, i. 186
 ——— *vulgaris*, ii. 307
 Glow-worms, winged, iii. 77, 81
Gnaphalium cylindricum, i. 31
 ——— *discolorum*, *ibid.*
 ——— *ericoides*, *ibid.*
 ——— *Stæchas*, i. 147
 ——— *supinum*, iii. 97
 Goat Moth, i. 37

Grasses,

Grasses, lecture on, iii. 66

Grylli, iii. 162

Gundelia, i. 118.

H.

Hedge-nettle, ii. 68

Helix decollata, i. 163

—— *lusitanica*, i. 163

Helleborine, ii. 68

Helleborus fœtidus, i. 324

—— *hyemalis*, ibid.

—— *niger*, ibid.

—— *viridis*, i. 260

Hemimeris linearis, iii. 199

Herbariums, i. 12, 29, 71, 111, 118, 126, 148, 164,
169, 190, 195, 315. ii. 90. iii. 65, 97

Hermannia triphylla, i. 30

Hieracium Auricula, iii. 78, 87

—— *capense*, i. 31

—— *cymosum*, iii. 88

Hippophae rhamnoides, i. 34

Hister quadrimaculatus, iii. 94

Holcus cafer, iii. 10

Hyacinthus comosus, ii. 292

—— *non scriptus*, ii. 145

—— *racemosus*, iii. 16

—— *romanus*, ii. 293, 320

Hypnum gracile, i. 333

—— *sciuroides*, i. 333, 336

—— *Smithii*, i. 256, 312. iii. 234

—— *taxifolium*, ii. 64.

I.

- Indigofera racemosa*, i. 31
 Insects, ii. 73, 145, 330. iii. 64, 89
 ——— their hearing, ii. 91
 John Dory's, i. 215
Iris Florentina, ii. 292
 ——— *pumila*, i. 223
Isis nobilis, i. 313. ii. 339
Isoetes lacustris, i. 163
Judaicus lapis, iii. 148
 Judas-tree, ii. 285
Juncus filiformis, iii. 127, 160
 ——— *Jacquini*, iii. 135
 ——— *niveus*, iii. 78
 ——— *spicatus*, iii. 131
 ——— *triglumis*, iii. 136
Ixia Bulbocodium, ii. 65, 284.

K,

- Kalmia glauca*, i. 120.

L.

- Lacerta agilis*, ii. 64. iii. 147
Lagurus ovatus, i. 198
Lamium bifidum, ii. 96
 ——— *maculatum*, ii. 146
Lampyrus Italica, iii. 77, 94
 ——— *noctiluca*, iii. 94
Lathræa Squamaria, ii. 90
Lathyrus amphicarpos, i. 164
 ——— *Aphaca*, iii. 15

Lathyrus

- Lathyrus latifolius*, iii. 89
 Lava, ii. 113—120, 123
Lavandula Spica, i. 148, 225
 ——— *Stæchas*, i. 163, 225
Laurus-tinus, i. 220
Lawsonia inermis, iii. 198
 Lead-wort, i. 210
Lentiscus, ii. 68, 98
Leontodon aureum, iii. 132
Lepidium vesicarium, i. 71
 Lichens, i. 160, 164, 175, 215, 261, 312, 331, 336.
 ii. 113. iii. 88, 127
Lichen apthosus, iii. 156
 ——— *articulatus*, i. 312, 336
 ——— *caperatus*, i. 196
 ——— *cartilagineus*, ii. 285
 ——— *chrysoptthalmus*, i. 163
 ——— *corrugatus*, i. 47
 ——— *croceus*, iii. 157
 ——— *cucullatus*, iii. 131
 ——— *deustus*, i. 104
 ——— *divaricatus*, iii. 159
 ——— *encaustus*, iii. 158
 ——— *exanthematicus*, i. 171
 ——— *fuciformis*, i. 198
 ——— *geographicus*, i. 331
 ——— *glaucus*, i. 336
 ——— *glomuliferus*, i. 333, 336.
 ——— *immersus*, i. 171
 ——— *jubatus*, i. 336
 ——— *juniperinus*, iii. 159
 ——— *luridus*, i. 222

- Lichen niger*, i. 331
 ——— *nivalis*, iii. 132
 ——— *chroleucus*, ibid.
 ——— *parellus*, i. 331
 ——— *paschalis*, ii. 113, 118
 ——— *perlatus*, i. 225, 260
 ——— *polyrhizos*, iii. 127, 159
 ——— *probofideus*, iii. 159
 ——— *pustulatus*, ibid.
 ——— *pyxidatus*, ii. 113
 ——— *Rocella*, i. 198
 ——— *saturninus*, iii. 141
 ——— *scrobiculatus*, i. 336
 ——— *tartareus*, i. 198. ii. 146
 ——— *tumidulus*, i. 171
 ——— *velleus*, iii. 159
Lignum aloes, ii. 416
 ——— *asphaltum*, ibid.
 ——— *nephriticum*, ibid.
Ligustrum vulgare, i. 35
 Lily of the Valley, ii. 146
Limodorum Tankervilliae, i. 32
Linum hirsutum, iii. 87
 ——— *tenuifolium*, iii. 88
Lithospermum fruticosum, i. 160, 225
 ——— *purpureo-cæruleum*, ii. 97
 Lizards, ii. 64. iii. 147
Lotus hirsutus, iii. 90
 Lumachello marble, ii. 140, 167
Luna cornea, iii. 148
Lupinus integrifolius, i. 31
Lychnis dioica, ii. 146

Lycopodium denticulatum, ii. 69

Lycopsis bullata, ii. 96

———— *variegata*, ibid.

M.

Maiden-hair, i. 256

Mantis religiosa, i. 161

Marchantia hemisphærica, i. 175

———— *triandra*, ii. 148

Mastic-tree, i. 160. ii. 68, 73, 138

Materia medica, i. 183. ii. 330, 415—418. iii. 97

May, Italian, ii. 304

Mazza-prete, iii. 88

Meadows, alpine, iii. 135, 160

Medals of stalaçtite, ii. 59

Medicago arborea, ii. 110

Melanthium punctatum, i. 30

Melampyrum arvense, iii. 15

———— *nemorosum*, iii. 142

———— *sylvaticum*, iii. 140

Melanthus, ii. 296

Melica ciliata, iii. 19

Melissa Nepeta, i. 149

Melittis Melissophyllum, iii. 88

Melœ cichorii, iii. 95

Menyanthes nymphoides, i. 7, 20

Mercurialis tomentosa, i. 160

Mespilus Chamæmepilus, iii. 130

———— *Pyracanthus*, i. 324

Mezereon, ii. 129

Mignonette, ii. 63

Mimosa Julibrissin, iii. 115

Minerals, collections of, ii. 58, 331. iii. 96

Models of succulent plants, i. 314

Monniera, i. 71

Muscle, stone-eating, ii. 107

Museums of Natural History, i. 14, 31, 36, 118, 133,
134, 144, 165, 168, 257, 312—316, 329.
ii. 57, 330, 414. iii. 12, 66, 70, 90, 96, 113,
114, 148, 172, 183

Myrica trifoliata, i. 31

Myrmeleon libelluloides, iii. 88, 96

Myrobalans, ii. 416

Myrtle-leaves, their use, ii. 72

Myrtus communis, i. 189, 201, 222, 256. ii. 99, 128

Mytilus lithophagus, ii. 107.

N.

Narcissus pseudo-narcissus, ii. 146

Nephriticus, lapis, ii. 416

Nerium Oleander, i. 220

Nicotiana fruticosa, ii. 107

Nomenclature, i. 38, 121. iii. 150

Nymphæa alba, i. 7

Nyssa aquatica, iii. 114.

O.

Olea laurifolia, i. 12

Oleander, i. 220

Olives, i. 151, 223

Oniscus variegatus, i. 176

Ononis capensis, i. 31

—— *cernua*, *ibid.*

Onosma echiioides, ii. 308

Onosma,

Onosma, a new species, i. 71

Ophrys adrachnites, ii. 295

—— *anthropophora*, ii. 307

—— *apifera*, *ibid.*

—— *aranifera*, ii. 284

—— *caffra*, i. 31

—— *catholica*, i. 31

—— *crucigera*, ii. 295

Orange-trees, i. 186, 191, 203. iii. 89

Oranges, red, ii. 65

Orchall, i. 198

Orchideæ, iii. 65

Orchis bicornis, i. 31

—— *cornuta*, *ibid.*

—— *flexuosa*, *ibid.*

—— *militaris*, ii. 294, 295

—— *moravica*, ii. 295

—— *morio*, ii. 294

—— *papilionacea*, *ibid.*

—— *rubra*, ii. 284, 294

—— *satyrioides*, i. 31

—— *variegata*, ii. 307

Orobanche major, ii. 308

Ostrich, i. 14

Osyris alba, i. 160

Oysters, fossil, i. 163.

P.

Palm-trees, i. 11, 190, 265

Papilio's, rare species of, i. 14, 118

Papilio Antiope, iii. 96, 162

—— *Apollo*, iii. 135

- Papilio Circe*, iii. 96
 ——— *Elestra*, i. 218
 ——— *Hecuba*, i. 118
 ——— *Latonia*, iii. 117
 ——— *Podalirius*, i. 72. iii. 96
 ——— *Rumina*, iii. 117
Papyrus, ii. 353
 Parian marble, ii. 39, 320
Parietaria lusitanica, ii. 294
 ——— *officinalis*, ii. 74
Passerina hirsuta, ii. 101
Passiflora cærulea, iii. 151
 ——— *incarnata*, ibid.
Pedicularis, iii. 127
 Pelican, i. 71
Perdicium semiflosculare, i. 31
 Perspiration of trees, ii. 325
 Petrifications, iii. 113
Phalæna Cossus, i. 37. iii. 113
 ——— *Hera*, iii. 96
Phalaris paradoxa, ii. 293
 ——— *utriculata*, ii. 64, 293
Phleum alpinum, iii. 128
Phoenix dactylifera, i. 190
 Phosphorus of Bologna, ii. 354
 Physiology of Vegetables, iii. 150
Phyteuma spicata, iii. 78
Pinus Pineæ, ii. 149, 226
Pistacia Lentiscus, i. 160. ii. 68, 138
Pisum Ochrus, i. 338
 Plants, remarks on, ii. 63—65, 145, 293—296
 Plasma di Smeraldo, iii. 97

Plumbago europæa, i. 210

Plumieria alba, iii. 114

———— *rubra*, *ibid.*

Poa bulbosa, ii. 170

— *Eragrostis*, i. 226

Polycarpon tetraphyllum, ii. 294

Polypodium leptophyllum, i. 189. ii. 105

Pomegranates, i. 201

Poplars of Lombardy, iii. 24, 62

Porphyries, i. 268

Potentilla anserina, ii. 296

———— *grandiflora*, iii. 19

———— *rupestris*, iii. 161

Prasium majus, ii. 68

Privet, i. 35

Prunellas, i. 194

Pforalea prostrata, i. 31

Pteris aquilina, ii. 99

— *cretica*, ii. 90

Pulmonaria officinalis, ii. 145

Pyrola minor, iii. 131, 139, 155

— *rotundifolia*, iii. 131

— *secunda*, iii. 139, 155

— *uniflora*, iii. 139.

Q.

Quercus coccifera, i. 163

———— *Ilex*, *ibid.*

R.

Ragwort, marsh, i. 46

Rana arborea, i. 161

Ranunculus

- Ranunculus aconitifolius*, iii. 131
 Red marble, antique, ii. 38
Reseda Phyteuma, ii. 63
Rhapis flabelliformis, i. 12, 265
Rhinanthus Elephas, ii. 92
 Rhinoceros, i. 71
Rhododendrum ferrugineum, iii. 128, 131
Rhus Cotinus, ii. 308
Riccia glauca, ii. 64
Ricinus communis, iii. 9
Rosa alpina, iii. 130, 133
 --- *gallica*, i. 222
Rosmarinus officinalis, i. 164
 Rosso antico marble, ii. 38, 171, 194
 --- di Verona marble, ii. 332, 349, 377. iii. 5, 16
Royena lucida, i. 12
Rubus fruticosus, i. 222. ii. 73
Rumex alpinus, iii. 136
 --- *arifolius*, *ibid.*
Rupinia lichenoides, i. 175
Ruscus, i. 172.

S.

- Salix reticulata*, iii. 132
 --- *retusa*, *ibid.*
 --- *triandra*, ii. 325
Salvia glutinosa, iii. 140
Sambucus racemosa, *ibid.*
Saponaria lutea, iii. 131
 Sassafras, oriental, ii. 416
Satureja Thymbra, i. 150
Satyrium capense, i. 31
 --- *nigrum*, iii. 135

X 2

Saxifraga

- Saxifraga cæsa*, iii. 134
 ——— *rotundifolia*, iii. 133
Scabiosa gramuntia, i. 163
Scarabæus Frischii, iii. 93
 ——— *fuliginosus*, iii. 94
 ——— *speciosissimus*, iii. 93
 ——— *sticticus*, *ibid.*
Schænanthus, ii. 417
Scilla bifolia, ii. 145
 ——— *campanulata*, ii. 295
Scirpus Holoschænus, i. 164, 265
Scolymus maculatus, iii. 95
Scorpio Europæus, ii. 287
 Scotino, a shrub, ii. 308
Scutellaria alpina, iii. 133
Selago coccinea, i. 30
 ——— *Lychnidea*, *ibid.*
Senecio Doronicum, iii. 136
 ——— *paludosus*, i. 46
 ——— *persicifolius*, i. 31
 ——— *umbellatus*, *ibid.*
 Senna, Scorpion, ii. 98, 291
Serapias Lingua, ii. 68. iii. 88
 Serpentine stone, ii. 178, 221
 Sexes of Plants, iii. 170
 Sheep, their favourite food, ii. 321
Silene, iii. 137
 ——— *pendula*, ii. 284
Silpha grisea, ii. 288
Sinapis erucoides, i. 197
Sisymbrium tanacetifolium, iii. 131
 Snowdrop, i. 332. ii. 145

- Solanum Pseudo-Capsicum*, i. 187
Sonchus tenerrimus, ii. 296
Spartium capense, i. 30
 ——— *junceum*, ii. 112
Sphinx Nerii, i. 220
Spica Celtica, ii. 417
Spiræa hypericifolia, ii. 304
Stapelia hirsuta, i. 314
 ——— *variegata*, i. 187
Sterculia platanifolia, iii. 9
 Stock-flower, ii. 98
 Storax tree, ii. 286—289, 291
Strelitzia reginæ, i. 12, 25
Styrax officinale, ii. 286—289, 291
 Sugar made from the *Holcus*, iii. 10
 Sumach, myrtle-leaved, i. 203
Swertia perennis, iii. 136
Syngnathus Hippocampus, ii. 91

T.

- Tamarix gallica*, ii. 321
Targionia hypophylla, i. 175, 189. ii. 68, 69, 73, 148
Testudo coriacea, ii. 331
Teucrium flavum, ii. 296
 ——— *Marum*, i. 189
 ——— *Polium*, i. 147, 148
Theligonum Cynocrambe, ii. 68, 295
Theriaca, ii. 415
Thlaspi saxatile, ii. 307
Thymus alpinus, *ibid.*
 ——— *vulgaris*, i. 149
 Tobacco, shrubby, ii. 107

- Toothwort, ii. 81, 90
 Touchstone, pretended, ii. 80, 250
Trachelium cæruleum, ii. 296
Tragopogon Dalechampii, iii. 87
Trapa natans, i. 70
Tremella, its animal nature, iii. 150
Trifolium agrarium, iii. 127
 ——— *resupinatum*, ii. 294
Trochus solaris, i. 37
Tropæolum aduncum, i. 158
 ——— *majus*, iii. 151
 ——— *minus*, *ibid.*
Turbo scalaris, iii. 148
Tussilago hybrida, ii. 307.

U. V.

- Vanilla, iii. 97
Veratrum album, iii. 160
Verbena triphylla, iii. 199
 Verde antico, marble, ii. 193, 341, 374
Veronica acinifolia, ii. 234
 ——— *alpina*, iii. 160
 ——— *aphylla*, *ibid.*
 ——— *Chamædrys*, iii. 93
Viburnum Tinus, i. 220
Viola biflora, iii. 140
 ——— *canisia*, iii. 135
Vitex Agnus castus, i. 223
Umbilicus Veneris, ii. 416
Ungues odorati, ii. 417
 Urchin, sea, ii. 70
Urtica urens, ii. 73

W.

Water lilies, i. 7

Willows, alpine, iii. 132.

X.

Xanthium spinosum, i. 160.

Y.

Yellow antique marble, ii. 28.

Z.

Zebra, i. 71.

GENERAL INDEX.

A.

ABBÈS, i. 140, 160, 263

Aberli, his views, iii. 167, 171

Academies of Arts, iii. 34, 44, 115

———— of Sciences, i. 130—132, 165, 181. ii. 62,
329

Actors, ancient and modern, ii. 199

Acuto, Giovanni, i. 302

Adam, Cardinal, ii. 174

Adanson, Mr. i. 121

Addison, i. 284. ii. 302. iii. 263

Adige, river, ii. 361. iii. 16

Adonis, statue of, i. 285

Adrian, busts of, ii. 223, 412

————, his tomb, ii. 177, 278

————, his villa, ii. 194, 286

Affò, Father, iii. 26, 31

S. Agatha,

- S. Agatha, inn of, ii. 72
 Agnano, lake of, ii. 108
 S. Agnes, at Bologna, ii. 334
 ———, at Rome, ii. 43
 Agriculture, Society of, i. 126, 130
 Agrippina, her supposed tomb, ii. 98
 Aix, i. 177
 Albani, Cardinal, ii. 253
 ———, villa, ii. 245, 253—257
 Albano, (painter) ii. 340, 345, 353
 ——— town of, ii. 66
 Albany, D'uchefs of, ii. 47, 259
 Albenga, i. 222
 Albergo at Genoa, i. 243
 Albertus magnus, ii. 368
 Aldobrandini villa, ii. 148, 240
 Alessandria, iii. 104
 Alexander VI. Pope, i. 354. ii. 244, 279
 ——— VII. Pope, i. 352
 Algardi, i. 349. ii. 171, 333. iii. 108
 Algarotti, i. 270
 Aliberti theatre, ii. 54
 Allamand, Professor, i. 13, 16
 Allaffio, i. 219
 Allegorical pictures, ii. 217, 405
 Allioni, Professor, iii. 111—113, 135
 Almanack, Russian, ii. 199
 Alps, iii. 123, 126—139, 153
 Ambassadors at Turin, iii. 118, 129
 Ambrogian library, iii. 46
 S. Ambrose, iii. 53, 58
 Amethyst tables, ii. 410

- Amiens, iii. 228
- Amphitheatres, i. 151, 197. ii. 104, 117, 280, 282. iii. 18
- Amsterdam, i. 21—31
- Anatomical preparations, i. 15, 327
- schools, ii. 330. iii. 8, 66
- Ancona, ii. 320
- S. Andrew, churches of, ii. 156, 158
- S. Angelo, castle of, ii. 278
- S. Angiolo in Pescheria, ii. 173
- Animals, statues of, ii. 190
- Antenor, tomb of, iii. 7
- S. Anthony, i. 258. ii. 134
- of Padua, iii. 4, 5
- Antibes, i. 201
- Antichrist, history of, ii. 45
- Antinous, statues of, ii. 186, 208, 255, 256
- Antoninus Pius, ii. 235, 254
- Antwerp, i. 48—56
- S. Apollinare, ii. 260
- Apollo, temple of, ii. 102
- statues of, i. 278, 282. ii. 182
- Apostles, church of the, ii. 166
- Appian way, ii. 105
- Aquapendente, i. 332
- Aqueducts, i. 156, 192, 197. ii. 304
- Arcadi, academy of, ii. 62
- Archangelo, ii. 323
- Archduke of Milan, iii. 61
- Arches, triumphal, ii. 203, 280, 310, 320, 322, 323.
iii. 14, 19
- Architecture, its delicacy, i. 280
- Arco felice, ii. 105

- Arduino, an English saint, ii. 144
 ———, Professor, iii. 9
 Aretin, his tomb and character, ii. 376
 ———, Leonard, i. 300
 Ariadne, busts of, ii. 194, 209
 Ariosto, Crispo, iii. 5
 Aristocratic tyranny, iii. 202—205, 286
 Arno, vale of, i. 274
 Arpino, Cavalier, ii. 148, 175, 202, 216
 Arria and Poetus, supposed group of, ii. 235
 Arsenals, ii. 368. iii. 113
 Arveron, river, iii. 159
 Asbestos cloth, ii. 201
 Ascension day at Venice, ii. 395
 Ash Wednesday, its ceremonies, ii. 56
 Asinelli, tower of, ii. 328
 Auban, Mr. i. 186
 Aubenton, Mr. i. 119
 Avernus, lake of, ii. 101, 105
 S. Augustine, ii. 152
 Augustus, statue of, ii. 17
 Avignon, i. 172—177
 Auriol, i. 148
 Aurora of Guercino, ii. 238
 Austrians routed, i. 242. iii. 87
 Autun, i. 138.

B.

- Baix, ii. 96—103
 Baking-office of Genoa, iii. 98
 Balbi palaces, i. 251—254, 256
 Baldus, mount, ii. 329. iii. 15, 19

Balestra,

- Balestra, ii. 378
 Bandinelli, i. 275
 Bandini chapel, ii. 171
 Bannal, Mr. i. 158
 Baptism, ceremony of, i. 325
 Baptisteries, i. 272, 301, 325. ii. 35
 Barbarigo palace, ii. 406
 Barbaro, monte, ii. 103
 Barberini chapel, ii. 159
 ———— palace, ii. 63, 214—218
 Barclay, John, his burial-place, ii. 18
 Baretti, iii. 264, 280
 S. Bartholomew, church of, ii. 173
 ————, statue of, iii. 51
 Bâle, iii. 176—183
 Bassan, ii. 215, 384, 404
 ——— Leandro, ii. 371
 Batt, Dr. i. 229, 257, 326
 Battaille, Mr. i. 190
 Battoni, ii. 43, 164
 Bauhins, their herbarium, iii. 182
 ———, their tombs, iii. 178
 Beauchamp, Mr. i. 207
 Beggars, ii. 74
 Bellardi, Dr. iii. 115, 126, 129, 135
 Bellarmin, his tomb, ii. 156
 Belleval, Richier de, i. 158
 Bellica, colonna, ii. 223
 Bellino, ii. 345, 377, 379. iii. 14
 Belvedere Apollo, ii. 182—186
 ——— gallery, ii. 181, 198
 ——— gardens, ii. 64

- Bembo, Cardinal, his tomb, iii. 4
 S. Benedict, his relicks, ii. 139
 Benedict XIII. Pope, ii. 154
 ——— XIV. Pope, ii. 202, 204—207, 281, 331
 Benedictines, ii. 141, 177, 381
 Berchem, Mr. Van, iii. 170
 S. Bernard, Mount, iii. 161
 Bernay, iii. 228
 Berne, iii. 171—175
 Bernini, i. 350, 352. ii. 4, 25, 73, 156, 158, 170, 175,
 218, 238, 248
 Bernouilli, Mr. iii. 181
 Bertier, Mr. i. 128
 Besson, Mr. i. 134
 Bex, iii. 162—166
 Bianchi, ii. 165
 S. Bibiana, ii. 170
 Bilivert, i. 293
 Bismuth, its use, iii. 147
 Blair's hut, iii. 158
 Blanc, Mont, iii. 152, 154, 160
 Blood of S. Januarius, ii. 79
 — of Christ, iii. 24
 Boboli garden, i. 311
 Bocca della verità, ii. 41
 Bocchetta mountain, iii. 78, 104
 Boccone, i. 12. iii. 97
 Bodoní, Mr. iii. 36
 Boerhaave, i. 10, 15
 Boleyn, Anne, her letters, ii. 200
 Bologna, ii. 328—354
 ———, Giovanni di, i. 266. ii. 233, 349

- Bolsene, i. 333
 Bonanno, i. 267
 Bonazza, ii. 372
 Bonfadio, i. 239
 Boniface, Mr. i. 148
 Bonnet, Mr. iii. 149
 Bordone, Paris, i. 254. ii. 373
 Borghese, Cardinal Scipio, ii. 158, 246
 ——— chapel, ii. 31
 ——— palace, ii. 212—214
 ——— villa, ii. 245—253. iii. 258
 Borghetto, ii. 301
 Borgo forte, iii. 24
 Boromeo, S. Charles, iii. 46, 51—53
 Borone, Francis, iii. 131, 162
 Boffons, glacier of, iii. 155
 Both, landscape painter, i. 55. ii. 227
 Boufflers, Duke de, i. 234
 Boulogne, iii. 229
 Bourbon, Abbé de, ii. 75—78
 Bourdon, Sebastian, i. 166
 Bower's History of the Popes, ii. 140
 Boys in bird's nests, ii. 190
 ——— in a dish, ii. 221
 Bracciano palace, ii. 258
 Bramante, ii. 316. iii. 55
 Brandi, Giacinto, ii. 177
 Breccia, ii. 195, 251, 256, 367
 Brenta river, iii. 2
 Brera, College of, iii. 44
 Bresfullo, iii. 25
 Breteuil, iii. 228

Breughel,

- Breughel, i. 252, 254. ii. 226. iii. 47
 Brigancieres, i. 191
 Brignole palace, i. 254
 Brignolles, i. 194
 Brill, the, i. 4
 Bronzino, Angelo, i. 293
 Brouffonet, Mr. i. 68, 126, 154
 Bruges, John of, ii. 410
 Brule, Alberto di, ii. 381
 Brun, le, i. 82. iii. 189, 191
 Brussels, i. 57—60
 Buccleugh, Duke of, iii. 12
 Bucentaur, ii. 369, 396—398
 Buffon, Count de, i. 38, 120
 Bulliard, Mr. i. 125
 Buon Convento, i. 330
 Buonvicino, Dr. iii. 126
 Burial, i. 307. ii. 283, 309
 Burman, Professor, i. 29
 Burrini, ii. 333
 Busts, antique, i. 249, 290—293
 Butini, Dr. iii. 147.

C.

- Cælius, mons, ii. 42
 Cæsalpinus, i. 301. ii. 288
 Caffarena, Mr. iii. 89
 Caffeaus, ii. 231
 Calandrelli, Abbé, ii. 58
 Calafhes, Neapolitan, ii. 112
 Caligula's bridge, ii. 97
 Calvart, ii. 340, 353

Camaldulenses,

- Camaldulenses, ii. 90, 159
 Cambray, i. 61—63
 Campagna, ii. 391. iii. 5
 Campania felice, ii. 105
 ——— of Rome, i. 338. ii. 149, 281
 Campo Marone, iii. 79
 ——— Santo, i. 269
 ——— vaccino, ii. 43, 280
 Canacea, supposed figure of, ii. 236
 Canaletti, ii. 410
 Canal, Count, iii. 114
 Canals of Holland, i. 6, 8
 Caneferi, Dr. i. 256. iii. 91
 Caniacci, Guido, ii. 224, 353
 Cannes, i. 201
 Canonici, Abbé, ii. 413
 Canterbury, iii. 234—236
 Capitol, ii. 1—3, 202—211. iii. 251
 Capo di Monte palace, ii. 86
 Cappucino, i. 251
 Capua, ii. 73, 132
 S. Carlo ai catenari, ii. 172
 ——— al corso, ii. 28
 ——— theatre of, at Naples, ii. 86
 Carnival, i. 318. ii. 45—54
 Carracalla, ii. 256, 281
 Carraci, Annibal, i. 249, 250. ii. 18, 27, 87, 225,
 228, 242, 341, 345, 349. iii. 28, 190, 193
 ———, Agostino, ii. 332, 348, 349
 ———, Ludovico, ii. 226, 339, 340, 345, 347, 350,
 352. iii. 39
 Carriages, French, iii. 200
 Vol. III. Y Carthusians,

- Carthusians, ii. 83—85, 161—166. iii. 62
 Cartoons, iii. 40
 Cascade of Terni, ii. 302
 ——— of Tivoli, ii. 291
 Caserta, ii. 126—132
 Cassino, Monte, ii. 126, 134—144
 Castagna, la, iii. 89
 Castello nuovo, ii. 300
 ——— San Pietro, ii. 325
 Castelnau, i. 160
 Castiglione, ii. 216, 228
 Castiglioni family, iii. 62
 Castor and Pollux, ii. 3
 Casts, their defects, i. 277. ii. 182
 Catacombs, ii. 88
 Catharine of Medicis, i. 83, 85. ii. 44
 ——— Vigri, Saint, ii. 342, 343
 Cathedral of the world, ii. 32
 Cattaneo, Marquis, i. 237
 Cattolica, la, ii. 322
 Cavallo, Monte, ii. 3, 229
 Cavedone, ii. 338
 Cavolini, Don, ii. 90
 Cavona, sculptor, ii. 167
 Caylus, Count, i. 82
 S. Cecilia, monastery of, ii. 174
 Cellini, Benvenuto, i. 275
 Cenis, Mount, iii. 127—139
 Cento Camere, ii. 105
 Cepède, Count de la, i. 121
 Ceremonies, i. 325. ii. 21, 31, 56, 77, 165, 168, 259,
 276, 283, 338, 395. iii. 41

- Cerini, ii. 349
 Cefene, ii. 323
 Cestius, his tomb, ii. 283
 Chalons, i. 138
 Chambery, iii. 143
 Chamouni, iii. 154—159, 166
 Chantilly, i. 90—96. iii. 204, 228
 Charnacé, Count de, i. 144, 168
 Chartreux at Naples, ii. 83—85
 ——— at Rome, ii. 161—166
 S. Chiara, ii. 78
 Chiarini, ii. 352
 Chienti, river, ii. 307
 Chigi chapel, ii. 25
 China manufactory, ii. 89
 Chiufa, ii. 361
 Christ, fine statues of, ii. 81, 154
 Christina, Queen, i. 345, 350. ii. 232, 318
 S. Chrysogonus, ii. 175
 Church-hunting, iii. 229
 Church of S. Peter at Rome, i. 344—356
 Churches of Bologna, ii. 332—342
 ——— Florence, i. 298—309
 ——— Genoa, i. 232—235
 ——— Milan, iii. 50—60
 ——— Naples, ii. 78—86
 ——— Padoua, iii. 4—7
 ——— Paris, i. 76—89
 ——— Rome, i. 344—356. ii. 21—44, 151—
 179
 ——— Venice, ii. 366—394
 Ciciaporci palace, ii. 231

Cicero, his monument, ii. 70

——— villa, ii. 71, 147

Cicisbeos, iii. 101

Cielings, their decoration, i. 355

Cigna, Dr. iii. 115

Cignano, Carlo, ii. 215

Ciprano, ii. 144

Circello, Monte, ii. 67, 106

Circulation of the blood, i. 333. iii. 11

Civita Castellana, ii. 300

Clarens, iii. 167

Claude Lorraine, i. 323

Clement VII. Pope, ii. 154

——— VIII. ii. 31

——— XII. ii. 34, 202, 324, 414

——— XIII. ii. 202

——— XIV. ii. 166, 243, 323

Cleopatra, pretended, ii. 192

Climate of the Apennines, ii. 307

——— Rome, ii. 235, 297

——— Turin, iii. 123

——— Venice, ii. 369, 383, 395

Clitumnus, river, ii. 304

Club of literati, ii. 61

Clusius, i. 11. iii. 128

Cochin, ii. 88, 338, 339, 343, 346. iii. 39, 265

Coffee, ii. 324

Coglione, Bartolomeo, ii. 370

Coining, iii. 60

Col de Balme, iii. 159

Colbert, i. 81

Collé, Mr. i. 183

- Colonna palace, ii. 221—224
 Colosseum, ii. 64, 280. iii. 256
 Columbus, i. 237. iii. 149
 Columna's *Ecpbrafsis*, i. 317
 ——— *Phytobafanos*, iii. 183
 Conca, Chevalier, i. 329
 Conception, church of, ii. 27
 Condé, the great, i. 94
 Conservatories of Venice, ii. 375, 376
 Contarini, ii. 406
 Conti, i. 57
 Corniche road, i. 205, 216—226
 Cornigliano, iii. 90
 Corpus Domini, iii. 39, 41
 Corradini, ii. 82
 Correa, Abbé, i. 340. iii. 118
 Correggio, i. 252. iii. 27—30, 34—36
 Corfini chapel, ii. 34
 ——— palace, ii. 258
 Corso at Rome, ii. 46
 Cortona, Pietro da, i. 310. ii. 28, 29, 171, 172, 216
 Cosmo I. his statue, i. 276
 Cottignac, i. 194
 Coyer, Abbé, iii. 266
 Coypel, i. 94
 Cranmer, Archbishop, i. 295
 Crater of Vesuvius, i. 114—116
 Crespi, ii. 344
 Cristofori, ii. 230
 S. Croce in Gerusalemme, ii. 170
 Cross, adoration of the, ii. 265—267
 Cuma, ii. 105

Cupi, ii. 332

Cupid and Psyche, ii. 11—16

Cuffon, Mr. i. 164

Custom-house officers, iii. 22, 40, 233, 234

Cyrelli, Dr. ii. 90, 96.

D.

Damien, iii. 213.

Dana, Professor, iii. 114

Dante, iii. 247

Daphne, statue of, ii. 248

David, statue of, *ibid.*

Dauphin, father of Louis XVI. i. 137. iii. 214

Davall, Mr. iii. 158

Dealer in pictures, ii. 410

Death, dance of, iii. 181

De la Lande, ii. 233, 247, 316. iii. 50, 58, 267

Delci, Cardinal, ii. 169

Delft, i. 7, 39—43

De Luc, Mr. iii. 148

Denis, Abbey of St. i. 84—88. iii. 244

—, St. festival of, iii. 193

De Saussure, Mr. iii. 152

Desfontaines, Professor, i. 125

Devin de village, iii. 144

De vos, i. 52

Diana of Ephesus, ii. 256

Diogenes, portrait of, *ibid.*

Doctor's degree conferred, i. 165. iii. 68

————— on a lady, iii. 4

Doge of Genoa, iii. 84—86

— of Venice, ii. 395—398

Dolce, Carlo, i. 249

- Dolo, iii. 3
 Dombey, Mr. i. 71
 S. Domenic, i. 349. ii. 334
 Domenichino, i. 250, 348. ii. 18, 158, 171, 172, 176,
 213, 334, 336, 352. iii. 190
 Domes of Rome, i. 338
 Domitian, statue of, ii. 254
 Donatello, iii. 5
 Doria, Andrew, i. 237
 —, Count, iii. 89
 — palace, ii. 224—229
 Dorthes, Mr. i. 162, 164
 Dover, iii. 232—234
 Doves, mosaic of, ii. 209
 Dow, Gerard, iii. 106
 Draguignan, i. 196
 Drivers, French, iii. 201
 Drowning, accidental, ii. 401
 Duchefs of Parma, iii. 30
 Duellists, i. 187
 Dupaty, i. 244. iii. 268
 Durance, river, i. 177. iii. 162
 Durazzo family, i. 228, 233, 237, 246—251, 257.
 iii. 83, 84, 86, 90, 93
 ——— palaces, i. 246—251
 Durer, Albert, ii. 225, 352, 408
 Dutch, their character, i. 43—45, 50.

E.

- Easter, its ceremonies, ii. 271—278
 Egeria, fountain of, ii. 283
 Egyptian statues, ii. 194, 207, 255, 256, 286

- Election of a Doge of Genoa, iii. 84
 Electricity, iii. 182
 S. Elmo, castle of, ii. 84
 Elysian fields, ii. 97
 Embalmed bodies, iii. 186
 Emerald cup, i. 232
 Emperors, their busts, i. 249, 290—293
 Epitaphs, i. 27, 42, 53, 54, 82, 87, 99, 299, 300.
 ii. 26, 110, 153, 162, 163, 176. iii. 177, 178
 Erasmus, remains of, iii. 178—180
 ——— his statue, i. 6
 ——— his tomb, iii. 178
 Ermenonville, i. 96—105
 Esculapius, temple of, ii. 173
 Este, villa of, ii. 289
 Etruscan altar, ii. 252
 Exchaquet, Mr. iii. 154
 Expression, i. 23, 37, 40, 51, 81, 109, 244, 253, 279—
 284, 290, 293, 297, 350, 352. ii. 7—16, 23, 27,
 40, 157, 159, 165, 171, 173, 182, 187, 189,
 192, 204, 219, 227, 229, 238, 240, 333,
 346, 392. iii. 107
 Eyes, how represented in sculpture, i. 297.

F.

- Fabricius ab Aquapendente, i. 332
 Fabroni, Mr. i. 315
 Faenza, ii. 315, 325
 Fair of Mantua, iii. 23
 ——— S. Mark, ii. 399, 421
 ——— Padoua, iii. 7
 Falernum, wine of, ii. 103

Fame,

- Fame, painting of, ii. 239
 Familiar style, its delicacy, iii. 282
 Fano, ii. 322
 Farnese, Alexander, his tomb, iii. 27
 ——— palace, ii. 18
 ——— pictures, ii. 86
 Farnesina, ii. 11
 Faroudi, Mr. i. 203
 Farsetti palace, ii. 407—410
 Fasting, ii. 274
 Faujas, Mr. i. 148, 200
 Faun, dancing, i. 282
 ——— sleeping, ii. 218
 S. Felice, ii. 132
 S. Felix, ii. 305
 ——— II. Pope, iii. 5
 Felizano, iii. 105
 Fenelon, i. 62
 Ferber, ii. 287, iii. 174, 269
 Ferrara, ii. 359
 ——— Cristoforo di, ii. 392
 ——— Gaudenzio di, iii. 57
 ——— Scarcellino di, ii. 350
 Feuillè, i. 133
 Fiamingo, ii. 158. iii. 40
 Fiascone, Monte, i. 334
 Finale, i. 224
 Fiorentino, Julio, ii. 351
 Firenzuola, iii. 38
 Fireworks, ii. 277
 Fleury, Cardinal, i. 197
 Flexible marble, ii. 214

- Flora, antique statues of, ii. 20, 224
 Florence, i. 275—322
 Floris, i. 52, 294
 Foix, Gaston de, iii. 46
 Foligno, ii. 305
 Fondi, ii. 68
 Fontana, Abbé, i. 314
 ———- Father, iii. 70
 ———- Lavinia, ii. 348, 350
 ———- sculptor, iii. 55
 Forli, ii. 324
 Fortuna virilis, temple of, ii. 42
 Forum, columns of, i. 280
 Fountains, i. 177, 345. ii. 4—6, 284
 Fountayne, Mr. his collection of Raphael's earthen-
 ware, ii. 315
 S. Francesca Romana, ii. 43
 Franceschini, ii. 351
 S. Francesco a ripa, ii. 174
 Francis I. i. 78, 86, 204. iii. 191
 Francucci, ii. 350
 Frascati, ii. 147
 Frederick the Great, i. 270
 Frejus, i. 197
 French, their character, i. 63—65, 154. iii. 199—208,
 212
 Fresco painting, fine, iii. 39
 ———- remarks on, ii. 238
 Frossard, Mr. i. 143
 Fumiani, ii. 390
 Funerals, ii. 77, 168, 169. iii. 173

G.

- Gabrielle d'Estrées, i. 104
 Gaetano, ii. 213
 Galatea, ii. 16
 Galileo, i. 301
 Gallery of Florence, i. 275—298
 Galley slaves, i. 204
 Gallienus, iii. 19
 Gallini, Professor, iii. 10
 Game-laws, iii. 202
 Ganganelli, his tomb, ii. 166
 Garde meuble, iii. 191
 Garden of Caserta, ii. 127
 Gardens, Dutch, i. 7, 33
 ——— of Genoa, iii. 80, 89
 ——— of Rome, ii. 149, 233—235, 246, 257, 290
 Gardon, river, i. 150
 Gariffendi, tower of, ii. 329
 Garofalo, Benvenuto, ii. 242, 333
 Generosity, Italian, ii. 362
 Geneva, iii. 144—152
 ———, lake of, iii. 166—168
 Genoa, i. 227—259. iii. 80—103
 Genoese, their character, i. 240, 251, 258. iii. 100—
 103
 Genthod, iii. 149
 Gerard, Mr. i. 193—196
 S. Germain en laye, i. 71
 S. Germano, stoves of, ii. 108
 ———, town of, ii. 133—137, 142

- Gesù, church of, ii. 155
 Gherardo delle notti, ii. 218
 Giallo antico marble, ii. 28
 Gillibert, Mr. i. 143
 Ginetti chapel, ii. 159
 Giordano, Luca, i. 249, 254, 293, 294, 308. ii. 83,
 139, 228, 383, 410
 Giorna, Mr. iii. 117
 Giotto, i. 269. ii. 333. iii. 7
 S. Giovanni in Laterano, ii. 32—38
 Giraud villa, ii. 258
 S. Girolamo, ii. 176
 Giudeca, canal of, ii. 398
 Giulia villa, ii. 243
 S. Giustina's church at Padoua, iii. 6
 Giustiniani palace, ii. 218—221
 Glaciers, iii. 153—160
 Gladiator, ii. 235, 248
 Glafs, antique, ii. 122
 —, manufactory of, ii. 418—420
 Gloriosissimus, its meaning, iii. 108
 Gloucester, Duke of, ii. 268
 Gobelin tapestry, ii. 52, 222
 Goethe, M. von, ii. 129
 Goitres, iii. 156
 Gold lace, antique, ii. 123
 Golfa della Spetia, i. 262
 Gondolas of Venice, ii. 398
 Gonzaga, S. Louis, ii. 156
 S. Gothard, Mount, iii. 161
 Gothic architecture, iii. 50, 55, 228, 235
 Gouan, Professor, i. 164

- Governments, i. 26, 49, 140, 259, 319. iii. 223, 224
 Graduations, medical, i. 165. iii. 68
 Græffer, Mr. ii. 127—129
 Gramont, wood of, i. 163
 Granier, Mr. i. 168
 Granite columns, i. 267, 272
 Grassi palace, ii. 407
 Gratiani, ii. 337
 Grecian sculpture, i. 279. ii. 71, 188, 388, 412
 Greek patriarch, ii. 271
 S. Gregory the Great, ii. 42
 Gregory XI. Pope, ii. 43
 Grimaldi, Duke of, iii. 92
 Grotius, i. 42
 Grotta del cane, ii. 109
 Guarini, his manuscript, ii. 413
 Guastalla, iii. 24, 27
 Guercino, i. 347. ii. 204, 215, 217, 229, 238, 336—
 338, 340, 344, 345, 348, 351. iii. 39, 60,
 106
 Guide books, iii. 241—261
 Guido Rhēni, i. 234, 252, 254. ii. 27, 83, 87, 204,
 205, 214, 215, 222, 229, 230, 333, 338—340,
 343, 345—348, 352
 Gustavus III. king of Sweden, i. 97, 262.

H.

- Haerlem, i. 20, 21, 31, 32
 Hague, the, i. 33—39
 Haller, his library and herbarium, iii. 45, 65, 69, 174
 —— his poems, iii. 175
 —— his son, iii. 171

- Hamel, Mr. du, i. 118. ii. 325
 Hamilton, Sir William, ii. 91, 126, 129, 130
 Hanging towers, i. 271. ii. 328, 329
 Harewood in Yorkshire, i. 356
 Harwich, i. 2
 Hawkwood, Sir John, i. 302
 Heights on Mount Cenis, iii. 138
 Helvetic College, iii. 46
 Helvoët, i. 3
 Henry II. of France, i. 83, 85. iii. 191
 ——— III. ii. 318
 ——— IV. i. 87, 94, 104, 130, 158, 166, 287. iii. 192
 ——— VIII. of England, his letters and book, ii. 200
 ——— IX. of Great Britain, ii. 290
 Herculaneum, ii. 117
 Hercules of Farnese, ii. 19
 ——— of the Vatican, ii. 189
 Heretics, danger of their getting to Heaven, ii. 283
 Herman, i. 13
 ———, Professor at Strasburgh, iii. 183
 Hermaphrodite, statues of, i. 284. ii. 157, 251
 Hildanus, Fabricius, his tomb, iii. 174
 Hindelbanck, iii. 176
 History, study of, iii. 225
 Holbein, ii. 227. iii. 178—181
 Holy week, its ceremonies, ii. 259—274
 Homer, his apotheosis, ii. 224
 Honthorst, ii. 218, 252
 Horace misquoted, ii. 99
 Hospitals, i. 141, 165, 186, 240—243, 328. iii. 48—
 50, 66
 Hospital on Mount Cenis, iii. 129

Hot baths, ii. 100
 Houghton collection, its sad fate, ii. 206
 Houyttin, Dr. i. 28
 Hugolino, Count, i. 264. iii. 247
 S. Humphrey, ii. 18
 Hunting seats, iii. 111
 Hyeres, i. 188—191
 Hypocrisy, its success, ii. 270.

I.

James II. of England, i. 80
 S. Januarius, ii. 79, 104
 Jaquier, Father, ii. 59—61
 Jasmine, shower of, ii. 31
 Ice, how used at Turin, iii. 124
 Idolatry, i. 56. ii. 325
 S. Jean de Maurienne, iii. 140—142
 S. Jerome, pictures of, ii. 176. iii. 35
 Jesuits, ii. 168, 279, 414. iii. 87
 ———, their churches, ii. 155, 156, 374
 ———, their colleges, ii. 58. iii. 44
 Jews, i. 26. ii. 280, 409
 ——— converted, ii. 276
 S. Ignatius, his church, ii. 156
 ———, his shrine, ii. 155
 Illumination of Genoa, iii. 81
 Image worship, ii. 30, 325, 338
 Imbert, Mr. i. 144
 Imola, ii. 325
 Improvisatori, ii. 401
 Infallibility of the Pope, ii. 201, 414

- Inlaid work, i. 59, 285, 308, 311, 325. ii. 28, 152, 367, 374. iii. 6
- Innocent X. Pope, ii. 43, 202, 241
- XI. Pope, i. 352
- Inns, i. 146, 220, 262, 273, 321, 332, 337, 339. ii. 72, 136, 149, 301, 307, 325, 362. iii. 12, 38, 77, 105, 177
- Inscriptions, i. 35, 56, 78, 95, 101, 103, 105, 120, 238, 239, 270. ii. 26, 40, 110, 144, 153, 162, 163, 171, 176, 193, 198, 206, 249, 306, 314, 325. iii. 16, 188
- Instituto di Bologna, ii. 329
- Instruments, mathematical, iii. 45, 70
- Intermittent fevers, iii. 11
- Invalids, Hôtel des, i. 84
- Joan queen of Naples, ii. 242
- S. John Baptist, his relicks, i. 233
- John of Bologna, i. 275, 308
- S. John Lateran, ii. 32—38
- S. John of Raphael, i. 282—284. ii. 343
- John, king of England, his brutal tyranny, ii. 409
- Johnson, Dr. i. 108. iii. 108
- Jomelli, ii. 260
- Jonah, statue of, ii. 23
- S. Joseph, his fête, i. 191
- Joseph II. emperor, i. 97, 241, 271. ii. 264. iii. 19, 72
- Jovius, Paul, i. 294, 317
- Isis, table of, iii. 116
- , temple of, ii. 336
- Italinska, Mr. ii. 92
- Itri, ii. 69
- Julius II. Pope, i. 353. ii. 39

Julius III. ii. 243

Juno, statue of, ii. 194

Jupiter, statues of, ii. 192, 221, 269

—— Serapis, temple of, ii. 106

Jussieu, Mr. de, i. 122

Justice, French, iii. 203, 204.

K.

Kauffman, Angelica, ii. 91

Keyser, iii. 270

Kid, how various in quality, ii. 301

King of Naples, ii. 130. iii. 100

Kings of England, their portraits, i. 295. iii. 111

—— Sardinia, their tombs, iii. 108—110

Kircher's Museum, ii. 58

Knavery, Neapolitan, ii. 70, 75, 137, 147

——, Venetian, ii. 420, 421.

L.

Lachenal, Professor de, iii. 182

Lalande, M. de, ii. 233, 247, 316. iii. 50, 58, 267

Lamark, M. de, i. 123

Lancker, Van, i. 55

Landriani, Count, iii. 62

Landscape, i. 323. ii. 114, 142, 149, 291. iii. 26, 54,

88, 111, 131, 143, 154—157, 159, 166

Lanfranc, ii. 216

Langhans, Mrs. her tomb, iii. 176

Lanslebourg, iii. 139, 140

Laocoon, ii. 188

Lapis vituperii, iii. 7

Lauretti, ii. 202

- Lauſanne, iii. 168—171
 Lawth, Profeſſor, iii. 184
 Lectures, i. 266. iii. 66, 68
 Leewenhoek, i. 40
 Le Gros, i. 349. ii. 156
 Leo III. Pope, ii. 36
 — X. ii. 154
 Leopold, Grand Duke, i. 307, 319—321. iii. 249
 Lepanto, battle of, ii. 224
 Lerici, i. 262
 Leyden, i. 9—19
 ———, its ſiege, i. 17
 L'Heritier, Mr. i. 68, 124
 Liberi, ii. 371
 Libraries, i. 14, 132, 143, 169, 317, 329. ii. 63, 90,
 139, 198, 287, 330, 412—414. iii. 31, 45, 46,
 69, 90, 116, 149, 178, 183
 Lightning, forked, iii. 12, 75
 Linnæus, i. 38, 71, 72, 121, 329. ii. 65, 92, 142
 L'Iſle, i. 176
 Lodano, i. 223
 Lodi, iii. 40
 Loeſling, iii. 92
 Lorenzetto, ii. 24
 Lorenzi, Artaldo di, iii. 55
 S. Lorenzo, i. 333. ii. 284
 Loretto, ii. 310—319. iii. 259, 264
 Lorgues, i. 196
 S. Louis, i. 79
 Louis XII. iii. 47
 — XIII. i. 72, 85. iii. 212
 — XIV. i. 72, 86. iii. 190, 191, 212, 270

Louis XV. i. 78. iii. 185, 212—215

— XVI. i. 69, 73. iii. 215—217

S. Louisa Albertoni, ii. 175

Lucano, Ponte, ii. 286

Lucas van Leyden, i. 252, 254

Lucatelli, ii. 222

Lucius Verus, busts of, ii. 249, 256

Lucrine lake, ii. 100

Ludovisi villa, ii. 64, 234

Lunghera, Baldifera, ii. 383

Luvino, Bernardino, iii. 47

Lyonet, Mr. i. 36

Lyons, i. 141—144.

M.

Macerate, ii. 309

Machiavel, i. 300

Maderno, ii. 174

Madonna di Loreto, ii. 158

——— del Sole, ii. 41

——— della Vittoria, ii. 157

Maese, river, i. 4, 46

Maastricht sluice, i. 5

Maffei, Marquis, iii. 20

Magnani's guide-book, i. 342. ii. 159, 253. iii. 249

Magnetism, animal, iii. 141

Maintenon, Madame, iii. 218

Maison carrée, i. 170

Malacarna, Mr. iii. 115

Mantegna, Andrea, ii. 227, 242. iii. 14

Mantua, iii. 23, 24

Manuel, ii. 70, 72, 165, 322, 384. iii. 5, 6, 56, 143,

- Maratti, Carlo, ii. 26, 162, 172, 198, 216, 230
 Marcellus, bust of, ii. 256
 ———, the consul, ii. 221
 Marchesi, Signor, iii. 60
 Marchona, Rocco, ii. 381
 Marcoz, Dr. iii. 141
 Marcus Aurelius, i. 290. ii. 3, 249, 254. iii. 254
 Marforio, statue of, ii. 207
 S. Maria in ara coeli, ii. 151
 ——— in campitelli, ii. 153
 ——— in cosmedin, ii. 41
 ——— maggiore, ii. 30—32
 ——— sopra Minerva, ii. 153
 ——— alla navicella, ii. 169
 ——— del popolo, ii. 22
 ——— in trastevere, ii. 175
 ——— in vallicella, ii. 29
 ——— in via lata, ii. 153
 S. Mark's place at Venice, ii. 364, 421
 S. Mark the Pope, ii. 172
 Marriage of the sea, ii. 395
 Mars, statues of, ii. 233, 235
 Marfeilles, j. 178—183
 Marfigli, Count, ii. 331, 335
 Martigni, iii. 161, 162
 Martinel, Mr. iii. 129
 Martinelli, John, i. 293
 Martyn, Professor, iii. 272
 S. Mary the gipsy, ii. 42
 Mary, queen of Scots, i. 88, 93
 ——— of Medicis, i. 85
 Mascagni, Professor, i. 326. iii. 11

- Masquerade, ii. 54
 Mats, ceremony of, ii. 272
 Master-piece of Corregio, iii. 34
 ————— Michael Angelo, ii. 39
 ————— Raphael, i. 348. ii. 6
 ————— A. Sacchi, ii. 159
 ————— Tintoret, ii. 391
 ————— Titian, ii. 371
 ————— P. Veronese, i. 248
 Mathematicians, iii. 251, 252
 Matsys, Quintin, i. 52, 53
 Maundy Thursday, ii. 261
 Maurice, port, i. 218
 S. Maurice, town of, iii. 162
 Mausoleums, i. 26, 35, 40, 53, 54, 80—88, 99, 137,
 266, 270, 298—302, 350—354. ii. 25, 28,
 30, 35, 39, 43, 70, 80, 82, 152, 154, 162, 166,
 174, 283, 370, 380, 389. iii. 4, 17, 108—110,
 174, 176, 178, 185, 244
 Mazzola, Giuseppe, ii. 218
 Meager dinners, ii. 275. iii. 98
 Mechlin, i. 57
 Medals, engraving of, iii. 117
 Medicine, iii. 115, 147
 Medicis family, ii. 34, 154
 ————— their tombs, i. 303—306
 ————— villa, ii. 232
 Meillerie, iii. 167
 Meleager, statues of, ii. 186, 190
 Men in women's clothes, ii. 49, 55
 Mengs, ii. 238
 Mento, Mount, i. 176

- Mer de glace, iii. 156
 Mercier, Mr. iii. 205, 207
 Mercury, temple of, ii. 99
 Meridian lines, ii. 161, 337
 Metaphysics, i. 309. ii. 140
 Michael Angelo Buonarota, i. 244, 280, 285, 298,
 306, 350. ii. 2, 16, 27, 39, 57, 154, 159, 161,
 189, 201, 203, 226, 234, 335. iii. 46
 ————— da Caravaggio, i. 252. ii. 84, 213,
 217, 227, 228, 252, 348, 351
 Micheli the botanist, i. 299, 315
 Milan, iii. 41—62
 Miller, Lady, i. 244, 331. ii. 34, 120, 223, 241, 264,
 315—317. iii. 25, 33, 34, 273
 Milton, iii. 108
 Mint of Milan, iii. 60
 Mirabilia Romæ, iii. 250—257
 Misenum, cape of, ii. 97
 Miserere, ii. 263, 266
 Models, anatomical, i. 312
 ———, architectural, in pumice, ii. 408
 ——— of the glaciers, iii. 154
 Modesty, temple of, ii. 41
 Moine, Le, i. 78
 Mola di Gaeta, ii. 69
 Monaco, principality of, i. 206—211
 Monks, i. 47, 309. ii. 85, 135, 140, 143, 300. iii. 27,
 46
 Monnier, Mr. le, i. 71
 Mons, i. 60
 Montaigne, iii. 274
 Montanvert, iii. 156—159

- Monte Cavallo, ii. 3, 229—231. iii. 252
 Montelimar, i. 148
 Montereau, i. 136
 Montmorency, Constable, i. 93
 Montone, ii. 146
 Montpellier, i. 153—167
 Moore, Dr. iii. 275
 Moorish prisoners at Genoa, iii. 82
 More, Sir Thomas, i. 295
 Mosaics, ii. 30, 34, 121, 152, 175, 194, 197, 209, 389
 Moschati, Dr. iii. 48
 Moses, statue of, ii. 39
 Motte, Count de la, iii. 115
 Mouchards, iii. 207
 Murano, ii. 418—420
 Murders at Genoa, i. 240
 Muse, sala delle, ii. 193
 Museums of antiquities, i. 277—297. ii. 201, 207,
 412. iii. 20, 116
 Museum Capitolinum, ii. 202—211
 ———— Pio-Clementinum, ii. 180—197
 Music, ii. 22, 29, 78, 79, 129, 152, 153, 260, 263,
 266, 269, 375, 376, 386.

N.

- Nancy, iii. 188
 Nant du Trient, river, iii. 162
 Nantes, edict of, i. 140
 Naples, ii. 74—125
 Narcissa, i. 159
 Narcissus, antique, ii. 191
 Narni, ii. 302

- Navona, piazza, ii. 4—6
 Negri, ii. 391
 Negrone villa, ii. 233
 Nera, river, ii. 304
 Neri, Saint Philip, ii. 29
 Nero, satire on, ii. 118
 Newton, Roman editor of, ii. 59
 Nice, i. 202—204
 Nicholson, Margaret, i. 74
 Night-Thoughts, author of, i. 159
 Nile, statue of the, ii. 191
 Niobe, i. 286
 ———, her children, ii. 209
 Nismes, i. 151, 168—170
 Nöailles, Marechal de, i. 71, 73
 Nobility, iii. 221—223
 ———, Chinese, ii. 173
 ———, Genoese, i. 258
 ———, Neapolitan, ii. 93
 ———, Spanish, i. 43
 Noble ladies, their privileges, ii. 41
 Novalaise, la, iii. 126
 Novella, la, i. 332
 Novi, iii. 77
 Nozze Aldobrandine, ii. 240
 Nuovo, Monte, ii. 103
 Nuncio of the Pope, ii. 396, 397
 Nuns, i. 142. iii. 187, 194—198
 ———, ceremony of making one, iii. 194
 ———, profession of one, ii. 386—388
 ———, how protected, iii. 195
 Nymphæum, ii. 244.

O.

- Obelisks, ii. 4, 5, 36
 Observatories, i. 133, 166, 265. iii. 45
 Olanda, Luca di, ii. 351
 Olivetani, iii. 59
 Olympia, Donna, ii. 43, 241
 Olympici of Vicenza, iii. 14
 S. Onuphrius, his church, ii. 18
 Operas, i. 257, 317—319. ii. 55, 86, 421. iii. 60, 75,
 227
 Orcy, Mr. d', i. 134
 Orestes and Electra, group of, ii. 237
 Orford, Earl of, ii. 206
 Organ at Haerlem, i. 21, 32
 — at Monte Cassino, ii. 139
 Oriani, Abbé, iii. 42
 Orizonte, ii. 222, 226
 Orleans collection of pictures, ii. 27. iii. 193
 Orphan of the castle, scenery described therein, i. 185
 S. Ortese, near Genoa, iii. 87
 Orsini palace, ii. 282
 Otricoli, ii. 301
 Otway, ii. 422
 Overturn, ii. 133.

P.

- Pacifico, Abbé, ii. 90
 Padoua, iii. 3—12
 Padouanino, ii. 406, 409
 Painted statues, ii. 148

Painters,

- Painters, portraits of, i. 288
- Paintings, antique, ii. 117, 121, 218, 240
- , indecent, ii. 243
- Palaces of Bologna, ii. 343—353
- Genoa, i. 246—255
- Rome, ii. 212—231
- Venice, ii. 402—410
- Palavicini chapel, ii. 174
- Palestrina, ii. 362
- Palladio, ii. 380, 381, 385, 403. iii. 6, 8, 12—14, 20
- Pallone, game of, iii. 83
- Palm Sunday, ii. 259
- Palma the elder, ii. 378, 406
- younger, ii. 350
- Pamphili villa, ii. 64, 258
- Pançin, Professor, i. 177
- Pantheon, i. 340. ii. 35
- Paolina fountain, ii. 6
- Papa Giulio, ii. 243
- Papirius and his mother, ii. 235
- Paris, i. 65—68, 76—89, 117—134. iii. 189—227
- Parisian character, iii. 202, 205—208
- Parma, iii. 26—38
- Parmentier, Mr. i. 127
- Parmiggianino, ii. 87, 213, 217, 219, 337, 341, 348, 351. iii. 27, 28
- Parodi, Domenico, iii. 87
- Pavements, fine, ii. 28, 78, 161, 367, 372, 379
- Pavia, iii. 62—76
- Paul, Father, his manuscripts, ii. 412
- S. Paul, statue of, ii. 233
- the hermit, ii. 171

- Paul III. Pope, i. 351
 — V. ii. 31, 246
 Pauline chapel, ii. 261, 262, 265
 S. Paulo fuori delle mure, ii. 177
 Paulilippo, grotto of, ii. 95
 Peasants, fantastic, iii. 25
 Peggy gardens, i. 256
 Pelham's tour, iii. 276
 Penchienati, Professor, iii. 115
 Perfumes hated by women, ii. 32
 Peronne, i. 63
 Perou, place de, i. 156
 Persecution, its use, iii. 144
 Perugino, ii. 172
 Pèsaro, ii. 322
 ——— Simone da, ii. 344, 352
 Pestel, Professor, i. 17
 Pestis inguinaria, ii. 26
 S. Peter, famous picture of, ii. 346
 ——— in montorio, ii. 6
 ——— in vaticano, i. 338, 344—356. ii. 201, 258,
 264—273
 ——— the Dominican, iii. 56
 Petrarch, i. 173, 175. iii. 7
 Petrini, Father, iii. 97
 S. Petronilla, famous picture of, ii. 229
 S. Petronio, statue of, ii. 337
 Philip IV. of Spain, ii. 317, 318. iii. 52
 Physic, its intricacy, iii. 169
 Pia, porta, ii. 284
 Piacenza, iii. 38—40
 Piazza del popolo, ii. 23—26

- Piazza di Spagna, ii. 26
 Piazzetta, ii. 406
 Picus Mirandolæ, i. 309
 Pigale, i. 79. iii. 185
 Pilaer and Beeckmans, i. 55
 Pilgrims, i. 330. ii. 319
 Pinciana, porta, ii. 246
 Pino, villa of, iii. 86
 Piombo, Sebastiano del, i. 254
 Piozzi, Mrs. ii. 367, 413. iii. 112, 276
 Pifa, i. 263—273
 Pifani palace, ii. 406
 — villa, iii. 3
 Piscina mirabile, ii. 97
 Pisse-vache, cascade of, iii. 162
 Pius IV. Pope, ii. 284
 — V. ii. 31
 — VI. ii. 179, 261, 267, 269—274, 323
 Plumier, i. 120
 —, his ferns, iii. 38
 Pluto and Proserpine, ii. 238
 Po, river, ii. 360. iii. 24, 40, 76
 Poetry, Dutch, i. 39
 Poggiboussi, i. 324
 Poirino, iii. 105
 Police of Milan, iii. 61
 Pompeia, ii. 118—122
 Pent S. Esprit, i. 149
 — du Gard, i. 150, 171
 Ponte centino, i. 332
 — rotto, ii. 41
 Pontine marshes, ii. 67

- Pope, his private apartments, ii. 197
 —, his journey to Vienna, ii. 179
 Popes, portraits of, *ibid.*
 Popolo, piazza del, ii. 23—26
 —, porta del, i. 339
 Porta the physician, his tomb, ii. 80
 —, William della, i. 351. ii. 19
 Portici, ii. 112, 117, 122
 Portland vase, ii. 209
 Porto Venere, i. 262
 Portraits of illustrious men, i. 294
 ———- painters, i. 288
 ———- popes, ii. 179
 Pouffin, Gaspar, ii. 222, 224—226
 —, Nicholas, ii. 215, 219, 222, 231
 S. Prassede, church of, ii. 38
 Pratolongo, Dr. iii. 86, 87
 Pretender, the, i. 354. ii. 47—49
 —, consort of the, i. 352. ii. 166
 Priestley, Dr. i. 101
 Priests, celibacy of, i. 139
 Prince of Orange, the great, i. 40
 —, his murder, i. 42
 Printing, fine, iii. 36—38
 Prints, collections of, i. 245
 Procaccino, i. 254
 Protestants oppressed, i. 140, 155
 — at Turin, iii. 121—123
 Psalmody, iii. 146
 Puget, i. 235, 244
 Puzzuolo, ii. 96, 103—107, 118.

Q.

Queen of France, iii. 30, 217, 218

——— Naples, ii. 128, 131

Queirolo, ii. 82

Quercia, Giacomo della, i. 329

Quillen, i. 53

R.

Races, ii. 50, 323

Radicofani, i. 331

Raphael, i. 166, 279, 283, 288, 310, 348. ii. 6—17,
23—25, 152, 169, 212—215, 219, 305, 315,
319, 336, 343, 349, 408. iii. 40, 180, 193

Rauwolf, i. 12

Razzi, i. 285

Reaumur, iii. 73, 74

Reboul, a botanist, iii. 32

Religion, conversations on, i. 139. iii. 102

———, its true spirit, ii. 11, 22, 275. iii. 4

Rembrandt, i. 24, 37, 55, 249. ii. 408

S. Remo, i. 212—216

Resurrection of Christ, ii. 269

Revolution of France, iii. 192, 205—222

——— Genoa, i. 242

Reynier, Mr. iii. 170

Reynolds, Sir Joshua, i. 288. ii. 91. iii. 247

Rhine, river, iii. 178

Rhone, river, i. 149, 173. iii. 146, 161

Rialto, ii. 422

Ricci, Father, ii. 279

Riccio, Andrew, iii. 6

- Rice-fields, iii. 41
 Richard, Abbé, ii. 100, 287. iii. 277
 S. Richard, king of England, ii. 85
 Richlieu, Cardinal de, i. 80
 ———, Marechal de, i. 236
 Ricorfi, i. 331
 Ridolfi, Abbé, ii. 414
 Rimini, ii. 322
 Rifon, ii. 252
 Rituals, iii. 58
 Rivinus's plates, iii. 69, 183
 Robert, his drawings, i. 132
 S. Rocco, ii. 177
 Rochefoucauld, Duc de la, i. 128
 Roche Melun, iii. 138
 Romanelli, ii. 216
 Romano, Julio, i. 288. ii. 213, 215, 231, 344
 Romans, their character, ii. 274
 Rome, i. 337—356. ii. 1—65, 149—299
 S. Romualdo, ii. 159
 S. Romulo, i. 216
 Ronche mountain, iii. 135
 Ronciglione, i. 336
 Rosa, Professor, iii. 11
 ———, Salvator, i. 310. ii. 26, 163, 219, 222—224, 227
 Rosary, Virgin of the, ii. 325, 336
 Rofi, monte, i. 337
 Rossini, Dr. iii. 96
 Rostral column, ii. 203
 Rotterdam, i. 5
 Rouge, i. 132, 155
 Rousseau, Jean Jacques, i. 97—116, 147. iii. 144
 Royen, Professor Van, i. 10, 15

Rubens, i. 50—55, 59, 234, 246, 249, 252—254,
285, 287. ii. 204, 223, 227. iii. 180

Rubicon, ii. 323

Ruins of Rome, ii. 280—283

Ruiter, Admiral, i. 26

Running footmen, ii. 327

Ruyfch, i. 15.

S.

Sacchi, Andrea, ii. 36, 159, 172, 215, 216, 230

Sacchini, ii. 62

Sacrifty of St. Peter's, i. 354

Sage, M. le, i. 133

Saint Real, Chevalier de, iii. 129, 137

Salara, porta, ii. 253

Salenche, iii. 153

Salimbeni, i. 269

Salt, French, i. 63

Salt-works, iii. 163—166

S. Salvatore, ii. 332

Sampieri palace, ii. 344

Sandifort, Professor, i. 15

Sandys' travels, ii. 101. iii. 279

Sangro family, ii. 81

San Martino, sculptor, ii. 82

San Micheli, architect, iii. 20, 21

Sannazarius's tomb, ii. 110

Sanfovino, ii. 316, 381, 412. iii. 8

Santa Croce, sculptor, ii. 111

Sarcophagi of porphyry, ii. 35, 157, 195

Sarto, Andrea del, i. 268, 310. ii. 410. iii. 180

Satyr and goat, statues of, ii. 123

- Savignano, ii. 323
 Sauli palace, i. 255
 Savone, i. 226
 Savoyards, character of, iii. 141, 143
 Saxe, Marechal, his tomb, iii. 185
 Scaligeri, their tombs, iii. 17
 Scarcellino, ii. 350
 Scarpa, Professor, iii. 66—68
 Scenery, alpine, iii. 131—135
 Schelde, river, i. 49
 Scheveling, i. 34
 Schidone, Bartolomeo, ii. 87, 226
 Schools of Venice, ii. 373, 390—392
 Schurer, Professor, iii. 183
 Science, its lasting relish, ii. 60. iii. 149
 Scirocco, ii. 321
 Scopoli, Professor, iii. 63, 66, 72, 74
 Sea, luminous appearance of, i. 211
 S. Sebastian, gate of, ii. 283
 Secundus, Johannes, i. 14
 Segulier, Mr. i. 168
 Semenzi, Dr. i. 326
 Senator of Rome, ii. 2
 Senebier, Mr. iii. 148
 Seneca, portraits of, ii. 250
 Sens, i. 137
 Serra palace, i. 255
 Scrravalle, ii. 306
 Servos, iii. 154
 Sestri di Levante, i. 261
 S. Severino, convent of, ii. 78
 S. Severo chapel, ii. 81

- Seybolt, his portrait, i. 288
 Sczza, ii. 72
 Sharp's Travels, iii. 264, 280
 Siddons, Mrs. i. 244, 245. ii. 16, 200
 Sienna, i. 324—329
 Silk, fabrick of, iii. 77, 119—121
 S. Silvester, ii. 171. iii. 257
 Sinigaglia, ii. 320
 Sixtine chapel, ii. 56, 263—266, 268
 Sixtus IV. Pope, i. 353
 ——— V. ii. 30, 36, 234, 414
 Skeleton, petrified, ii. 240
 Slanbusch, Mr. ii. 92, 94
 Slave, statue of, i. 281
 Slave-trade, i. 143
 Slon, Mr. iii. 151
 Smollet, i. 153, 156. ii. 27. iii. 281
 Soane, river, i. 139
 Socin, Dr. iii. 182
 Solfatara, ii. 103, 285
 Solimene, i. 236. ii. 81, 139
 Soracte, Mount, ii. 300
 Sovereigns peace-makers, iii. 47
 Souza, Chevalier de, iii. 117, 123, 126, 129, 137
 Spagnuololetto, i. 250, 254. ii. 83, 215
 Spallanzani, Abbé, iii. 73
 Spaventi, George, ii. 376
 Spies, ii. 364. iii. 207
 Spitting-boxes, ii. 161
 Spolete, ii. 304
 Springs, tepid, i. 149, 177
 Sprüngly, Mr. iii. 172

- Stadt-house of Amsterdam, i. 24
 Stæchadum Insulæ, i. 189
 Staircase, holy, ii. 37
 Statues the foul of a garden ! iii. 245
 S. Stefano rotondo, ii. 169
 Steno, his book *de solido*, &c. i. 317
 Storm described, iii. 139
 Stoves of S. Germano, ii. 108
 Straßburgh, iii. 183—186
 Strozzi chapel, ii. 159
 Stuart family, i. 88. ii. 47
Stupendo, its meaning, ii. 359
 Subjects, the favourite ones of Italian painters, iii. 18
 Subleyras, ii. 164, 222
Superbe, its meaning, ii. 359
 Superga, church of, iii. 107—111
 Surgery, iii. 115
 S. Sufanna, ii. 157, 158
 Suze, iii. 126
 Swifs foldier, his impiety, ii. 270
 Switzerland, its beauties, iii. 166
 Sybil's cave, ii. 102
 System, its use, iii. 150.

T.

- Tacul, lake of, iii. 157
 Tanaro palace, ii. 347
 Tanning, materials for, ii. 72, 309
 Tapestry, i. 60. ii. 51
 Taffo, his burial-place, ii. 18
 Teatro Olympico, iii. 13

- Temple of Solomon, ii. 280
 ——— of Vesta, ii. 289
 Terence, manuscript of, ii. 199
 Termini, ii. 256
 Terni, ii. 302
 Terracina, ii. 67
 Théâtres, ii. 54—56, 86, 282. iii. 33, 60
 S. Theresa, statue of, ii. 157
 Thouin, Mr. i. 126
 Thunberg, Professor, i. 29
 Tiarini, ii. 339
 Tibaldi, Pelegrino, ii. 351
 Tiber, statue of, ii. 191
 Tiberius, ii. 96
 Ticino, river, iii. 63, 76
 Tiene palace, iii. 13
 Tiepolo, iii. 5
 Tingry, Mr. iii. 148
 Tintoret, ii. 252, 372, 373, 378, 382, 390—392,
 403—405
 Tissot, Mr. iii. 168—170
 Titian, i. 282. ii. 87, 205, 213, 216, 224—228, 242,
 252, 345, 350, 371, 375, 377, 384, 389, 403,
 404, 406, 410. iii. 7, 18, 57
 Titus, arch of, ii. 280
 ———, baths of, ii. 282
 Tivoli, ii. 284—292
 Tolentino, ii. 308
 Toleration, i. 26, 27. ii. 10, 22, 262, 274, 314.
 iii. 163, 186, 210
 Tongue of St. Anthony, iii. 5
 Toothdrawing, royal, ii. 409

- Toro Farnese, ii. 20
 Torre, Flaminio, ii. 352
 Torrineri, i. 331
 Torso, antique, ii. 189
 Tortone, iii. 77
 Toulon, i. 186
 Tournefort, i. 118
 ———, his death, iii. 201
 Tower of S. Mark, ii. 422
 Towers, hanging, i. 271. ii. 328
 Townley, Mr. his collection, i. 279
 Tozzetti, Dr. Targioni, i. 267, 315
 Trajan, column of, ii. 282
 Transubstantiation, ii. 8
 Trevi, fountain of, ii. 4
 ———, town of, ii. 305
 Triclinium of S. Leo, ii. 36
 Trinità de' monti, ii. 26, 277
 ——— de' pelegriani, ii. 276
 Tromp, Admiral, i. 40
 Truth, how offensive, i. 114, 301
 Tullio Lombardo, ii. 377
 Turbie, Baron de la, iii. 118
 Turenne, Visc. de, i. 86
 Turin, iii. 106—125
 Tusculum, ii. 147.

U. V.

- Vaillant, i. 118
 Valcimara, ii. 307
 Valence, i. 147
 Valenciennes, i. 61

Valens,

Valens, Emperor, ii. 164

Valentin, ii. 230

Valiere, Duchesse de la, i. 82

Valisneri, iii. 12

Valois family, their tombs, i. 83, 85

Vandyke, i. 24, 250, 251, 253, 254. ii. 91, 343, 344.
iii. 107, 190

Vanity, French and English, iii. 199

Vanlo, i. 79

Vanni, ii. 164

Vanvitelli, ii. 127, 320

Var, river, i. 202

Vasco, Abbé, iii. 126

Vases, antique, ii. 196, 209, 219

Vatican, ii. 10

—— library, ii. 198—202

—— museum, ii. 180—197

Vaucluse, i. 173—176

Vegni, Abbé de, ii. 59

Veia, ii. 300

Velasquez, Diego, i. 293. ii. 226

Velettri, ii. 66

Velino, river, ii. 302

Velleia, iii. 32

Venereal disease, its introduction, ii. 26

Veneria reale at Turin, iii. 111

Venetians, their character, ii. 364, 400. iii. 2

Venice, ii. 362—423

Venturini, Orlavio, i. 293

Venus cœlestis, i. 285

—— *aux belles fesses*, ii. 17, 89

—— of Medicis, i. 276—279

Venus

- Venus sleeping, ii. 192
 ———, temple of, ii. 98
 ——— of Titian, i. 282
 ——— victrix, i. 285
 Venuti, Abbé, ii. 209. iii. 257
 Verona, iii. 15—22
 Veronese, Paul, i. 248, 250, 254. ii. 204, 213, 219,
 252, 350, 372, 375, 376, 379, 382, 385, 389,
 393, 403—405, 407. iii. 6, 14, 17, 107, 190
 S. Veronica, ii. 264
 Versailles, i. 69—71. iii. 189—191
 ———, its water-works, i. 70, 75, 345. ii. 303.
 iii. 245
 Vesuvius, Mount, ii. 61, 112—116
 Vesta, temple of, ii. 41
 Vevai, iii. 167
 Via Pia, ii. 67
 Vicentino, Andrea, i. 293
 Vicenza, iii. 12—15
 Victor Amadeus, his tomb, iii. 108
 Vienne en Dauphiné, i. 147
 Vigna, la, ii. 301
 Villa Adriana, ii. 194, 286
 Villas of Rome, ii. 232—257
 Ville-neuve, iii. 166
 Villers, Mr. i. 144
 Villettas of Genoa, iii. 81, 83
 Vinci, Leonardo da, ii. 87, 92, 215, 242, 344. iii. 47,
 57
 Virgil, supposed bust of, ii. 208
 ———, his *Cicada*, iii. 95
 ———, manuscript of, ii. 199

- Virgil, his tomb, ii. 109
 Virgin, figures of the, i. 47, 223. ii. 325
 Virtues of plants from their form, ii. 80
 Vitellius, bust of, i. 249
 Viterbo, i. 335
 Vittoria, Alexander, his tomb, ii. 380
 Ulysses, medal of, iii. 33
 University of Padoua, iii. 8—12
 ————— Pavia, iii. 63—75
 Voghera, iii. 76
 Voiturins, i. 145, 273, 323. iii. 143
 Volta, Abbé, iii. 70
 Voltaggio, iii. 78
 Volterra, Daniel di, ii. 27. iii. 193
 Voyage from Bologna to Venice, ii. 355—362
 ————— Boulogne to Dover, iii. 229—232
 ————— Harwich to Holland, i. 3
 ————— Venice to Padoua, iii. 1—3
 Urban VIII. Pope, i. 350. ii. 216, 249, 322
 Vulturnus, river, ii. 129.

W.

- Walker's Travels, iii. 282
 Walking in Paris, iii. 200
 Walpole, Honourable Horace, ii. 206
 Watch-towers, i. 258
 Werter, author of *The Sorrows of*, ii. 129
 Willemet, Mr. iii. 188
 Winding-sheet made of Aëbestos, ii. 201
 ————— Christ's, iii. 107
 Windows, French, ii. 92
 Winkelmann, account of, ii. 253. iii. 283
 Winkelmann,

- Winkelmann, remarks of, ii. 182—190, 209, 235—
 237, 250, 255
 Wolf with Romulus and Remus, ii. 202
 Women in men's clothes, i. 318. ii. 49
 Workshop of Mosaics, ii. 197
 Wouvermans, i. 55
 Wrestlers, group of, i. 281
 Wright of Derby, ii. 277
 Wright's Travels, ii. 339. iii. 284.
 Wynperfe, Dr. Vander, i. 15
 Wytttenbach, Mr. iii. 172.

Y.

- York, Cardinal of, ii. 290
 Young, Mr. Arthur, i. 307. ii. 356. iii. 222, 285,

Z.

- Zacchioli, his description of the Florentine Gallery,
 i. 276—295. iii. 248
 Zambecari palace, ii. 349
 Zanchi, ii. 391
 Zerbino at Genoa, i. 255
 Zimmerman, Professor, iii. 152
 Zuccheri, ii. 213.

ERRATA:

Vol. i. page 99, line 12, read *et de la Vérité.*

163, — 2, for *planorbis*, read *lusitanica.*

Vol. ii. page 81, — 17, for *architecture pleasing* read
pleasing architecture.

WORKS *lately published by the same* AUTHOR.

1. PLANTARUM ICONES HACTENUS INEDITÆ, præcipue ex Herbario Linnæano, Fasc. 1, 2, & 3, Folio, price 1 Guinea each, boards.
2. ICONES PICTÆ PLANTARUM RARIORUM, or Coloured Figures of rare Plants. Fasc. 1, 2, and 3, Folio, price 12 Shillings each, or in Latin and English 14 Shillings. Large paper One Guinea, or Latin and English 24 Shillings.
3. SPICILEGIUM BOTANICUM; or, Gleanings of Botany. Fasc. 1 and 2, small Folio, price 10s. 6d. each, or in Latin and English 12 Shillings.
4. RELIQUIÆ RUDBECKIANÆ, Folio, price 10s. 6d.
5. A DISSERTATION on the SEXES of PLANTS, translated from the Latin of Linnæus, with Notes, Octavo, price 2s.
6. ENGLISH BOTANY, published by Mr. Sowerby.
No. I.—XXIV. price of each Number (3 Plates) 1s.
No. XXV.—XXXVII. (6 Plates) 2s. 6d.

Works by the same Author.

7. A SPECIMEN of the BOTANY of NEW HOLLAND,
Fasc. 1 and 2, Quarto, price 5s. each.

It is intended that this should be made a separate work from the Zoology of the same country. The Third Fasciculus will contain a proper title and preface accordingly, with descriptions of 4 Plants to be inserted in the places of the 4 Animals already published in No. 1 and 2.

8. CAROLI LINNÆI FLORA LAPPONICA, editio altera
studio & curâ J. E. Smith, Octavo, price 12s.
boards.
-

In the Press, and speedily will be published,

POEMS, &c. by BARON HALLER. Translated by
Mrs. HOWORTH.

